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MAXIM

BEST MAN BIBLE! P.48

MAY 2004

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KOBE TRIAL SECRETS!

See the evidence the jury will never get their hands on p.70

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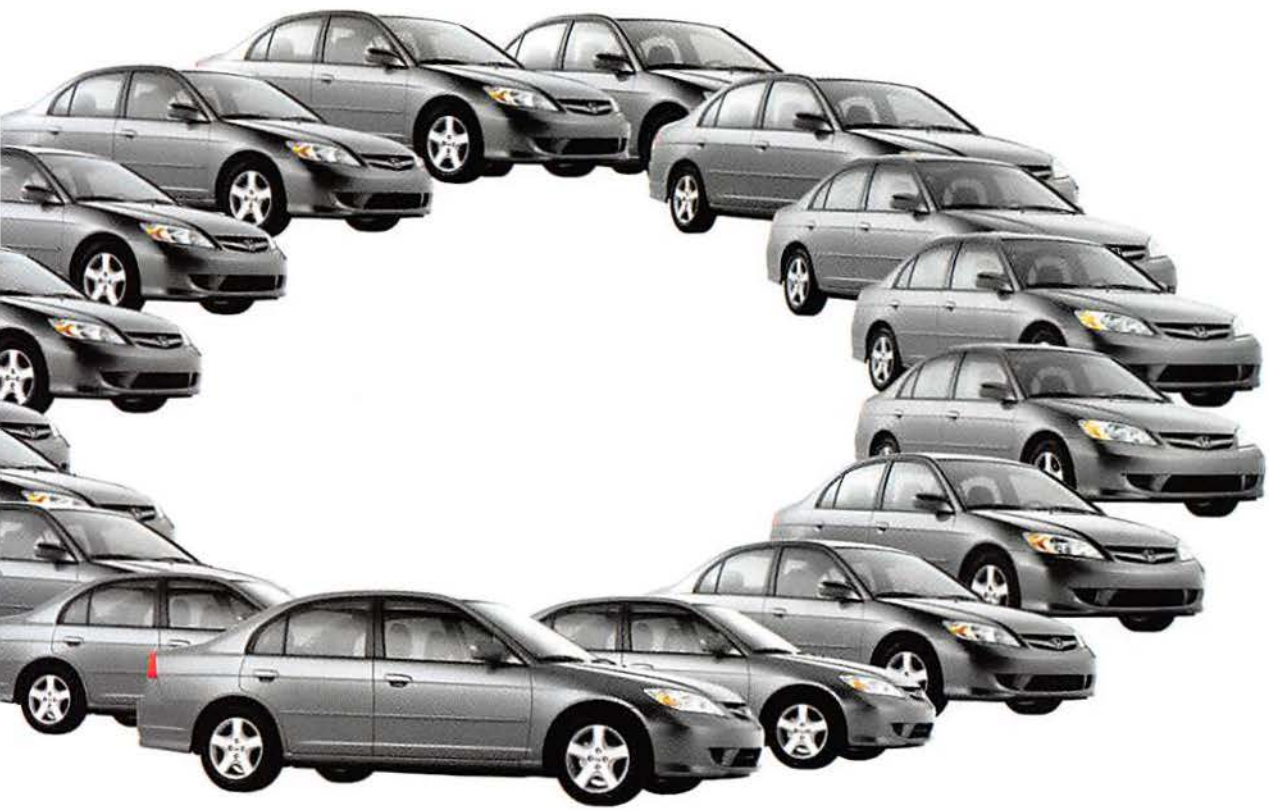
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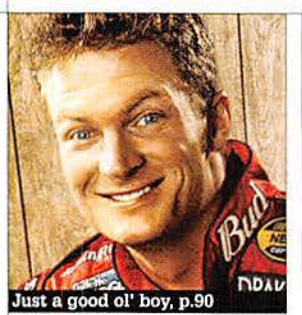
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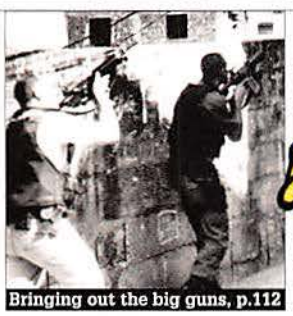
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COVER GIRLS
CREATURES OF THE NIGHT
Beautiful women are intimidating, but these girls are so sexy it's downright scary. Silvia, Josie, and Elena vamp it up as Dracula's brides in *Van Helsing*.



So hot we don't even mind if they bite



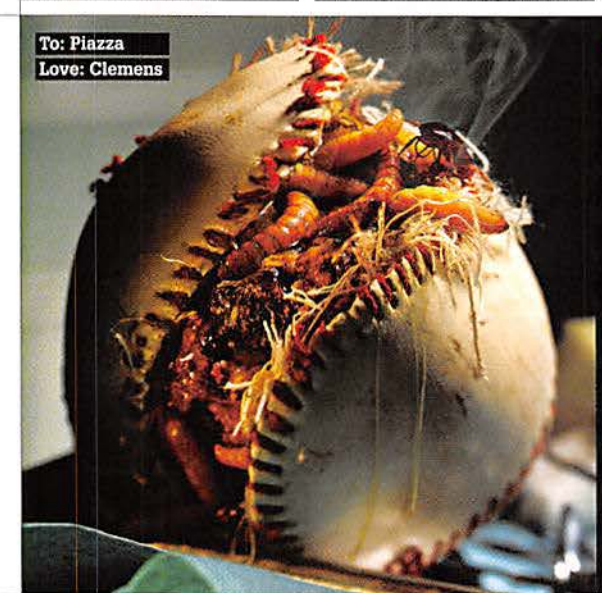
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FOR THE LOVE OF THE GAME
FOUL BALL
If America's pastime reflects the soul of the nation, we're all going to hell in a handbasket. Greedy owners, juiced-up players, and shady deals are destroying baseball. Can it be saved? Sure. Here's how.

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90 DALE EARNHARDT JR.
At age 29, number 8's already won the Daytona 500 and makes $5 million a year in endorsements. We talk shop with Junior at his garage.

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108 GREAT STATE DEBATE
Cali's got sunshine, New York has attitude, and Iowa has...corn. So which state's the coolest in the Union? Our March Madness–style tourney pits the 50 nifty against one another in a battle royal to settle this interstate squabbling once and for all.

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112 CITY OF DEATH
Feuding drug gangs have turned the streets of Rio de Janeiro into a lawless war zone where 16 people are gunned down every day. Our reporter steps into the fray and rolls with the Rio police, guns drawn.

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120 LARISSA MEEK
TV producers sent her to Hawaii to meet the man of her dreams—then made her choose from a bunch of shlubs like us! If you missed your chance to be dumped by Larissa on *Average Joe 2*, you can still tape one of her photos to your pillow for a nightly cuddle.



That's not all, folks! p.120



It will slow you down! p.112


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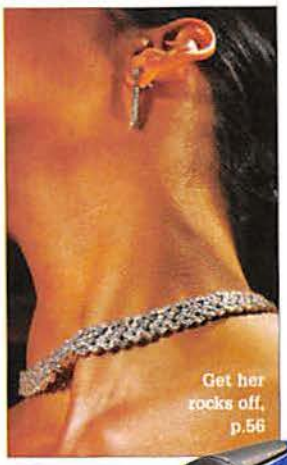
MEGAN GALE

Australian for "hot"? Megan. She's a smokin' statuesque spokeswoman for the land down under. They're not *all* like the Crocodile Hunter.

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TOP GEAR
161 THE GREAT OUTDOORS
Everything you need to survive the next few months in the yard and away from your beloved pleather couch.



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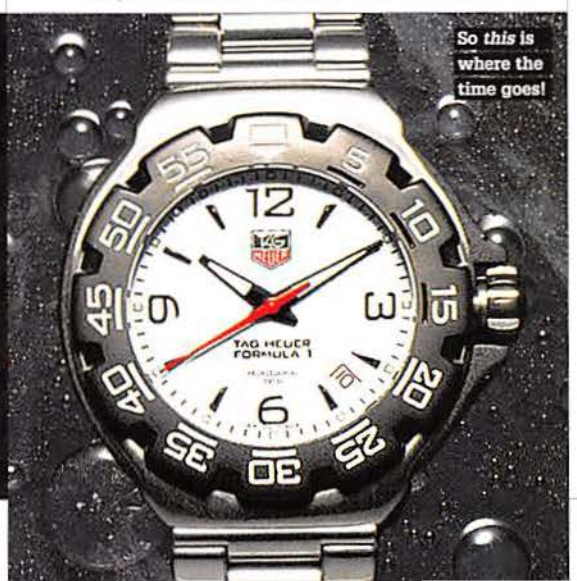
BAR EXAM
172 FELL ASLEEP IN THE SACK?
You're not alone, Casanova. Find out how many "men" like you are out there. Use a No. 2 pencil only, please.

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MAXIM FASHION

BEACH BUMMING

Classic preppy duds aren't just for Waspy private school lacrosse players anymore. This summer's hottest look is straight outta Connecticut. Plus, um, this watch.



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Hey look!
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Politics = the new sex!

▼ "The two-party system stinks... and so do I!"



Let me see if I've got this straight. We have united Earth with a massive computer network. We can manipulate the DNA of living creatures. We've got a miniature SUV combing the surface of Mars for life. And yet we have to use punch cards in 1960s ballot machines to elect our president? What are we, Poland?

People, there is something deeply and dangerously wrong with American politics that is not either party's fault. In a culture capable of anything—microwave pancakes!—crappy voter turnout must be desirable, or at least acceptable, to the people in power. Maybe mild disillusionment stifles rebellion.

Look how easy it would be to improve voter turnout. First, make voter registration automatic with your taxes. People don't hate voting—they just hate interfacing with bureaucracy. Second, put a salary cap on political contributions: When you reach $25 million, you're done. Why burn larger and larger dump trucks of money every election year? Politics is too much about fund-raising, too little about ideas. Third, disband the electoral college. The country was once too far-flung to elect the president directly; today the Internet makes it possible.

Why not really grab voters by the balls and run the election as a fun reality show? *Who Wants to Be President?* candidates who raise the most signatures by January butt heads in a single-elimination slap fight at halftime of the Super Bowl. Four are voted out of the country; the other four get an eight-week image makeover from five gay men, Al Roker, and the Olsen twins. They square off during halftimes of the NCAA Final Four games; the two finalists spend the rest of the summer in head-to-head tests of strength, will, intelligence, and bladder control, televised during breaks in the Olympics. Finally, the votes are tallied, Simon, Paula, and Larry King deliver their verdicts, and a president is born.

Yes, *Maxim*'s getting involved in politics this year: See our modest proposal for George Bush, p.62. Let the ring kissing for the coveted *Maxim* endorsement begin.

Me? I'm voting for Ralph Nader. He's at least talking about shaking things up, and I'm casting my symbolic vote in that symbolic direction. If I'm not too hung over.

Keith Blanchard





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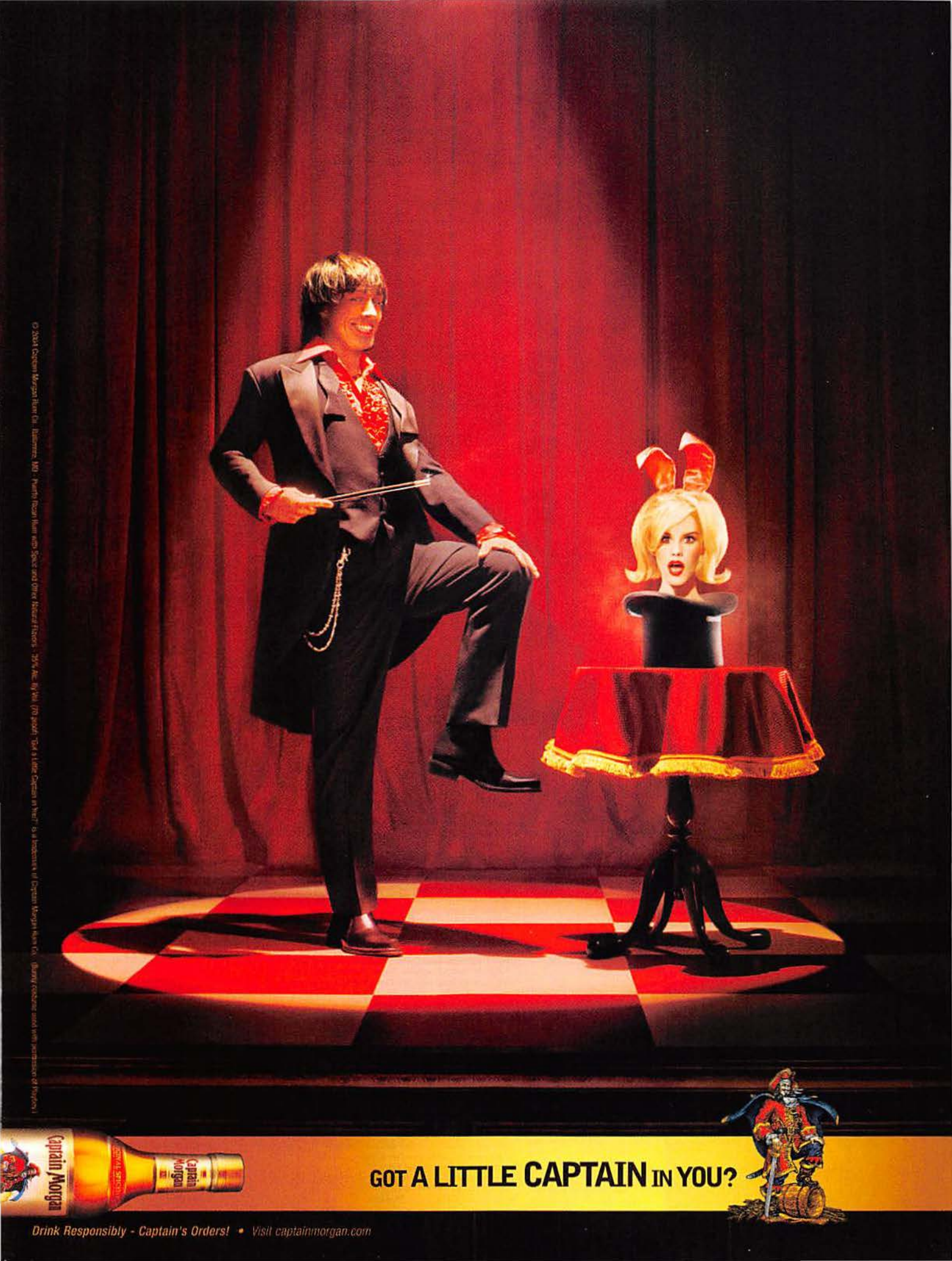
This Month in Maxim

The cold, hard numbers behind this issue.



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Spine photograph © Richard Bradbury/Korman & Company


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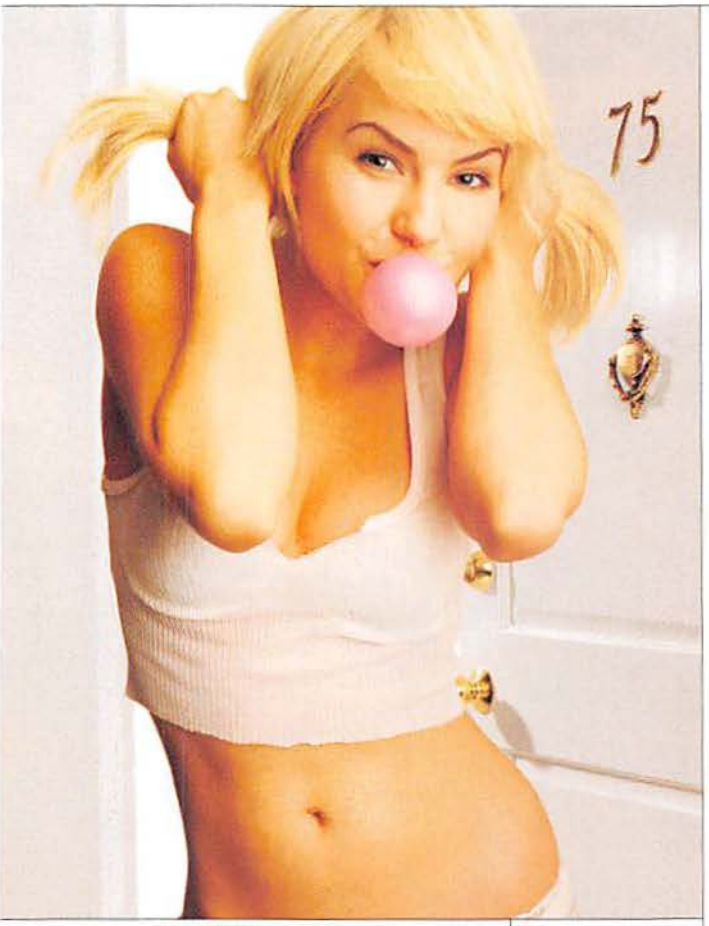

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IT PAYS TO WRITE!

If your letter is below, you get a Tony Hawk skateboarding helmet! To play, e-mail editors@maximmag.com or write to *Maxim*, 1040 6th Ave., 16th Fl., New York, NY 10018.



Her favorite game is "Motorcycle."

Moan Elisha

I fell to my knees in thanks for your Elisha Cuthbert cover ["Naughty Neighbor," March]. After seeing *Old School*, I realized she was Hollywood's hottest girl hands-down. Any babe who can finish a bottle of Jack can raise more than just that, if you get my drift.

Brian Kelly
Manhattan, KS

You had to see Old School *to realize Elisha was hot? Clearly, you missed her bikini photos in our October 2002 issue—even before she could legally drink!*

A Bone to Pick

I assume Snoop Dogg ["Pimp and Circumstance," March] was smoking something when he said everything in rap is real. Has he ever heard of Vanilla Ice or half of those other scrawny candy-asses from the suburbs claiming to be from the 'hood?

Gary Unrein
Niagara, WI

Thanks, Gary. Anytime we need an authentic voice from the 'hood, we'll be sure to call Niagara, Wisconsin.

Surf Report

Please help me rescue the surfboards pictured in your March "Designer Dozen" article. Don't let those guys hurt these poor defenseless items any longer. Putting them across scaffolding and then sitting on them? Ouch! Just send the boards to me, and I promise to provide them with a good home, take them to the ocean every day, and never let those male models hurt them again.

Mike Beck
Toms River, NJ

It's OK, Mike— if you want the phone number of one of those models, just ask us for it. We're not here to judge you.

Funky Monkey

That thing you did with the monkeys in your March issue ["Chimp Daddy"] was pretty fucked up.

Jason Chmielewski
Via e-mail

And they say letter writing is a lost art.

PUT ME IN MAXIM

Coke and a Smile

You may be thinking, *Why are these janitors posing with a bunch of trash bags?* We're actually in the United States Coast Guard, and that's not garbage—it's 3,600 pounds of pure, uncut Colombian cocaine. If it weren't for *Maxim* and the hotties inside, we wouldn't have had the motivation to make this mega-bust. We dedicate this $130 million to you!

Anthony Tavarez
Alameda, CA

Um...by "dedicate" did you mean "donate"? Just kidding, guys. That's a very impressive bust—but nothing compared to the one on page 120.


When you're done, can we lick the trash bags?

Class Act

I was serving detention when the attendant asked if I had reading material. Naturally, I had *Maxim*. He tried to confiscate it, but I refused and was sent to see the assistant principal...who was reading a past issue! He told me to place mine on his desk and leave early.

G. Cueto
Via e-mail

At this moment our loyal prison readers are sighing, "If only it were that easy." ▶

GO TO THE BEACH WIN! SPRING BREAK 2004

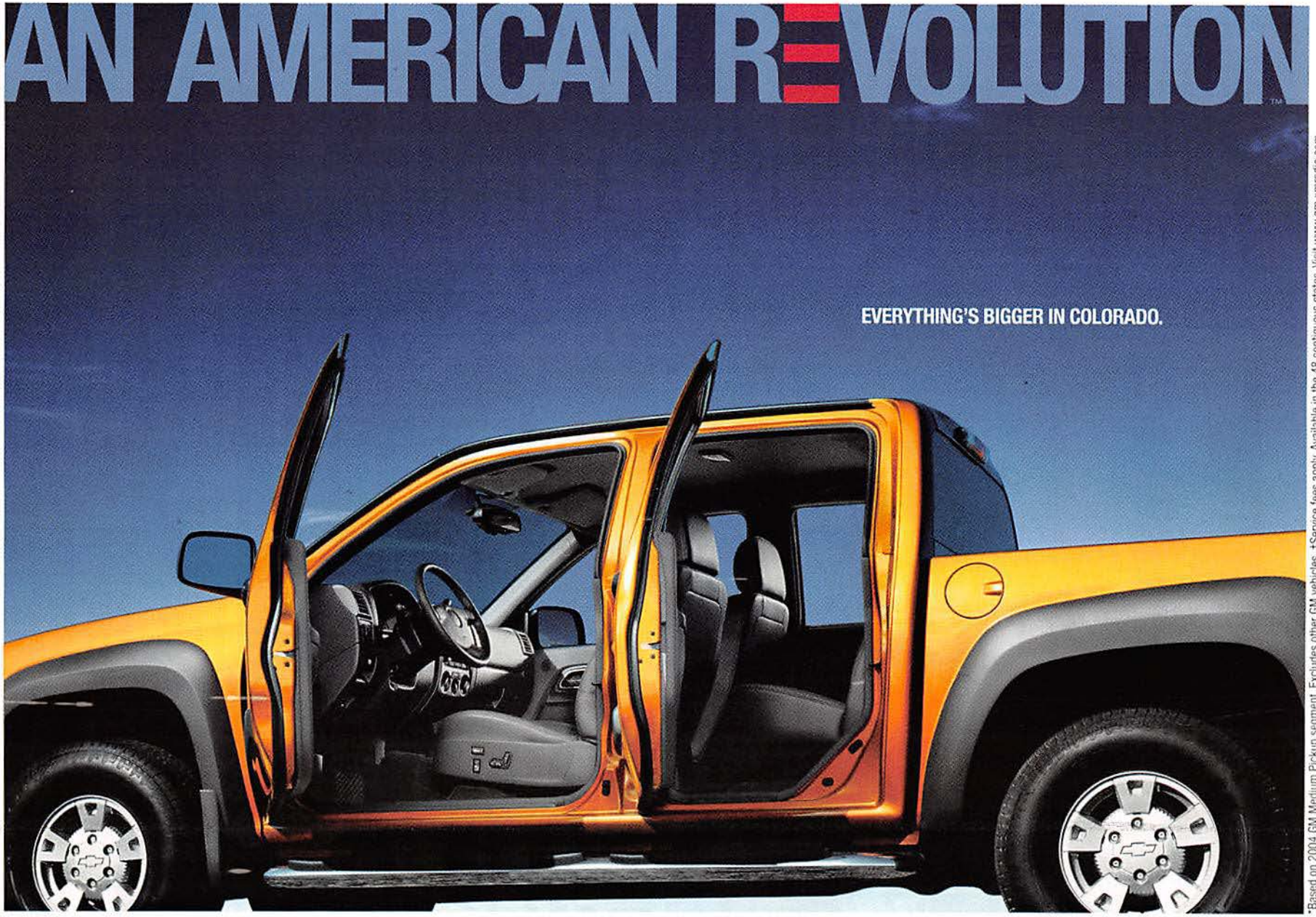


YOURS FOR THE TAKING!

Memorable Memorial

More than 2,000 Americans died on Omaha Beach to stop Nazi tyranny. This Memorial Day, honor their memory by entering a contest to plant your own ass on a beach and toast them with a tropical drink. *Maxim*'s hooking up two chums with a four-night stay at the South Seas Resort on Captiva Island, off Florida's Gulf Coast. The fun begins with a half-day of fishin' followed by a speed-sailing lesson. If you still haven't caught that tarpon (or tossed your cookies), then kayak up to North Captiva, play a round at the Redfish Point Golf Course, and enjoy dinner at the Porter House. Round-trip airfare, dinner, and activities are included. For a shot at this $4,300 beach package, visit the contest page at maximonline.com. Callers and faxers will spend a day cleaning Grandpa Joe's bedpan.

Photographs, Andrew Eccles (Elisha Cuthbert)



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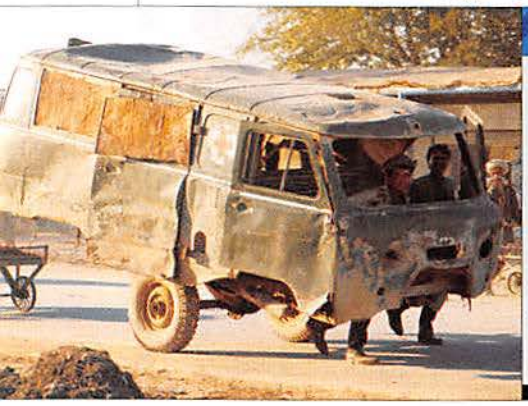


OUTSMART MAXIM

BEAT THIS CAPTION!

"Hell, I could write a better caption than that," you say. Prove it. Check out the photo above, of Old Man River, and send us your best one-liner. Beat ours, and we'll ship you this Honda HRX lawn mower. We'll also print the winner and runners-up in an upcoming issue. So e-mail us at caption@maximmag.com or snail-mail your idea to Beat This Caption! Dept. 77 P.O. Box 3065, Edison, NJ 08818-3065. All faxes will become bloodied field dressings.





MARCH'S WINNING CAPTIONS

WINNER:
"I hope Hertz doesn't notice the dent in the door!"
Todd McNeill, Tacoma, WA

RUNNERS-UP:
"Have you carried a Ford lately?"
Tony Smith, Clermont, FL

Comes with two dick shifts.
Chris Foran, Ottawa, Ontario

"Four on the floor, front heel drive—it's a steal."
Sarah Henry, Princeton, NJ

"I'm glad I picked you up, Khalil—now we can use the commuter lane!"
Rich Deitsch, Bismarck, ND

"Van...on the run..."
Michael Stevenson, Indianapolis, IN

Pie Fight

I must challenge your Chicago pizza evaluation ["Pizza Lovin'," March]. You can't send Hiroki to the Windy City to judge its holy goodness. I grew up a few blocks from Lou Malnati's, and let me tell you, it doesn't get much better than that. The same goes for Gino's East and Pizzeria Uno.

Steve R.
Chicago, IL

Sorry, Hiroki doesn't follow directions so well. We told him to go to Sin City to test Candi, Tiffany, and Ginger. He must've taken a wrong turn at Albuquerque.

Domestic Dispute

My roommates and I attend the University of Florida. Half of us are business majors, and the others are sports fanatics. We've been pondering this question: Who's richer—music mogul Russell Simmons or sports team owner George Steinbrenner?

Jeremy and Dave
Via e-mail

Steinbrenner is reportedly worth $2.7 billion, while Simmons is worth around $410 million. According to our college interns, who looked that up in 20 seconds, you guys are worth nothing.

The Root Is on Fire!

Please think before you give out advice. In your "Stayin' Alive" feature [March], you tell people lost in a forest to set signal fires. Well, I live next to a small forest, and last July some drunk kids who thought they were lost set a fire and burned down the tree house I built when I was seven. A piece of my childhood went up in smoke!

Will Stevens
Boulder, CO

Just think of it as us doing our part to help you grow up. We're also holding Mister Fluffy hostage until you give up your blankie. ▶

EBAY ABUSE

RANDOM OBJECT SENT TO RANDOM PERSON



OBJECT:
Talking lighter ($9)
SENT TO:
Micha Cable
Cincinnati, OH

SUITS

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TOMMY HILFIGER

READER ART

PEN PALS

While other inmates were divin' for soap, these guys were inkin' the dope. Thanks, boys!



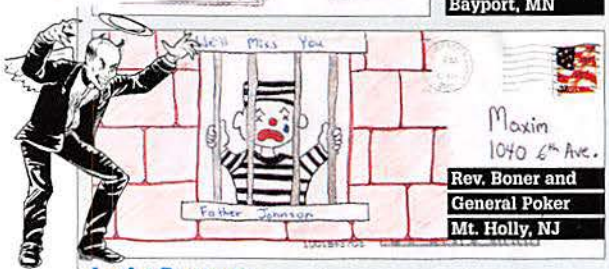
K. Williams
Gatesville, TX



Pipe Dreams

Mr. Felix Dennis: I found a special talent in drawing and designing cutout greeting cards, and am hoping you'll be interested in funding my privately owned business once I'm out of prison.

Vaughn Yaints
Bayport, MN



Rev. Boner and
General Poker
Mt. Holly, NJ

In the Rectory

We're on the B-wing (set aside for sex offenders and crazy people) of Burlington County Jail, and we speak on behalf of the whole jail when we tearfully say that Father Johnson has been inspiring and comforting to us all. He's brought joy to our hearts and butterflies to our stomachs. Please dedicate one last picture of Father Johnson to B-wing, and for all mankind.



He then signed her copy of *Grunt Quarterly*

Rodent Warrior

In the last couple of issues, you've included pictures and a small blurb on rats ["Bio Illogical," February]. While it's not as if you're praising these creatures, I still think it's great that you're highlighting them in a positive light. I've had rats for a few years, and it bothers me sometimes how many people still think of them as nothing but dirty, disease-ridden vermin. It's nice to see such a popular magazine showing them as they really are: cute, smart, and clean little critters.

Tonya Oswalt
Benton, LA

Wow...we knew a kid in school who had lice. But you've had rats? For years? Yikes.

MILF and Honeys

It's unreal how much I love your magazine. I usually don't read magazines, but your mag is tasteful and elegant and has sexy girls in it. But here's the bottom line: I need some hot moms. I'll be 21 in a few months, and yes, I want to bone a MILF on the fly. If you're ever in Buffalo doing a shoot, call me up—I'll supply the booze.

Craig Arn
Buffalo, NY

You're in luck! We'll soon be passing through Buffalo, the "Hollywood of western New York" with none other than the First Mom, that dangerously sexy rump kitten Barbara Bush. You down?

Life of the Party

Your article "How to Make a Puppet" [March] was one of the funniest things I've read in a long time. Thank God I'm not the only one with a secret obsession with socks. It's similar to my finger paint fixation. What's surprising is the kind of attention you can get at a party. They're the perfect conversation piece.

Ian Maxwell
Tampa, FL

An even better way to grab a crowd's attention is to explain why you've been locked up for the past 10 or 11 years. Good luck with that!

Maxim Saves Lives

I stopped in the middle of the night to help a man who had crashed his motorcycle into a highway median wall. A car raced around the curve while I was helping him, and in a split-second decision I jumped over the barrier to avoid it. Unfortunately, I was on a divided overpass. So then I was falling with no idea of what was below me. Somehow I remembered an article from a past issue [18] called "How to Fall Out of a Plane." Just like it said, I relaxed my body to roll with the momentum when I hit the ground. Turns out it was a 60-foot fall, and I ended up with several major injuries and 40 broken bones, but I credit *Maxim* for saving my life.

Ryan S. Bass
Via e-mail

Wow! See what you get when you try to help people? This must be the best letter we've ever received. To speed your recovery, we're sending you a plastic Bubba Ho-tep ELVIS WAS HERE *bedpan and some sponges. Oh, and a free subscription.* M

Fan Base

I was getting my things together to ship back to Germany when a bunch of Washington Redskins cheerleaders stopped by our base to put on a show. I suddenly recalled seeing one of them in the September issue. I ran back to the barracks, tore open my boxes, found the magazine, and got her autograph, along with a few memorable photos—perfect timing!

SSG Derrick L. Mims
LSA Anaconda, Iraq

Quick thinking, soldier! Did you happen to ask if any of these fine uplifting ladies wanted to be embedded?





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NYUK, NYUK, NYUK!

Got a joke that can top these? We'll pay $150 for the next Joke of the Month. E-mail 'em to jokes@maximmag.com, or send 'em to Jokes, Maxim, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 16th Floor, New York, NY 10018.

Dirty Yolk

Q: What did the egg say to the pot of boiling water?

A: It may take me a while to get hard—I just got laid last night.

—Noah Wilcox, Portola Valley, CA

Loco Motive

A guy is hanging upside down from the rafters at a factory when a blonde coworker walks by.

"What are you doing?" she asks.

"I need a few weeks off," explains the man. "I'm pretending to be nuts."

Just then the boss walks by and sees the man dangling from the ceiling.

"What are you doing?" asks the boss.

"I'm a light bulb," answers the guy.

"You're going crazy. Take a vacation."

The man jumps down to leave, and the blonde starts to follow him.

"Where do you think you're going, young lady?" the boss asks.

"Home," she replies. "I can't work in the dark."

—Jodie Kozinko, Victoria, BC

Flying Blind

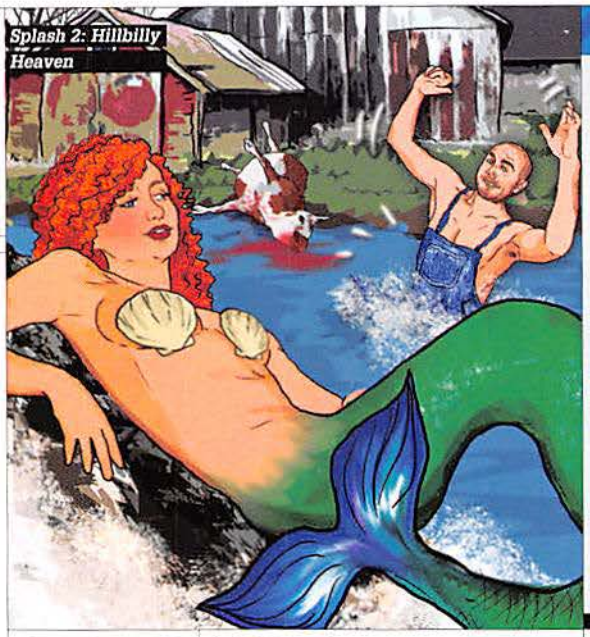
A blind man is telling his friends about how he's able to sky-dive.

"The parachute is packed and put on me," he explains. "Then I'm positioned at the door, and the pilot tells me when to jump."

"But how do you know when you're gonna land?" asks one friend.

"Simple," replies the blind man. "The dog's leash goes slack."

—John G. Townsend, El Paso, TX



THE $150 JOKE

Holey Cow

A husband, wife, and son are barely making ends meet on their farm. One morning the woman sees the family's only cow lying dead in the field and hangs herself in desperation. When the man awakens, he sees his wife and cow dead and shoots himself.

The son finds his parents dead and goes to drown himself, only to discover a mermaid at the river.

The mermaid tells him, "If you have sex with me 10 times in a row, I will revive your parents and the cow."

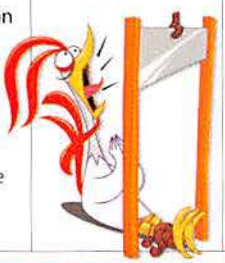
"Why not 20?" replies the son.

"Fine," she says. "Twenty it is."

"But wait," says the boy. "How do I know that 20 times in a row won't kill you like it did the cow?"

—Richard Rice, Beaver Dam, WI

Did you hear about the dyslexic rabbi? He walks around saying, "Yo!"



Shell Shock

A man sees a snail on his doorstep, picks it up, and heaves it over his house.

Two years pass, and the guy sees the snail back at his door. It looks up and says, "What the fuck did you do that for?"

—Adam Whitehead, via e-mail

Divine Wisdom

Q: Why did God give women orgasms?

A: So they would have something else to moan about.

—J. A. Guzik, Boca Raton, FL

Sole Man

A man is in the hospital recovering from surgery. "I have good news and bad news," says the surgeon. "The bad news is we accidentally amputated your right leg. Tomorrow we have to take the left."

"Dammit, doc," says the man. "What could possibly be the good news?"

"The guy in the next room wants to buy your shoes."

—Michael Kaiser, Biloxi, MS

Political Moovements

Socialism: You have two cows. You keep one and give one to your neighbor.

Communism: You have two cows. The government takes them both and provides you with milk.

Fascism: You have two cows. The government takes them and sells you the milk.

Bureaucracy: You have two cows. The government takes them both, shoots one, milks the other, pays you for the milk, and then pours it down the drain.

Capitalism: You have two cows. You sell one and buy a bull.

Democracy: You have two cows. Government taxes force you to sell them in order to support a man in a foreign country who has only one cow which was a gift from your government.

—Hal Lindcoke, St. Louis, MO

Read hundreds of jokes and submit some of your own at **maximonline.com.**

ROCK BOTTOM

SHARON'S JOKE BOOK

Aging beauties Sharon Stone and Regis Philbin on staying young.

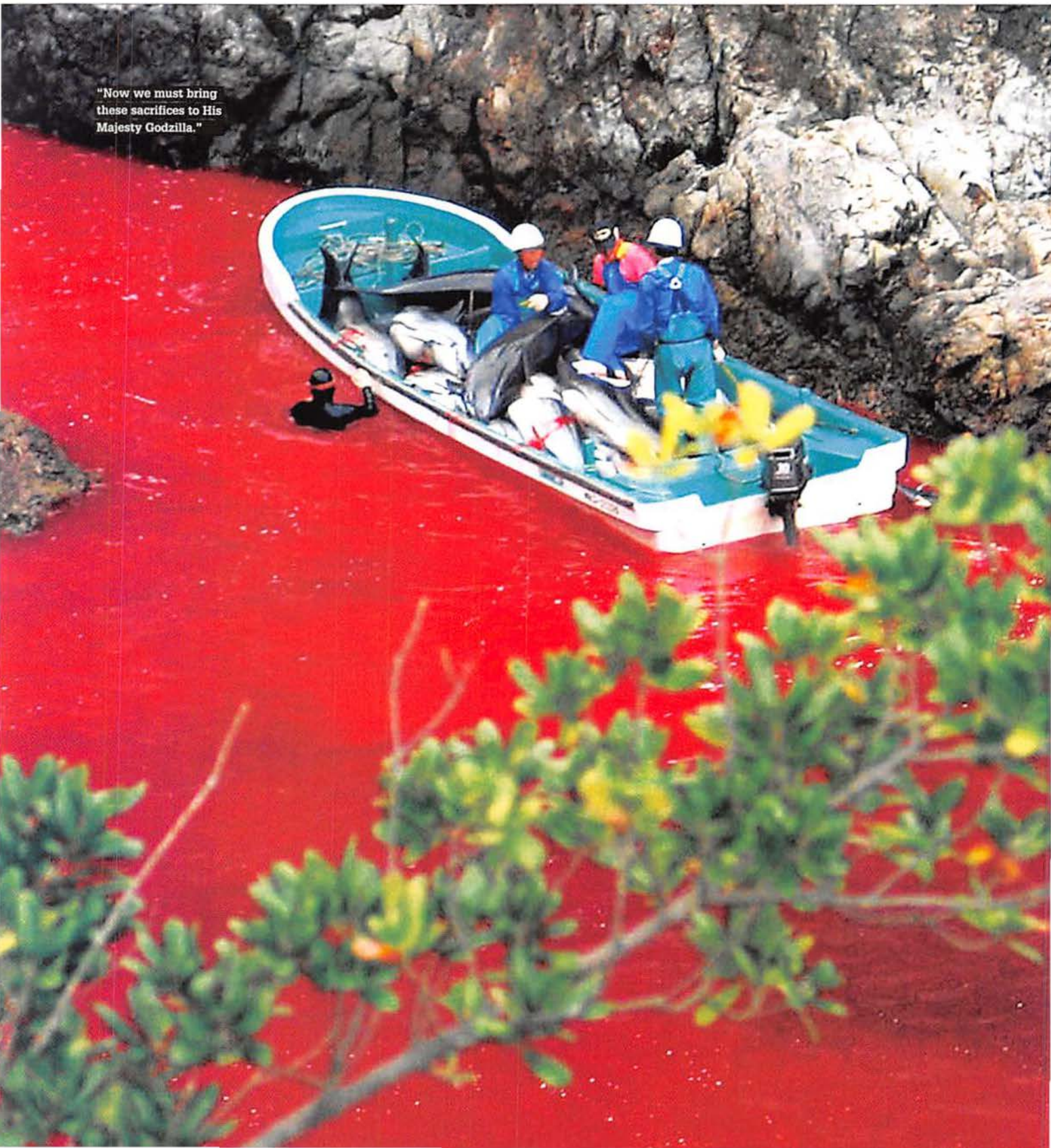


Illustrations, Beefy for Folio (mermaid); superham.com (chicken)



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CIRCUS M



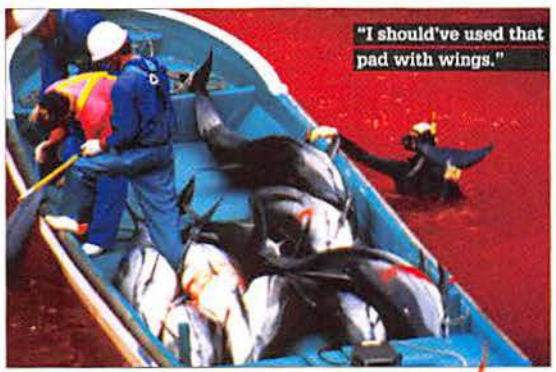
AXIMUS

A Maxim View of the World

THE BIG PICTURE

CRIMSON TIDE

BLOOD BATH!



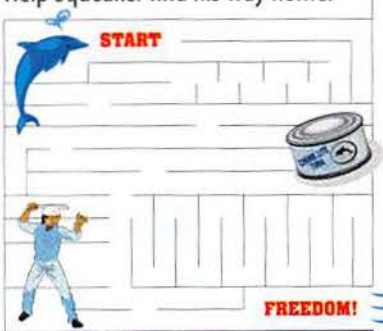
"I should've used that pad with wings."

In Japan the rivers are filled with Clamato. We're just kidding—they're filled with blood!

Ah, fishing. The serenity, the beer drinking, the frenzied violence. Between October and May, fishermen in the coastal town of Taiji use sonar-scrambling equipment to lure more than 2,000 confused dolphins into sheltered coves. Once the animals are corralled, men in motorboats leisurely butcher them with giant sickles, then pluck the carcasses out of the bloody water. Although the hunt, which has been a Taiji tradition for 400 years, does not violate any laws, Japanese officials are under pressure from animal-rights activists to outlaw the annual practice. So far all they've done is forbid any looky-loos, but these grisly shots were snapped by a Canadian whistle-blower who stopped hugging a tree long enough to click the shutter button. Where does *Maxim* stand on the issue? Since an entire community is dependent upon the dolphin meat for survival, we propose a humane, economically viable alternative: Dump hundreds of plastic six-pack holders into the water and let nature take her course!

DOLFUN!

Help Squeaker find his way home.

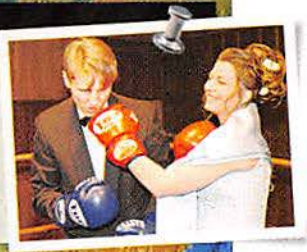


PLANET MAXIM

We report the stories other publications are too responsible to print!

RUSSIA

A well-known female boxer and her coach consummated their wedding vows by climbing into a ring and sparring with each other. The couple, who called the fight "symbolic," haven't yet set up a rematch in divorce court.



WASHINGTON

After running naked through a Spokane Denny's at 5 A.M., three streakers were stranded in 20-degree weather because their car had been stolen—with all their clothes in it. The trio left the vehicle running for a quick getaway, a fact noted by a car thief eating at Denny's. Police nabbed the asses hiding behind parked cars but didn't charge them.

ENGLAND

The owner of a Manchester pub turned the empty lot next to his bar into a cemetery for his patrons. Drunks plunked down beer money in return for their very own plot, with one begging his buddies to get tanked on his grave every Friday night.



GERMANY

Ten teachers at a Lüneburg school were taken to the hospital after gorging on a pot-laced chocolate cake this student left in their break room. Reports that the Krauts also spread cake all over their faces and chests went unconfirmed.



ARGENTINA

A 22-year-old man was attacked by a lion at the Buenos Aires Zoo after he leapt into its enclosure and waved his jacket at the irritated beast. Sadly, alert keepers shot the pawing lion with a tranquilizer dart before the matador wannabe was seriously injured.



LA-LA LAND

THE HOLLYWOOD RAT

FUN GAMES!

We humiliate celebs—for you!

SAY WHA?

Guess which bizarre quote was uttered by Uma-less actor Ethan Hawke.



A. YOU'RE MORE LIKELY TO FIND GREAT LEADERSHIP COMING FROM A MAN WHO LIKES TO HAVE SEX WITH A LOT OF WOMEN THAN ONE WHO'S MONOGAMOUS.

B. CHICKS DIG MY PATCHY FAUXTEE.

C. A WOMAN SHOULD NEVER BE TALLER THAN HER HUSBAND.

Answer: A

FEEL RENÉE'S PAIN!

Can you match the secret suffering behind each pursed-lipped smile of cutie thespian Renée Zellweger?



1. Cruise never calls
2. Ate a tainted burrito
3. Wants to be Chinese
4. Dropped Oscar on foot
5. Masseuse just addressed her as "Senator Clinton"

Answers: 1. E 2. C 3. D 4. A 5. B


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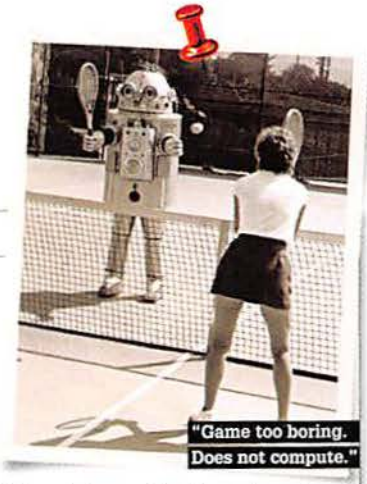
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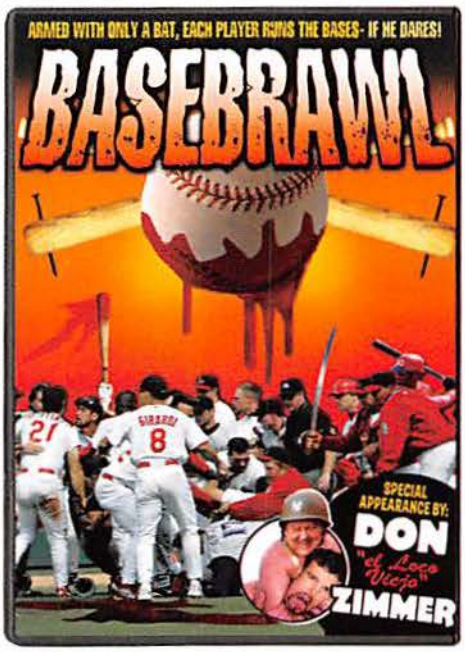
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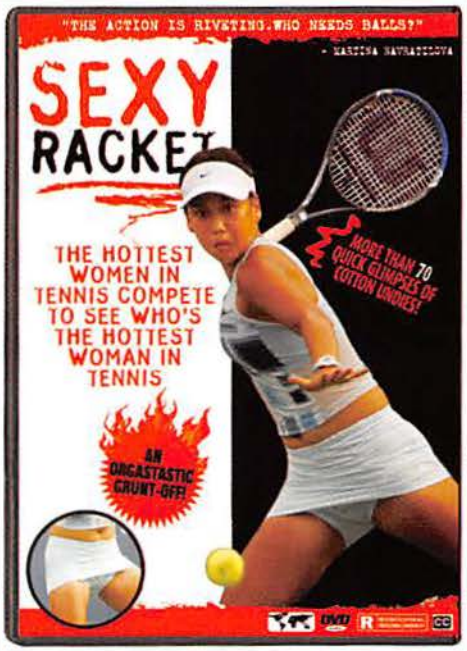


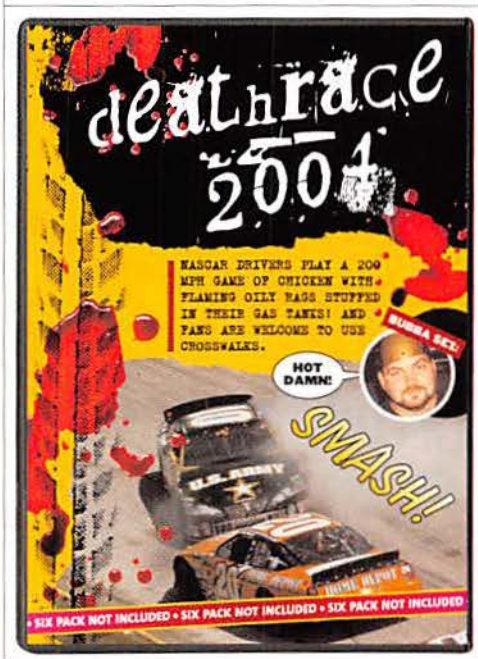
GAME THEORY

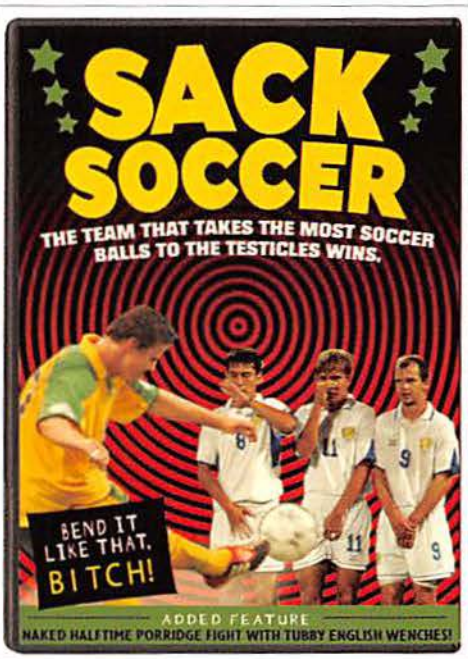
SPORTS OF THE FUTURE

The upcoming pay-per-view special *Hockey Gladiators* will distill Canada's most intellectual pastime into its purest form—bloody fistfights on ice! So we demand these improvements to other sports.









WEB BYTES Who's cute now, pal? **www.liquidgeneration.com/games/carebears.asp**


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ALL-PROS

TRASH TALKER

America's hottest salvager shows off her prize booty.

Name: Alexis Demko
Experience: While other 17-year-olds were raiding Mom's liquor cabinet, Alexis was raiding condemned buildings for goods to sell out of her father's construction office. Five years later this San Diego beauty is running her own salvage biz—think *Sanford and Son*, but hotter—and delighting her customers. "When I introduced myself to one buyer," she recalls, "he said, 'I thought you were gonna be a burly old woman.'" Nah, she's just got some nice junk in the trunk.
Job perks: As a pretty lady in the dirty world of salvage, Alexis is used to being underestimated, but three years of boxing has toughened her up. "I've gone up against guys," she says. "It's rough, but I can hold my own." As you can see, she holds her own quite nicely.



"Now, you just lie down, let that bra drop, and tell us your problems..."

HELP WANTED

- Know a teacher with class?
- A chef who's sizzling?
- A welder who's, um, really hot?
- E-mail her pics and info to workinggirl@maximmag.com.

Subscribers see more photos for free in the *Maxim* Lounge at **maximonline.com.**

Styling, Nikki Sargent for celestineagency.com; hair, Christophe Saluzzo for Cloutier; makeup, Agostina for Cloutier

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE SHAW

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4 QUESTIONS FOR...



Shahrazad Ali, social activist and author of *How to Tell If Your Man Is Gay or Bisexual.*

Q: Why the heck did you write this?
A: To level the playing field. People who are gay and bisexual know everything about us. But we don't know about them. We never had a document that explained what is going on in these groups. It's always been "whisper, whisper."

Q: Um, ever watch *Queer Eye*?
A: I'm not talking about men that everybody knows are gay. I mean guys in complete disguise. They wear suits and ties and hip-hop clothing. But then they get on the dance floor, grinding and kissing. Seeing that does something to the senses.

Q: Besides humping other men at discos, how else can a woman tell?
A: If a man often wants to have rectal sex with his woman, or if he wants her to strap one on and do him, or wants her to toss his salad all the time. If pressure on his prostate makes him climax, that's the hooky.

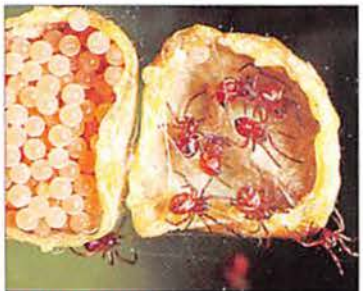
Q: Is the book selling?
A: Men are buying it! I thought women would run out and grab it, but it seems they don't wanna know. Seeing two men in bed is turning out not to be such a priority.



OPEN HOUSE

NEST IN SHOW

Turns out you're not the only filthy animal with a bizarre home.



BLACK WIDOWS It's a gooey sac full of deadly bugs. Sweet dreams, kids.



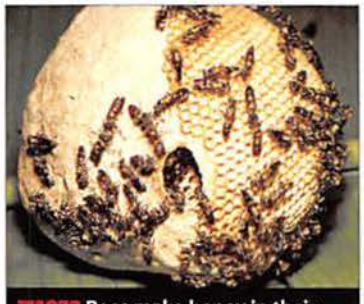
WEAVER BIRDS Artfully woven grass? Home ec actually paid off!



TERMITES It's *not* a hallucinogenic mushroom—so try not to eat it.



GARTER SNAKES As nightmarish and spooky as the Neverland Ranch.



WASPS Bees make honey in their homes; wasps just sting everything.



BLUE TITS Who wouldn't feel right at home nestled between blue tits?



> FUN FACT!

200 health nuts a year are injured when seats on their stationary bikes collapse. Crunch!

> HISTORY LESSENED

MAJOR ISSUES

1300: The official publication of the Crusades, the Inquisition, and the Plague, *Maxim* provides ye olde entertainment to all 12 literate humans on Earth.



WEB BYTES Can you escape the mysterious Crimson Room? **www.datacraft.co.jp/takagism/index_e.html**


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SEEMS WRONG SOMEHOW

FOUND PORN

Someone actually thought this stuff was innocent!



◀ THE $150 WINNER!

Looks like someone might be taking the expression "get your goat" a bit too literally.

—Lisa Boone, Joshua, TX

▼ RUNNER-UP

Personally, we prefer the relative subtlety of Ding Dongs and Little Debbie's Banana Twins Cakes.

—Rebecca Feind, Shenandoah, VA





▲ RUNNER-UP

Going toy shopping for someone lonely? Meet the world's first can't-get-any-action figure.

—Griffin Burns, Hanover, PA



> FUN FACT!

Who says you're not lucky? Hell, you have only a 10 trillion to one chance of being hit by a meteor.

▶ RUNNER-UP

It's about time those hoity-toity skin-care products start exercising a little truth in advertising.

—Megan A. Donis, Tsawwassen, British Columbia



▶ RUNNER-UP

What would Groucho, Chico, Zeppo, and Gummo say? Nothing—they're all dead.

—Katie Powers, Lenexa, KS



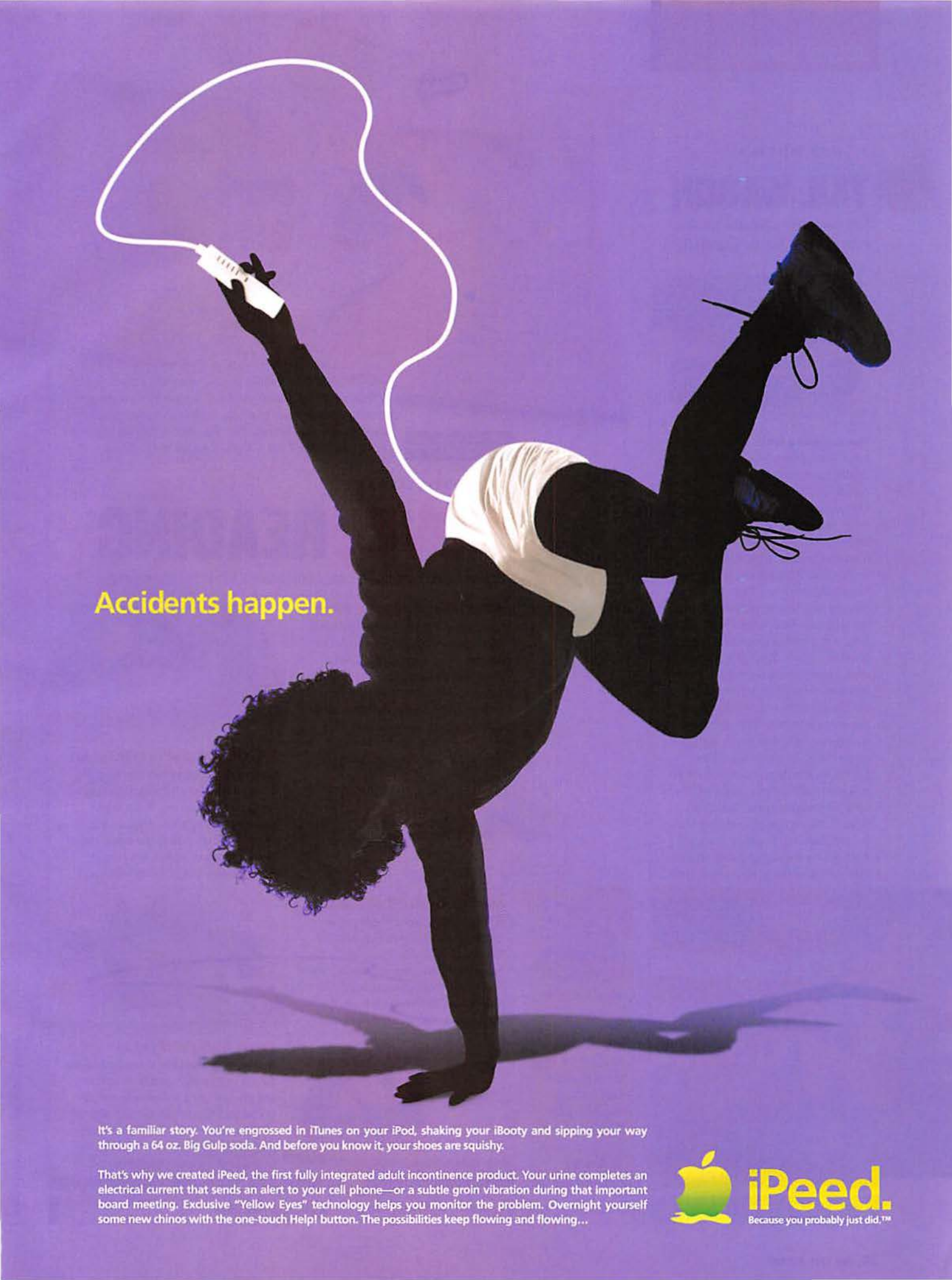
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If it turns us on, we'll send you $150! Mail your entry to: Found Porn, *Maxim*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018.



WEB BYTES Become an incredibly annoying pop star! **www.virtual-bubblewrap.com**

Photographs, Robert Glasgow


Accidents happen.
It's a familiar story. You're engrossed in iTunes on your iPod, shaking your iBooty and sipping your way through a 64 oz. Big Gulp soda. And before you know it, your shoes are squishy.
That's why we created iPeed, the first fully integrated adult incontinence product. Your urine completes an electrical current that sends an alert to your cell phone—or a subtle groin vibration during that important board meeting. Exclusive "Yellow Eyes" technology helps you monitor the problem. Overnight yourself some new chinos with the one-touch Help! button. The possibilities keep flowing and flowing...
iPeed.
Because you probably just did.™

HOT WHEELS

TAIL WAGON

This sweet ride will make you the envy of all the kids on your block!



Dale Jr. never forgot his first big wheel

You've done a lot to stave off adulthood and its stench of impending death, but Armando Coehlo, who customizes motorcycles in central Florida, has taken arrested development to a whole new level. The Badwagon takes the touchy-feely nostalgia of little red wagons and turns it into a gearhead's wet dream. "It's a fully functional high-end novelty toy," Coehlo explains. "And nothing says America like Radio Flyer." Boasting a 3.5-horsepower Briggs & Stratton engine, deep-dish aluminum rims, a rear parachute, and an adorable safety flag, the Badwagon can do 35 mph—you'll finish that paper route in record time! But recapturing your long-lost youth doesn't come cheap. Models range from $3,500 for the basics to $8,000 for all-chrome modifications. "Folks will show off their garage saying, 'That's my Rolls, that's my Ferrari, that's my kid's wagon,'" Coehlo boasts. If you can't hold out for the diesel-powered Sit'n Spin, cart yourself to badwagon.com.



We wouldn't mind seeing *that* naked lady's mud flaps



> FUN FACT!

Silver cars are only half as likely to crash as white cars. Vans airbrushed with Viking women are impervious to damage.



MENOPOP $24.99 Middle-aged women can act even more bonkers while guffawing at this 3-D journey through "the change." Seven scary pop-ups depict the five stages of menopause: denial, confusion, frustration, despair, and hope. Reading the book will put you through the first four.

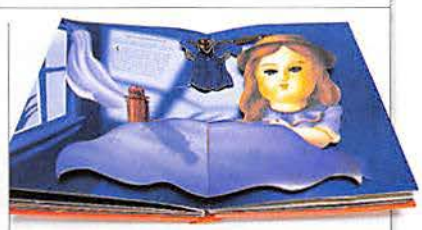
Hey, that looks just like your mom!

MAXIM LIBRARY

NOVEL READING

Pop-up books have finally gone from innocent fun to twisted insanity.

POP-UP BOOK OF NIGHTMARES $29.95 Some say life is one long nightmare. Those people are dirty coffeehouse beatniks. You, meanwhile, should check out these bad-dream pop-ups about accidental nudity, vermin attacks, and nuclear war. What about the one where Granny bathes us?





WHAT DO YOU DO WITH A POTTY? $10 Close the shades before cracking this book, in which a cheeky toddler says "Fuck you!" to diapers. Pull a tab to lower the kid's pants—hey, *once* is enough—then empty the bowl. The book addresses "tinkle" but fails to cover "sloppy ploppy after Mexican."

COUNTRY MUSIC POP-UP BOOK $45 The Grand Ole Opry. The mechanical bull from *Urban Cowboy*. A suitcase full of garish outfits. Those are just a few of the down-home pop-ups you'll find inside this elaborate book. The one downside? All them purty foldy pictures has too much dang words!



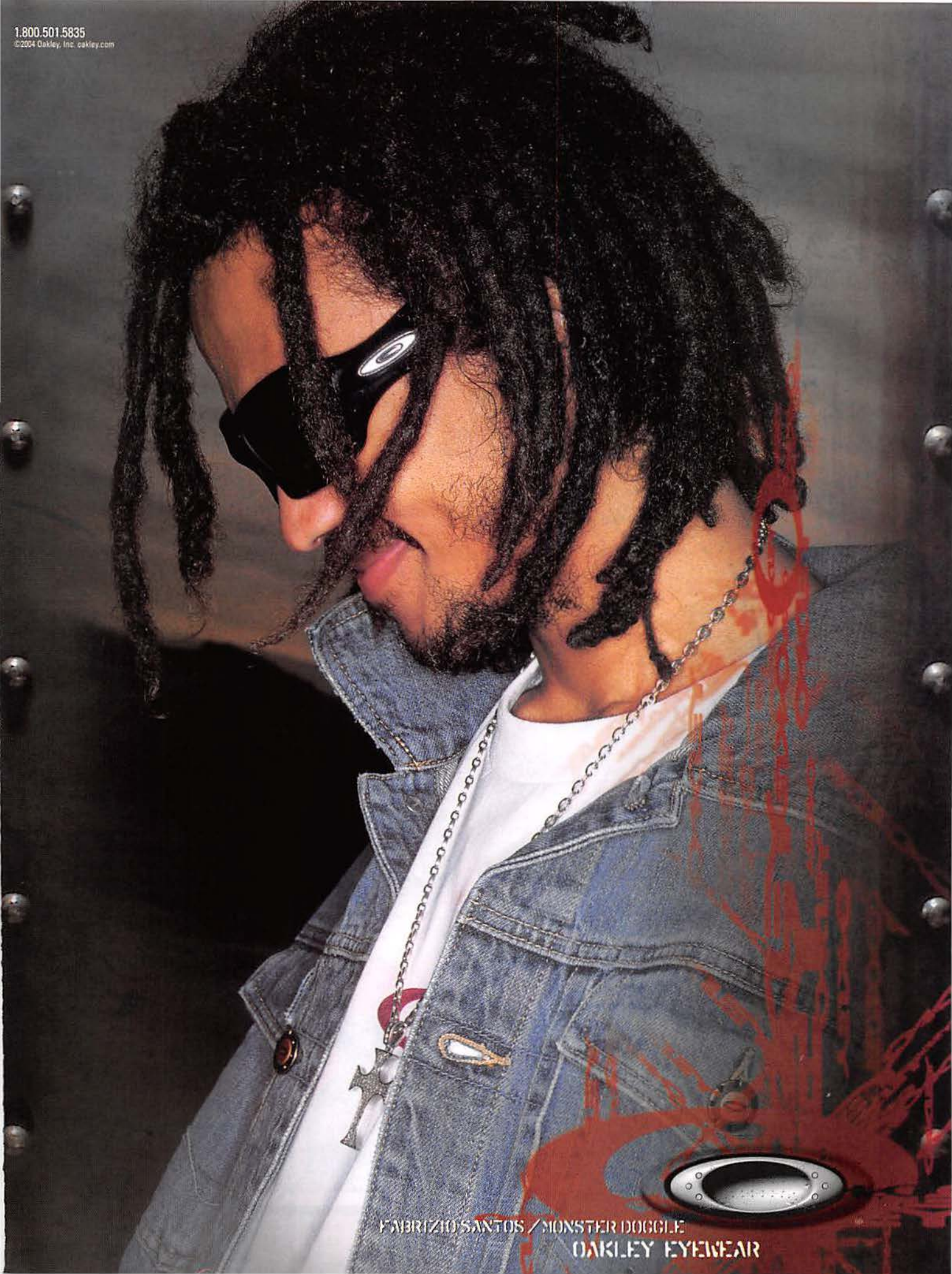


POP-UP KAMA SUTRA $22.50 Relax—your third eye won't be put out by a skyrocketing cardboard schlong. But you *will* get a valuable lesson on sexual techniques like boning atop an elephant's back and forming a daisy chain with 18 close friends. Sadly, the unimaginative pop-ups are flaccid.

Photographs, Robert Glasgow (pop-up books)

WEB BYTES

Afraid you're too tipsy to operate the backhoe? Find out! **www.rupissed.com**


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FABRIZIO SANTOS / MONSTER DOGGLE
OAKLEY EYEWEAR

YAMAHA YZF-R1 $10,600

The R1 was one of the most badass bikes in its class, yet Yamaha did a complete 180 when designing the 2004 model...180 bhp, that is. At 379 pounds, the new R1 has a power-to-weight ratio that's more than three times that of the Dodge Viper—wet your leather jumpsuit yet? Yamaha wedged the four-cylinder power plant into the bike at a 40-degree angle so the aluminum frame could go over the engine instead of around it. The result is a stiffer, super-aerodynamic one-way ticket to glory.



MOTORCYCLE CROP

BIKE CURIOUS

The Suzuki GSX-R1000 has been the dominant superbike for years. But now a new crop of Japanese competitors are shredding up asphalt as they make it a real race.





HONDA CBR 1000RR $11,000

In recent years Honda's sport bikes appealed to Jersey guidos motoring to the shore, but they weren't always powerful enough for serious racers. With the sleek new CBR, however, Honda will once again be a mainstay at late-night street sprints. In addition to churning out 170-plus bhp, the CBR offers up lots of high-tech gadgetry—MotoGP-inspired fully adjustable suspension, electronic steering damper—to help keep riders from skinning themselves during 150 mph skids.

KAWASAKI NINJA ZX-10R $11,000

Despite its sinister name, the Ninja rarely gets the respect it deserves. With enough torque to give a linebacker whiplash, its 998 cc four-banger can hang with almost any two-wheeler. Add to that a functional yet awesome-looking air intake on the nosepiece and a tricked-out electronic fuel injection system, and the new Ninja has all the weaponry to silently ambush the competition. Banzai!



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> MAXIM WORLDWIDE



MEGAN GALE

Meet Australia's white-hot poster girl for international tourism.

As seen in: German *Maxim*, September 2003

Her story: Struggling as a model in her native Australia, Perth-born Megan bolted for Italy in 1998 and found instant fame starring in a cell phone ad campaign—a far more appealing idea than a pasty dork asking, "Can you hear me now?" every five seconds. Dubbed the "Aussie Belle" by drooling meatballs from Sicily to, um, the northern part, she landed several Italian movie roles and managed to become a star back home in the process. Last year Australia's prime minister tapped Megan to replace Paul Hogan, the burnt shrimp formerly known as Crocodile Dundee, as a spokesperson for the national board of tourism. That's not to say this part-Polynesian ambassador wants to trade her life in front of the camera for a career in diplomacy. "All that packing and unpacking," complains the sexy sheila. "'God, where did I put my bra? Oh, I left it back in Australia!'" No worries, mate—you look just fine without.



Subscribers see more photos for free in the *Maxim* Lounge at **maximonline.com.**

Need a hug? Why didn't you say so!

PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRIZIO DI RENZO

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> STOCK OPTIONS

POLISH WHISKEY!

The geniuses who gave us solar-powered flashlights have focused their attention on premium vodka.



ORIGINAL, $25
The recipe for this subtle vodka, which dates all the way back to 1564, calls for pure water from artesian springs and an exhaustive six-time distillation process. That's one for every Polack it takes to change a light bulb!*



POTOCKI, $35
This hearty, unfiltered vodka is meant to complement "caviar, smoked fish, and mildly sweet pastries." We drank it the old-fashioned Polish way: straight up with dill pickles while standing outside, freezing our balls off.



ULTIMAT, $55
The world's first vodka made from potato, rye, *and* wheat also uses an advanced distillation process called Hydro Selection. It makes for a flavor so complex, few people in Poland can figure out how to drink it.



WYBOROWA SINGLE ESTATE, $30
This is one of the few vodkas to be made start to finish (including its Frank Gehry–designed bottle) in one place. The result is a treat that's perfect for drinking in the corner of a circular room.



ZYTNIA, $10
A bottle of this apple-tinged spirit is well within even *your* dinner budget. But don't let the price tag fool you—Zytnia was awarded a gold medal from the Beverage Testing Institute, giving it an ultra-rare victory for Poland.

> IN THE CARDS

CROOKED DEAL

Finally, novelty playing cards that feature other sorry boobs!

Need a conversation piece for your Thursday night Go Fish club? Pick up a deck of Starz Behind Barz playing cards, featuring 53 mug shots of celebs who've tussled with Johnny Law—Nolte, Pacino, Bryant, and many more! Ante up $7 at starzbehindbarz.com.





> FUN FACT!

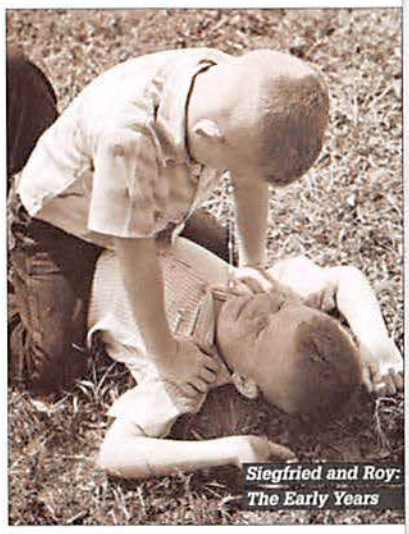
Seventy-two percent of women admit being attracted to the bad guy in movies. So it's true: Chicks dig Jabba.

> FOND CHILDHOOD MEMORIES #1

THE SPIT TAKE-BACK

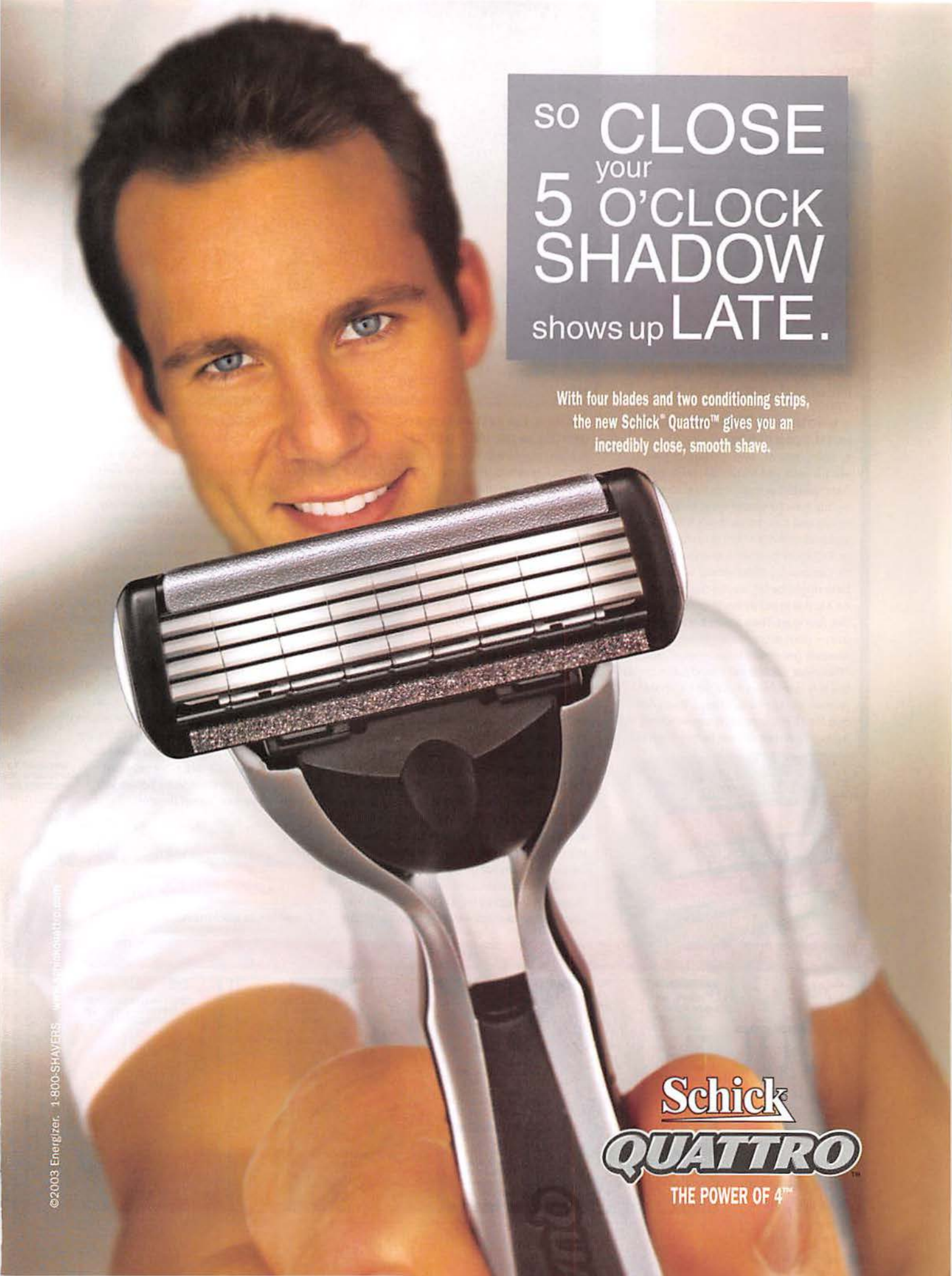
It was all fun and games until someone got a loogey in the eye.

You're playing with tiny army action figures, minding your own damn business. Then without warning, your prison-bound older brother pins you to the ground and lets an enormous rivulet of green Jolly Rancher spit slowly descend, spiderlike, toward your left pupil. Just as the string of saliva is about to blind you, the sneaky bastard sucks it back into his cavity-ridden mouth. Ah, how we miss high school.



*Just kidding. Poland has no electricity.

Photographs, Robert Glasgow (vodka)


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WHO CARES?

G'HEAD, ASK US ANYTHING

Maxim answers all your watching people gettin' laid, grossly overpaid, in dire need of a sleep aid questions.



A bad time to walk in on Star Jones' gyno exam

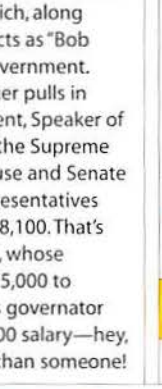
Q: WHO DECIDES HOW HARDCORE HOTEL PORN CAN BE?

A: Hotel chains—even corporate giants like Ramada and Marriott—are largely franchised. That means individual owners decide how to handle smut for their hotels and can choose from X (melons and buns only), XX (hot dogs and clams), or XXX (pork butt, with gravy), depending on community standards or taste. Some folks might be OK seeing one guy spooge on a girl dressed as Pocahontas…but not, like, *four* guys. Then again, perversion pays—porn accounts for 70 percent of the revenue generated from in-room charges. "The more explicit the content, the better the buy rates," says Katie Smith, spokeswoman for *Adult Video News*. That's not bad for 17 minutes of movie watching, the average amount of time before mop-up.



Q: WHO IS THE BEST-PAID PUBLIC OFFICIAL IN THE UNITED STATES?

A: If you guessed the president, you're right—but it's a recent development. Fortunately for poverty-stricken Dubya, Congress doubled the presidential salary to $400,000 before he took office, but this was the first presidential pay hike since 1969. "We had the top public official in the country making what amounted to a low-level VP salary on Wall Street—and other public officials were making even more than that," says John Scofield, spokesman for the House of Representatives Appropriations Committee, which, along with the Senate's committee, acts as "Bob in accounts payable" for the government. For example, Dallas' city manager pulls in $263,027 while the vice president, Speaker of the House, and chief justice of the Supreme Court make only $203,000. House and Senate leaders earn $175,700, but representatives and senators nab a measly $158,100. That's still more than most governors, whose salaries typically range from $75,000 to $125,000. Of course, California's governator chose not to accept his $175,000 salary—hey, you finally make more money than someone!



"Bring on McCheese!"

Q: WHAT TRIGGERS MY INSOMNIA?

A: Just like your VD, difficulty falling or staying asleep can come from many sources and vary in severity. The occasional sleepless night, which more than a third of American adults experience, is typically caused by stress or worry—your brain simply won't shut down like it does at work. Chronic insomniacs, however, may be genetically predisposed to the condition. "They have abnormally pronounced reactions to events during the day, which are sustained through the night," says Merrill Mitler, M.D., a program director at the National Institute of Neurological Disorders and Stroke. Caffeine and/or alcohol intake may be the culprit—try cutting them out for a week or two. It's OK to get out of bed, but avoid bright lights and stick to nonstimulating activities like reading *GQ*. If you're *still* counting ceiling cracks, see your doctor and pray you don't have fatal familial insomnia, a rare syndrome that can last for up to three years before you die of exhaustion. Sweet dreams!



GOT QUESTIONS?

E-mail 'em to **ask@maximonline.com.** Oi!

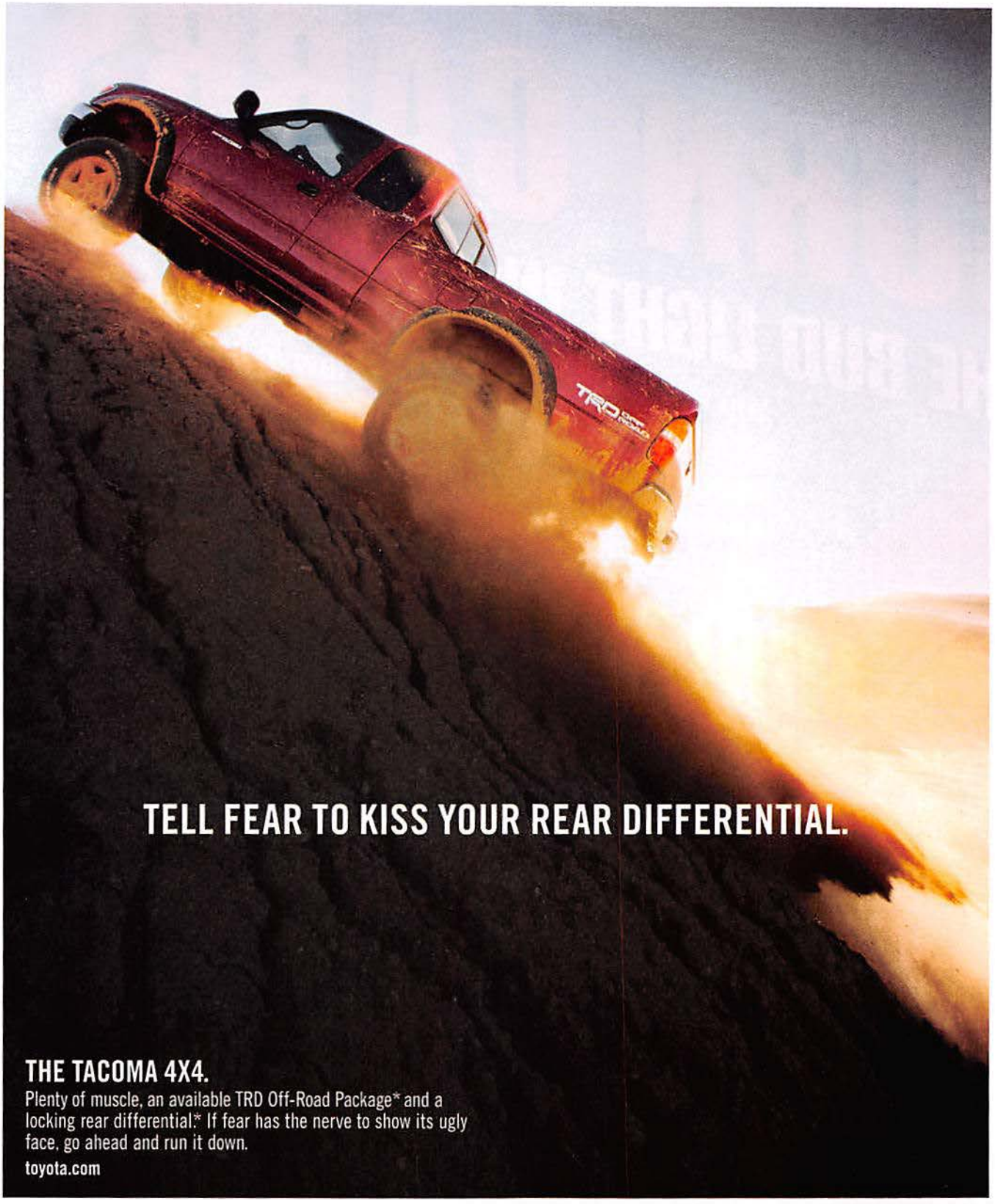
BEAUTIFUL MINDS

Trust the Girls

This month the gals discuss ways to handle mama's boys like you!



Circus Maximus/How To contributors: Dave Alexander, Craig Better, Kaitlin Bettick, Mike Dojc, Ky Henderson, Stephanie Huszar, Steve Kandell, Dan Kraus, Matt Lee, Matt Murphy, J.G. Pastejak, Will Phung, Alex Porter, Marcy Smith, Joe Watson,



*V6 models only. Vehicle shown with available equipment. ©2003 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

AS SEEN ON TV!

BURN CARBS

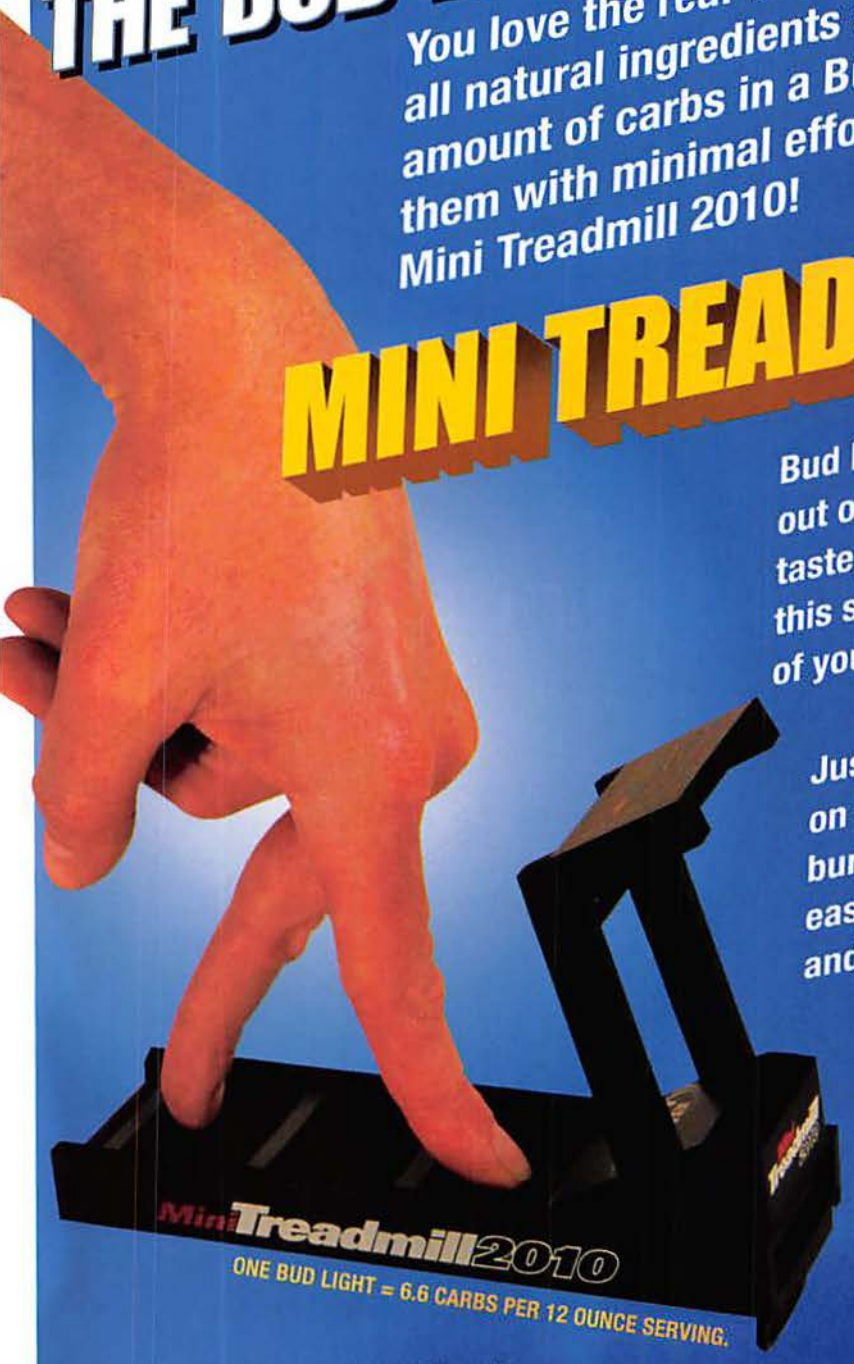
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You love the real beer taste of Bud Light. It's made with all natural ingredients and is low in carbs. In fact, the amount of carbs in a Bud Light is so small you can burn them with minimal effort. That's why we've created the Mini Treadmill 2010!

MINI TREADMILL 2010!

Bud Light's refreshing smooth taste is created out of the right balance, so you don't sacrifice taste to get low carbs. And now you can burn this small amount of carbs from the comfort of your home or local bar. That's right.

Just 60 seconds (plus or minus 60 minutes) on the Mini Treadmill 2010 is all you need to burn the carbs in a delicious Bud Light. It's easy, it's fast and it comes in right and left-handed models.



*THE BUDLIGHT INSTITUTE IS A FICTITIOUS ENTITY AND IMAGINARY AD CONCEPT. IT CONDUCTS NO RESEARCH OF ANY TYPE.

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Here's what people are saying about the Mini Treadmill!



BURN CARBS. NOT TASTE!





"Thanks Bud Light Institute. You're the best!"

Eymard Angulo



"It's so easy to use. And it still leaves me a free hand for my Bud Light."

Robin Stevens



"Who knew Bud Light was so low in carbs? Not me!"

Jeff McCrory

OUR SATISFACTION GUARANTEE.

"This is one of the finest products to come out of our facilities. If you are not completely satisfied with the Mini Treadmill 2010, let us know. We can't promise to do anything. I mean, buyer beware, right? But we're sure you'll love it. But once again we can't legally guarantee anything. Sorry."

Keith Geurtz, CEO
Bud Light Institute.

Fresh. Smooth. Real.
BUD LIGHT
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Do Everything Better (Except Sharing)

HOW TO

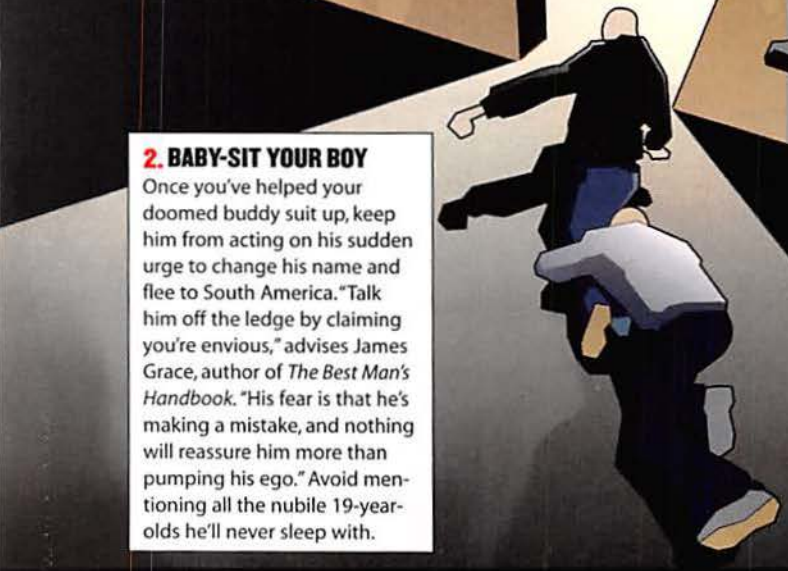
> HOW TO

BE A BEST MAN

The bachelor party's over, and the midget stripper's been, um, disposed of. Now the real work begins.



1. PLAY MOM
Your job isn't just handholding the groom—it means making sure the ushers are awake and on time, and confirming with the clergy that all is in order.



2. BABY-SIT YOUR BOY
Once you've helped your doomed buddy suit up, keep him from acting on his sudden urge to change his name and flee to South America. "Talk him off the ledge by claiming you're envious," advises James Grace, author of *The Best Man's Handbook*. "His fear is that he's making a mistake, and nothing will reassure him more than pumping his ego." Avoid mentioning all the nubile 19-year-olds he'll never sleep with.



3. GO TO CHURCH
Make sure the groom is at the ceremony on time, preferably sober and not covered in vomit. "In a way, you're the commanding general of the wedding," says Grace. In another way, you're a dork in a bad tux.

4. STUFF YOUR POCKETS
Load your cell phone with emergency numbers: the limo, the caterers, anyone else who might fuck up. The couple will give you envelopes with tips; if not, set aside $50 for el padre, $20 for the organist, $20 for the driver, and lots of singles for any strippers. Bring tissues; unhitched bridesmaids cry like Dick Vermeil chopping onions.

Illustrations, Jamie Sneddon



6. RAISE A GLASS
"The speech should be part prop-him-up and part knock-him-down," says Grace. Introduce yourself and thank the bride's folks for throwing the shindig. Establish what a mess the groom used to be, then finish with some crap about how the missus has pussy-whipped…er, brought out the best in him. Keep it short, don't make fun of the bride, and don't mention exes or that unpleasantness with the ladyboy in Bangkok.

7. BE A PARTY BOY
You're on call for the rest of the reception, acting as a roving host/bouncer. That means introducing people, dragging the shy, elderly, or crippled onto the dance floor, and pairing drunken wrecks with taxis.

8. CLEAR AN ESCAPE ROUTE
"You're responsible for sneaking the couple out early," Grace says, "and for sabotaging the getaway car." Find them a spot to change, and send them off with any tickets, baggage, or ball gags they need for their inevitably disappointing night of conjugal bliss. Don't forget to write SHE'S PREGNANT! on the windshield with soap.

5. BEAR WITNESS
At the moment of truth, hand over the ring—*Oh, shit, the ring!*—and then, once your buddy says, "I do," sign the marriage license as a witness to seal his fate…no matter how much he begs you not to.

9. BAT CLEANUP
After the newlyweds have gone, you're the last man standing until everyone's in a cab and cleared out. All that's left is your most important duty: spackling the maid of honor in the coatroom.

HOW TO

BLOW OFF AN ANNOYING FRIEND

Lose 180 pounds overnight by ditching that guy you all hate.

1. PLEASE, LEAVE A MESSAGE

First, all your pals have to want him gone. If you're the only one who hates Geekboy, your friends may pick him over you just to avoid awkwardness. Agree to delete his number, not return messages, leave him off e-mails, and key I SUCK! into his car. "Take responsibility for ending the friendship, and be short with him," says Michael Broder, Ph.D., author of *Can Your Relationship Be Saved?* Even if you wind up at local haunts or parties together, don't get sucked in. Ignore every conversation he starts, and if he asks, skip accusations—he'll think if he changes, he's back in. As a last resort, order matching gang jackets for all your boys and conveniently "leave" his at the embroiderer's.

2. IT'S NOT YOU, IT'S ME

He's clearly a self-loathing failure, but appeal to his evolutionary need to procreate by telling him *you're* the reason he can't get laid. "Say you're slowing down his game," says Jeff Gardere, Ph.D., a clinical psychologist in New York City. Then brush him off in a way that makes him think he's hot. "When you're together, look for a girl version of him, introduce them, and leave without him," he suggests. Or make *him* want to leave *you* alone: Enrage him by talking only about C-SPAN or, say, his sister's fellatio technique. Now the only annoying one left is you!



"You're my bestest friend! Can I lick your armpits?"



HOW TO

ESCAPE AN ELEVATOR

Got the shaft while going down? You'll be out (or dead) in no time!

1. HANG IN THERE

First, calm down the hot temp from the 14th floor. Then push the intercom button and explain the situation to the obese rent-a-cop who answers. If it's a power outage or a mechanical failure, sit tight until the system is fixed. If they can't get the car moving, the fire department can still pull you out via a hatch in the ceiling—*if* you can call down. But what if the intercom's dead? Or the building's under siege from a band of thieves masquerading as European terrorists? Billy, don't *not* be a hero.

2. STEP IT UP

Be forewarned: "If you try to escape, you can easily kill yourself," explains Chicago fire chief Dennis Gault. But you could also die of panic waiting for help that may never come, so ask yourself: *What would Lorenzo Lamas do?* Find the escape hatch (most elevators have one), even if it means using the temp as a footstool while you tear through the ceiling panels. Once you have found the door, use a penknife or antique dagger to twist the screw that undoes the lock. *Voilà!*

3. CLIMB FOR LIFE

Watch your step on top—there's plenty of room for you to plummet to certain death. Leave the hatch open in case the elevator starts up. If the doors to a nearby floor are within reach, you're in luck—otherwise, you'll have to get to the next floor one of two equally deadly ways: Shimmy up the cables (which might not exist if the building has hydraulic lifts) or climb the greasy guide rails. Protect your girlish hands by wrapping them with pieces of torn shirt sleeves.

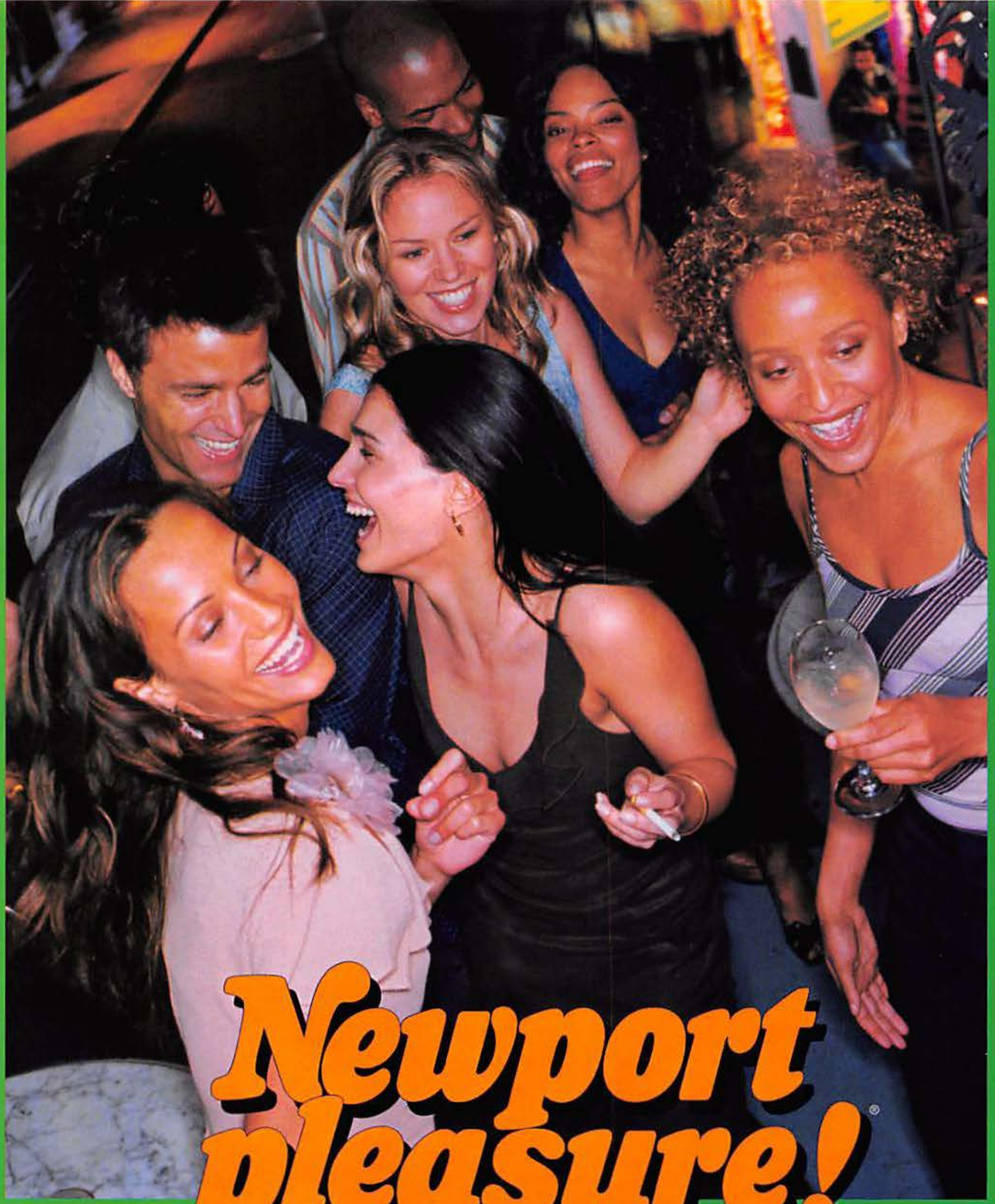
4. JUMP AROUND

Once you've reached the closest floor, you still need to get through the doors. The problem is, shafts don't always have ledges you can grab for. Your best bet is to lunge across and pray to your deity of choice for a toehold on the inch of exposed framing behind each door. If you make it, grab one of the doors' pivot arms and pull down on the handle at the hinge in the center of the arm; the door should slide open. Freedom! Or, if it knocks you backward, gruesome death. But nice try!



"I smell an old person. Oh, crap, it's me!"

Illustrations, Dave Hine



Newport pleasure!®

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

> HOW TO

SPEED WITHOUT GETTING CAUGHT

Can't drive 55? Or even 75? Beat Smokey at his own game.

1. GO WITH THE FLOW

Most cops lurk in the median, so stay to the right except to pass. Watch for unmarked cars—colors vary, but Ford Crown Victorias are generally Five-0's model of choice (though some states cruelly give their boys blue Camaros). If you see one, slow down. He may have spotted you, but it can't hurt to flash your brake lights in deference to his gun-toting authority. And don't think the jackass who just passed you will get nabbed instead. "The cop *might* pull him over, but he'll radio for the next cop down the road to get you," says Eric Skrum, communications director of the National Motorists Association. Instead, stick behind a crank-fueled trucker; he has a CB *and* an encyclopedic knowledge of local speed traps.

2. BLEND IN

For once in your life, don't draw attention to yourself—midlife crisis Porsches are more obvious than sedans; red paint jobs more noticeable than boring beige. Check headlights and brake lights so the cops won't have *another* reason to pull you over, and consider replacing the decal of Jerry Garcia with a P.B.A. sticker—just for good luck, of course. Many ticket-happy patrolmen target drivers with out-of-state plates because you're less likely to fight a charge in court across state lines. So while traveling, steal license plates. (Sure, it's illegal, but it's less dangerous than speeding!)

3. OUTSMART BUREAUCRACY

If you can't be bothered to check your speedometer, at least check your calendar. "At the end of the month, if cops haven't reached their quotas, their bosses want to know why," says Brock Yates, creator of the race that inspired *The Cannonball Run*. Also, counties that need speeding-ticket money stake out their borders, and accident-prone stretches contain high quantities of pork, so research new routes before you go. Web sites like beartraps.com and speedtrap.org list trouble spots.

4. CALL TECH SUPPORT

Gadgets won't always work, but a few radar detectors are reliable: The Valentine One ($399 at valentine1.com) and Escort ($230–$330 at escortradar.com) are the most sensitive. While radar detectors are legal everywhere except Virginia and D.C., radar jammers are illegal nationwide—*felony* illegal. Many police departments now use lasers because they can pick a single car out of a group. Thwart the fuzz with a still-legal-everywhere laser jammer like the Blinder M40 X-Treme ($550 at seffects.com). Congratulations! Now you can get to your soul-draining fry cook job a few minutes faster!



Photo illustration, Eric Heintz



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AN ARMY OF ONE

HOW TO

PERFORM A TRACHEOTOMY

You don't need to spell it to save somebody's life with it!



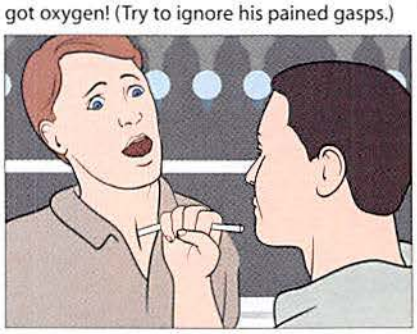
1. FIND YOUR SWEET SPOT

His airway is blocked by a Buffalo wing and ol' Heimlich ain't doing the trick? Prop the blueing chicken-choker up; lying down increases the amount of shit in his throat. Put your finger on his Adam's apple and move it down an inch until you feel the ring of cricoid cartilage. Feel the indentation underneath? Bull's-eye!



2. CHOOSE YOUR WEAPON

You'll need a small, sharp knife. (Pens and nails are unhygienic.) "If you randomly slice, you can do serious, even fatal, harm," says Randy Miller, a Miami doc board-certified in head and neck surgery. Make a half-inch-deep, three-inch-long incision in his windpipe. Congrats—he's got oxygen! (Try to ignore his pained gasps.)



3. AIR HIM OUT

"Keep a pathway for air to go into the windpipe," Dr. Miller says, so blood doesn't rechoke him. Since you probably don't keep a trache tube in your pants, jab a straw or emptied pen through the hole. Hold it there, watch his breathing, wait for EMS, and get a lawyer for the inevitable personal injury suit.



"Single mixed female, loves a good bone, looking for a nice home."

HOW TO

MAKE YOUR GIRLFRIEND PRETTIER

Boost your lady's street value with a few simple head games.

GET HER TO LOSE 10 POUNDS

If you haven't done a sit-up since college, be glad she's dating you. So if you want her to drop a few, go along for the ride. "Say you want to join a gym and eat better, and you need her help," suggests Leigh Crews, an American Council on Exercise spokeswoman in Rome, Georgia. Once you're lean, you can help her with tips you've learned for what she calls her "trouble zone" (i.e., huge arse). If you're already in six-pack shape (abs, not tolerance), tell her the gym is important but it's cutting into your together time—she should go *with* you!

TAME HER NASTY 'DO

Tell her you're bored with your hair. When she suggests, say, layers, make comments like, "You know, I loved it when *you* had layers. Your hair looked so *shiny*." Make her feel good, says Tara Oolie, owner of New York City's Just Calm Down spa, and she'll do almost anything. After hearing how cute she looked, she'll want a touch-up. Or find a hot chick in a magazine with better hair than her rat's nest. Say, "Hey, you have Beyoncé's face. You should try this!" She'll be so flattered she'll forget she's actually white and do it!

FIX HER HOBBIT FEET

Willing to touch her marsupial claws? Run her a bubble bath to "soothe" her. It loosens dead skin, which you can slough off with a file (Diamancel #20, $36 at blissworld.com is good); then rub on cream like Benefit Bathina Sandal Scandal, $34 at sephora.com. Scared of her feet? Say you know she's been stressed. Oolie suggests: "I'm sending you to a spa." She'll think you're being romantic. Ha! Proffer a pedicure gift certificate and be awed by the work of a lowly corn shaver.

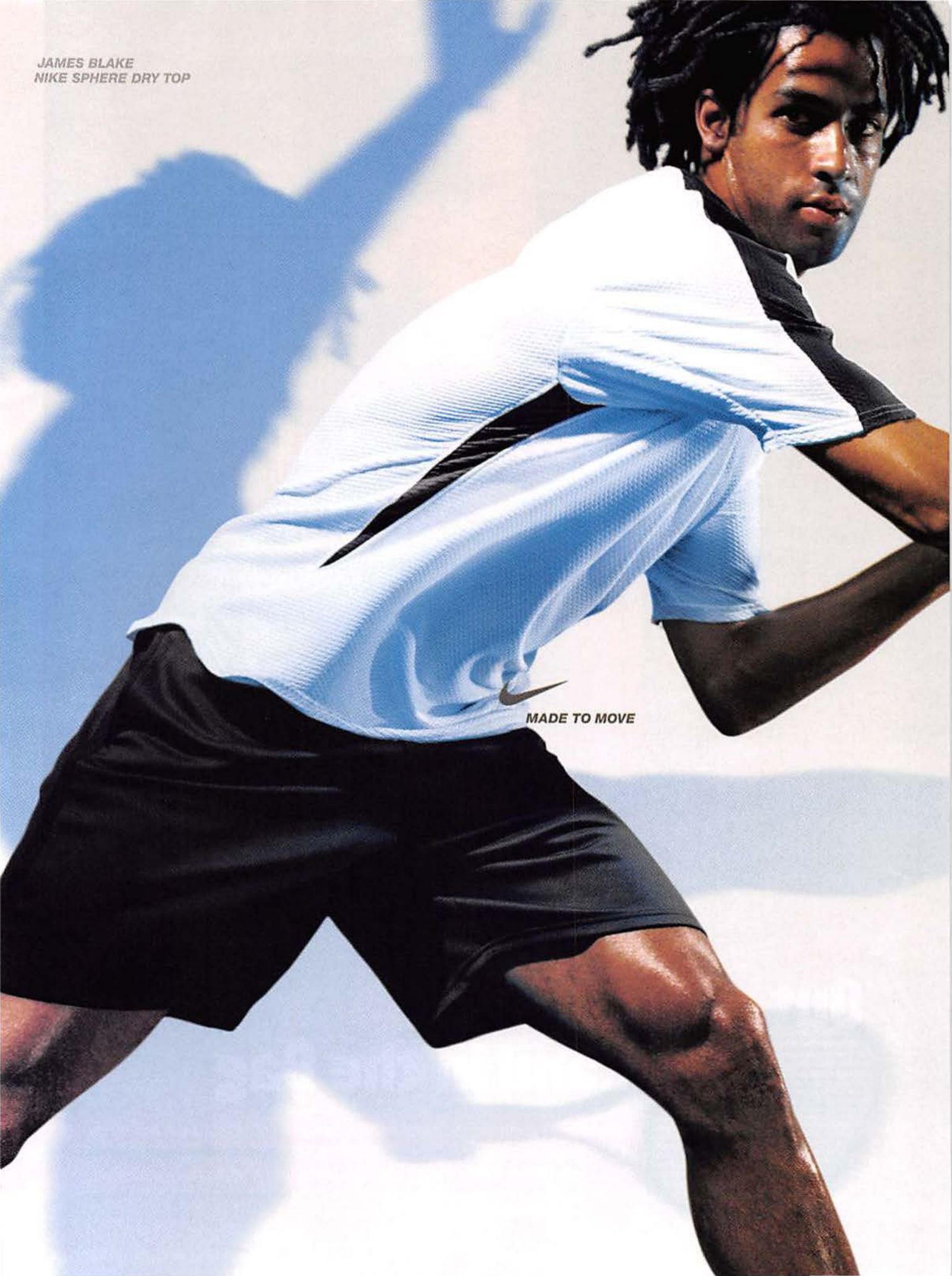
BEAT BACK HER UNDERBRUSH

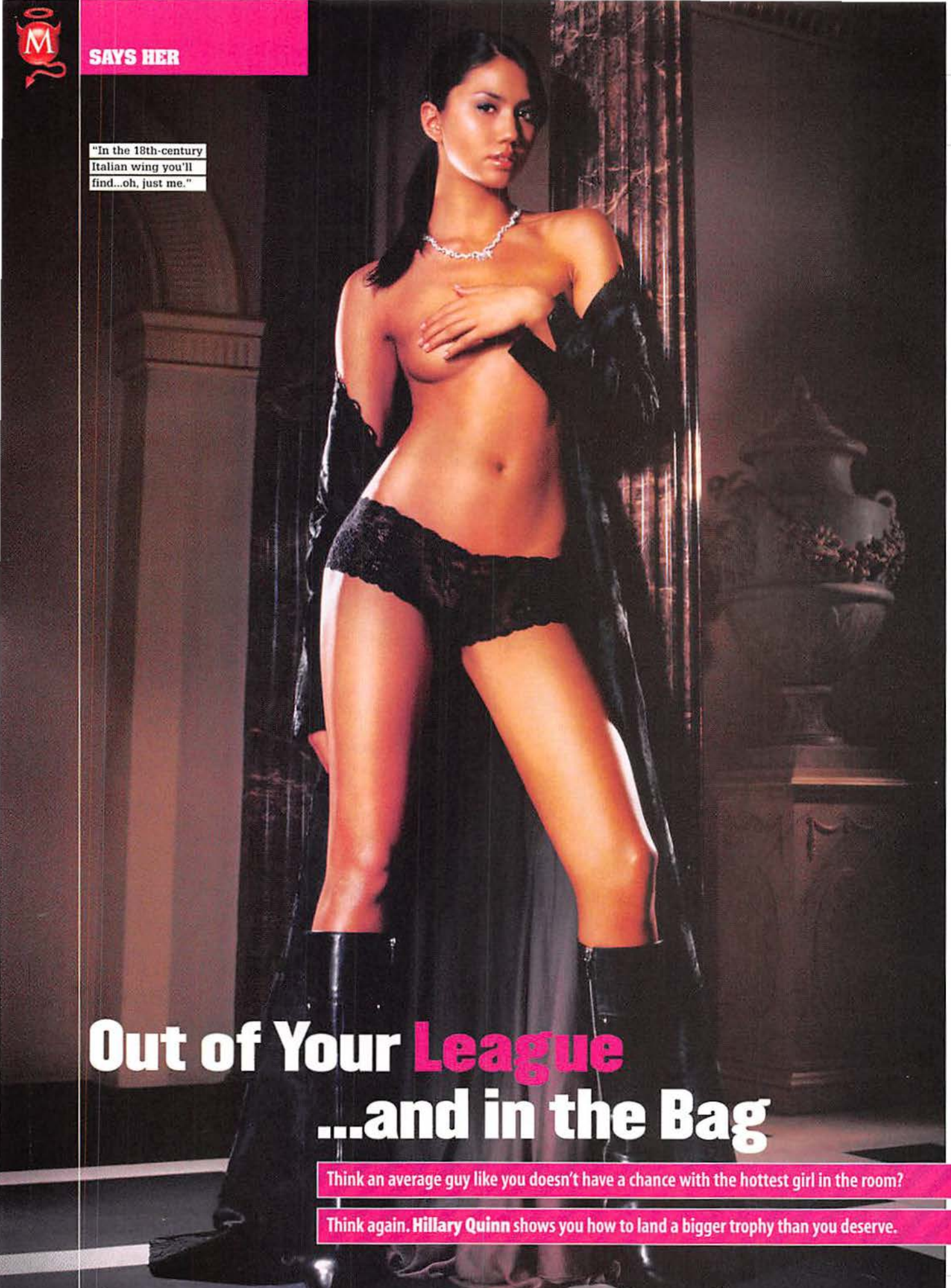
Her south park growing like a Chia Pet on crack? Buy lingerie, says Cindy Barshop, owner of Manhattan's Completely Bare spa. Get the skimpiest thong you can find and beg her to model—there's no ignoring that 'fro. Look at her and say, "Wow! I didn't realize how small that was." Variation: Say you heard she'd feel more during sex if waxed. (Or get a pal's Brazilianed girlfriend to recruit yours for dual deforestations.) Once she's hairless, rave that you feel more, too. She'll book a follow-up tomorrow.



"Time to do your back, Ms. Streisand."

Illustrations, Gary Brandham


JAMES BLAKE
NIKE SPHERE DRY TOP
MADE TO MOVE



"In the 18th-century Italian wing you'll find...oh, just me."

Out of Your League ...and in the Bag

Think an average guy like you doesn't have a chance with the hottest girl in the room?

Think again. Hillary Quinn shows you how to land a bigger trophy than you deserve.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLIE LANGELLA

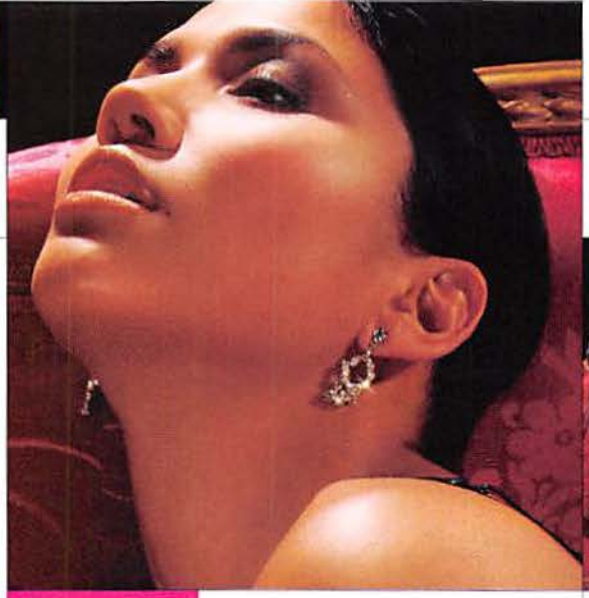
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When Victoria's Secret supermodel Stephanie Seymour wed shorter, older, fatter rich dude/garden gnome Peter Brant, I figured it must be the money. Or a generous, um, endowment. But a decade later the couple are still going strong. What possesses some of the world's most beautiful women to break the interspecies barrier and give unworthy schmoes like you a chance? The trick is to show your value and potential early on—before your poverty or clock-shattering looks get in the way. To get the skinny on dating out of your league, we spoke with some perfect 10s...and the perfect fives who closed the deal.

You *can* get the girl, but not if you give up the first time she blows you off.

Get-the-goddess rule #1
Flaunt your regular-guy approachability.

The biggest mistake average Joes make is assuming that hot women aren't intimidated by hot guys. And even when they do hook up within their genetic class, they don't always like what they find. "I've dated plenty of guys who have great bodies and are very good-looking," says Jill, a 5'11" Elle Macpherson look-alike from Seattle. "But as I get to know them, they always end up driving me nuts. The eyebrows have to be perfect, they're watching what they eat...I swear these guys look in the mirror more than I do."

So instead of wallowing in the easy-excuse bath of self-doubt, take comfort in knowing that most of the time a date's whiz-bang good looks just make her nervous. (See? You already have one thing in common with her.) Bonus: You're not a flight risk. "One of the reasons I date less-attractive men is the trust issue. Good-looking guys are always being hit on, so I never feel secure in the relationship," admits Katie, 29, a former model in New York City (think Jennifer Love Hewitt, but taller and sexier). "And I get the best guys out there, because I look at the real person." Exotic dancer Misti, 27, agrees: "It's absolutely about loyalty. Good-looking guys have opportunities to run off. Average guys are forever."

Nothing establishes "trust me" cred like a sense of humor, so don't be shy about reeling her in with oddball jokes. "In my senior year of college, I took a course entitled Human Mate Selection," recalls Jeff, 35, an ordinary-looking L.A.-based entertainment lawyer with an extraordinary-looking wife. "Humor was the number one trait that women valued in looking for a mate," he explains. "When someone makes you laugh, you develop an affinity for them." Jeff's wife, who claims she regularly nurses a side ache—the kind you get from living with a really witty guy—concurs.

Get-the-goddess rule #2
Don't take no for an answer—not at first, anyway.

Now that you actually believe you have something to offer a hottie, your next obstacle is getting her past that first impression. Make sure you leave yourself plenty of time to seal the deal. Beautiful girls are so used to being hit on by gimps that dissing you is an instinct; if you haul ass at the first hint of rejection, you're telling her she was right.

Persistence, on the other hand, makes a girl feel like a princess. "You can't quit the first time she blows you off or doesn't acknowledge you," says Frank, 48, an Ohio-based entrepreneur who landed a date with his bombshell fiancée after six long months of repeated wooing. "In my case, Misti was dating another guy at the time, so I just started frequenting the club where she danced," he recalls. "Everyone was telling me to cut my losses because she was young, gorgeous, and clearly 'above' me. But I knew that once she learned who I was, she would forget all about my outside." Frank's stick-to-it-iveness paid off because, Misti says, "He listened to everything I had to say, and he was generous and kind to everyone around him. But I would never have said yes if he hadn't stuck around and shown me who he really was."

When you approach your golden girl, ask her questions and get her talking about herself—that kind of intimacy can easily lead to the other kind. Brad, 27, one of the ousted ▶

FAKE YOUR WAY UP

Leil Lowndes, author of *Updating!*, on how to pretend you're just what she needs.



MR. RIGHT IS...WEALTHY
Proof: The Donald
To fake it: Wear nice shoes and an elegant watch, such as the Cartier Tank (watch should *not* have calculator).
The line: "No need to wait for the check—I know the owner." (Pay while she's in the can). Or just slur, "Anyone seen my Porsche?"



MR. RIGHT IS...BRAINY
Proof: Larry King
To fake it: Scatter artificially battered copies of *Atlantic Monthly, Harper's, Esquire*, or other equally pretentious magazines on your coffee table.
The line: "I never understood how Iago could be so evil until this particular hangover."



MR. RIGHT IS...CLASSY
Proof: Andrew Firestone, a.k.a. *The Bachelor* #3
To fake it: Listen to a lifeless public classical-music radio station for an hour each day, then imitate the DJ's flat, moneyed accent.
The line: "God, you certainly don't see this much polyester in Bar Harbor."



MR. RIGHT IS...CREATIVE
Proof: Quentin Tarantino
To fake it: Grab a guitar/camera/notebook; sit far from human interaction; look pensive and tortured.
The line: "I can't think with all these people around. Wanna come back to my place and see my etchings?"



MR. RIGHT IS...CONFIDENT
Proof: Jeremy Shockey
To fake it: Maintain a firm handshake and good posture, regardless of what's coming out (or in) your mouth.
The line: "Wait—don't say anything. I want to remember that it started just like this."

—*Cheryl Maday*

Styling: Anastasia Koutsioukis; hair, Hyunsoo for artistsbytimothypriano.com; makeup, Nick Barose for Artists Loft

NICE BUTTS



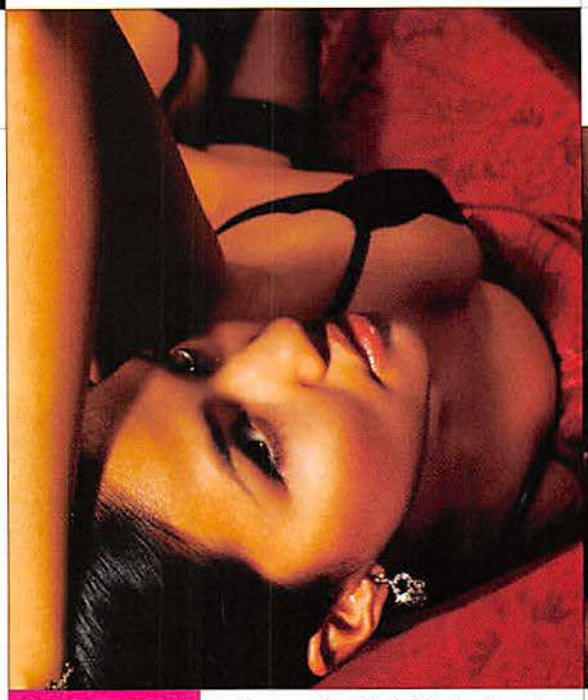
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suitors on NBC's *Average Joe,* realized that talking—rather than listening—might have been his downfall when former beauty queen Melana dumped him on Episode Three. "I was so focused on the fact that 'I'm not picking her, she's picking me' that I forgot to get her talking," explains the since-wisened bachelor. "There can't be a connection if only one person is revealing things about himself." Avoid the conversational habit of finding pegs to hang anecdotes on; if she says she likes to ski, don't rhapsodize about your last trip, but instead turn the conversation to her: "Where do you like to ski?" "What's the craziest run you ever skied?" (Skip "Wanna see my pole?")

We're not suggesting you stalk her; just befriend her first so she never has to explain the physical attraction to her skeptical friends. Start by hanging out, inviting her to parties, going for a Sunday drive. Ask her opinion of other women you're considering dating—a little jealousy never hurts. Hold off asking for a real date until you're pretty sure she knows and likes you. And eventually, if she asks you why you don't ask her out (two points!), don't say, "I didn't think you'd be interested." (Exhibiting self-doubt around one of these hot women who are used to being pursued by the cream of the crop means you lose those points!) Instead, gaze into her eyes and say, "Good question. Let's go!"





Beautiful women are told they're pretty every single day—so be creative.

Get-the-goddess rule #3

Ignore her looks as best you can.

When you see her on the barstool...in the commuter train...at the free weights station...and "total babe!" flashes through your testosterone-jacked mind, whatever you do: Don't. Tell. Her. No matter how natural it might feel to pepper your potential future arm candy with compliments, refrain from any comment directed toward her appearance, unless you want to hear the door slam.

Remember that she hears flattery all the time. As Mr. Average, your goal should be to differentiate yourself, not join the drool parade. "I always assume guys are asking me out because I'm pretty, and so I'm suspicious from the get-go," explains Katie. "It only gets worse if I tell them I'm a model—because every guy's secret fantasy is to date a model, and they start to objectify you right away." So act like you don't notice her looks: no references to how much she must get hit on, no pointing out how she's the spitting image of Jennifer Garner (especially if she *is* Jennifer Garner), no asking if you can "just look at her for a while." To keep perspective on how to talk to her, approach these hot women as if you're looking to be a big-brother figure, not an instant lay. Talk travel, books, work, haberdashery...but whatever you do, seem unfazed by this magnificent creature's magazine-pinup beauty. It's the last thing she wants to hear.

Frank—the guy who snagged an exotic dancer—claims there's another way to find out if a gorgeous woman will be attracted to an ordinary-looking man (especially if you're a little older). "I always ask her if she's a daddy's girl or a mama's girl. If she's a daddy's girl, she'll look at you and see her father... and that will tell you everything you need to know about your scorability." A woman who's comfortable being coddled is going to see that, not your looks. That's good news for you.

Even if you don't want to wander into Freudian territory, the message is the same: You can (hopefully) offer her the stability, security, and undying admiration of a trusting, loving family member. Katie explains she was perfectly willing to overlook her boyfriend's lack of looks because, "He was really well-traveled, intelligent, sophisticated... and a bit of a father, really."

Is that a bad thing? Nope. At the end of the day, the kind of gorgeous women you see in shampoo ads will never use you for your looks. But if you offer them enough testosterone-fueled patience, support, and regular-guy enthusiasm, they'll still fall for you—hard. Thank God one of you isn't shallow! M

HOT GIRLS, UGLY GUYS

Here's who we predict will ring out 2004 as the Mick Jaggers of their generation.

MAY 15, 2004: Fresh-faced fool-boy Frankie Muniz and Grammy collector Beyoncé. **First date:** A Backstreet reunion concert with Frankie's mom.

JUNE 1, 2004: Stick figure D.J. Qualls and the Olsen twins. **First date:** The VMAs, where they make Britney and Madonna look like the Carpenters.

AUGUST 12, 2004: Sloppy second Clay Aiken and carnival ride Jenna Jameson. **First date:** An Elvis-themed Vegas chapel. Next stop: a 24-hour pharmacy!

SEPTEMBER 1, 2004: Goofy Michael Cera of *Arrested Development* and siren Hilary Duff. **First date:** She drives him to get his learner's permit.

OCTOBER 13, 2004: That tubby dude from *Lord of the Rings* and Aussie can-shaker Kylie Minogue. **First date:** A couples' appointment with her personal trainer.

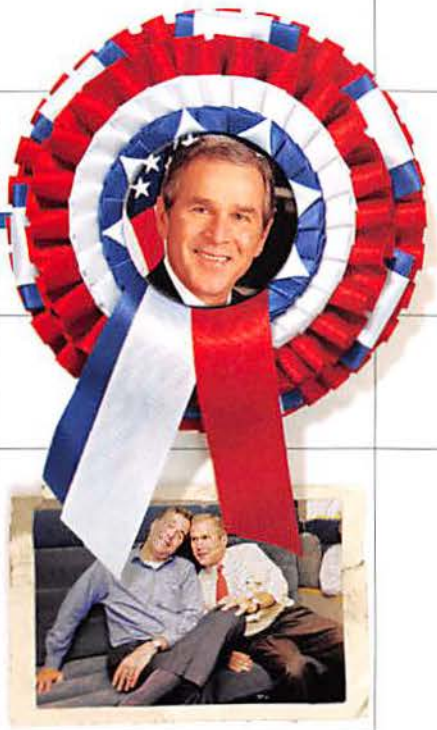
DECEMBER 9, 2004: Fantastic Four's the Thing and Traci Bingham's fantastic two. **First date:** Available only on pay-per-view.

—Amy Keyishian




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Bush's Secret Playbook



First Nixon had one, then Clinton... Now it seems Bush has his own Deep Throat. Maxim received this confidential reelection game plan in the mail. Here's how it's gonna unfold.

This just in: Bush declares "mission accomplished" in Grenada



From the Office of The President of the United States

PAGE 1

CLASSIFIED!
RE-ELECTION MEMO
TO: 43
FROM: PRESIDENT VICE PRESIDENT DICK CHENEY
RE: Inauguration 2005

George, I'm only going to sneer and wheeze this to you once: If you screw up your upcoming coronation, you're going to piss off a lot of people who have invested a lot of money in you, namely the petrochemical, military, and McJesus industries, as well as a whole bunch of Saudi princes, the Illuminati, the Freemasons, all your Skull & Bones brothers, half the Fortune 500, Fox News, and me. So lay off the PlayStation and pay attention for five minutes, please.

I'm sending you, on behalf of your Dark Masters, this memo that I want you to read really, really hard, even if it gives you a "thinkache." People are saying bad things about you ,George, but if >>





From the Office of The President of the United States

PAGE 2

you can follow the strategy I've outlined below and "accentuate the negatives as positives," you might get to stay in that pretty white house. I'll even let you take a Taser to Saddam's sack.

CRITICISM: People think you're dumb.
SPIN: Don't listen to those bleeding-heart socialist intelligentsia, the types who actually watched that mean man harassing you on *Meet the Press* instead of going to church or cracking the first brunch beer. You may not be the brightest bulb in the sea, but don't spaz. Was Hulk Hogan a bad citizen? Gilligan? America isn't the land of the smart, home of the A-student. Dumb people are just as good Americans as the brainiacs--maybe gooder.

CRITICISM: People somehow have this crazy idea that you don't make your own decisions.
SPIN: As any good Halliburton or Enron exec will tell you, what's the point of being the boss if you can't sit back and delegate? That's why you...delegated the undercover rewriting of the Constitution to Ashcroft, delegated the colonization of the Middle East to Rumsfeld, and delegated billions of tax dollars to our various and sundry corporate Superfriends. (Actually, don't mention that part. It's a super-super-secret, OK?) Who's the man? Answer: You and whoever you designate are. >>

"That doobage was *awesome*. Wanna try the Thai stick next?"



"Sir! Feminists, tree-huggers, and welfare cheats at 12 o'clock!"

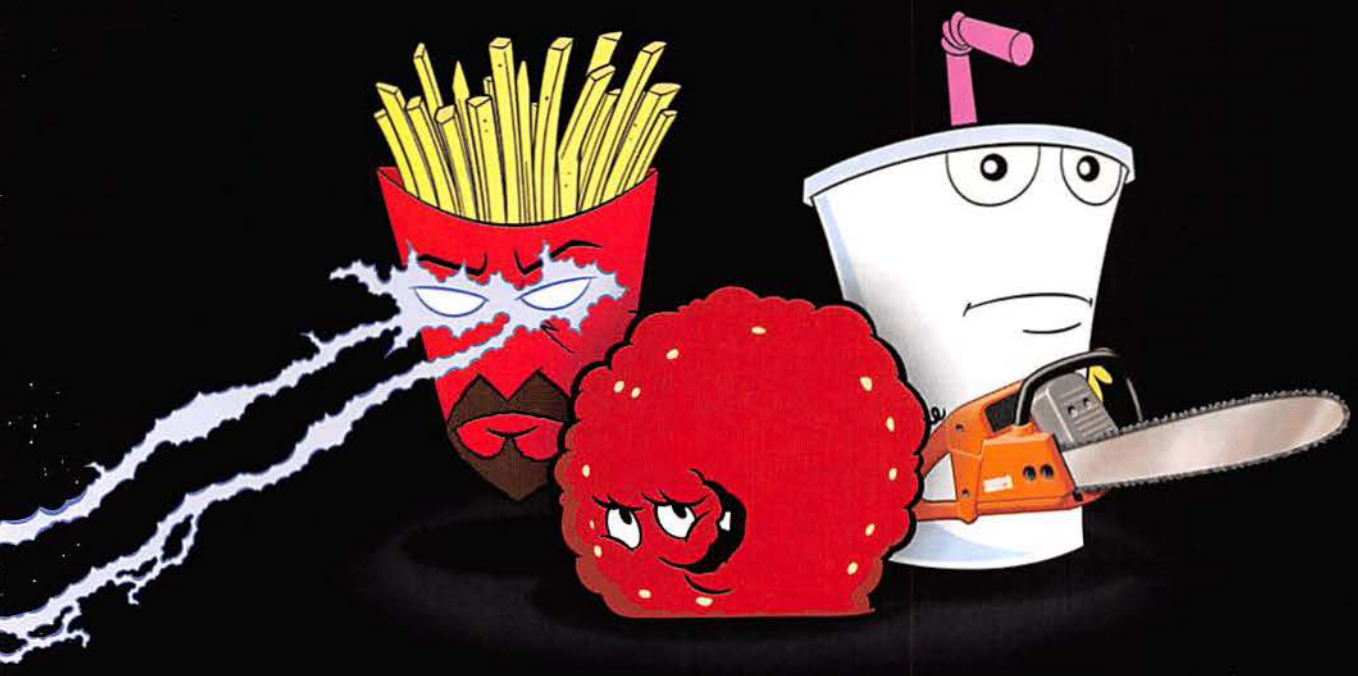


"George. George...*George!* You forgot the bowling ball!"



"Not here. Wait till we get to Massachusetts, where it's legal."

BY JOHN DEVORE



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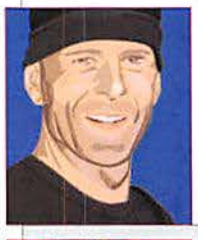
CARTOON NETWORK

adultswim.com

DUBYA'S PEEPS

SAY WHAT?

Who needs pesky voters when you roll with the rich and opinionated?



■ "President Bush is a *real* action hero. When he flew that plane onto the aircraft carrier, I popped a mega-patriotic chubby."



■ "I'm totally ecstatic about the president's performance. Four more years and *no one* can keep me from winning in 2008!"



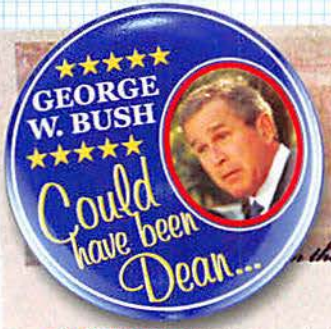
■ "Put on your irony caps. Like, hey, you bleeding hearts: You're on the wrong side of history—just like the Visigoths."



■ "If you don't vote for George Bush, it's obvious you're a pagan communist who should be shipped to Camp X-Ray."



■ "He's a good little boy who believes in apple pie, baseball, and sweetheart deals between Ivy Leaguers."



PAGE 3

CRITICISM: You're a rich patrician pretending to be a regular guy.
SPIN: Keep your cowboy hat on. Notice how the hard-working blue-collar folk in the South who voted for you actually think you're a regular Texan and not a spoiled Yankee blue blood with milky skin? It's a good thing Mr. & Mrs. Chili Dog U.S.A. are God-fearing yokels without any sense of irony. If anyone questions your work ethic, just show off that one monster callus you got while chopping down cider trees on your hobby ranch.

CRITICISM: You're fiscally irresponsible.
SPIN: Yes, we're running record deficits, cutting taxes for corporations, and spending money like Michael Jackson at Thai Boys "R" Us. Don't deny it...celebrate it!. Borrowing money from the grandchildren of the middle class is the best way to teach them fiscal responsibility. How can we expect them to be adults if we just hand them the country on a platter? And we'll pay it back. Remind voters that the Democrats want to raise taxes, cut spending, provide free toddler condoms in day care, and impose mandatory mixed-race marriages. That'll shut 'em up

CRITICISM: You spent Vietnam fighting the Cong...in Alabama.
SPIN: Don't forget to bring up two more-important points: There was a real and palpable threat that Communist Vietcong insurgents were trying to infiltrate 'Bama, specifically through takeout restaurants; and secondly, you saw a lot of shit go down in Nam. Specifically on the television, where you saw dozens of low-income and minority kids get their asses shot off on the nightly news.

CRITICISM: You're a homophobe, a racist, and a misogynist.
SPIN: You have nothing against queers, gardeners, or broads... >>

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"Where's Charlie?"
Strafing those illegal Alabama keg parties



"If it's Sunday, it's time for book burnin'."

KEEP THE GOOD NEWS COMING!

Here's how Operation Dumbo Drop—er, the Dubya reelection campaign—is set to play out.

CONTINUED OVER ▶

MAY

■ John Ashcroft and Donald Rumsfeld raise funds with a no-holds-barred hot-oil sumo WrestleMania in Marriott Ballroom B.
■ W starts publicly referring to Kerry as "Lurch."



JUNE

■ Gays can marry only if they do it with the hetero-friendly flair of the Fab Five. ■ Nacho cheese declared the national flavor. ■ Those without health insurance get a faith-healing voucher.

JULY

■ New era of corporate responsibility ushered in with Skull & Bones Robber Baron Top Hat & Monocle Ball.
■ W declares *"Hispanitos es mexcellente!"*

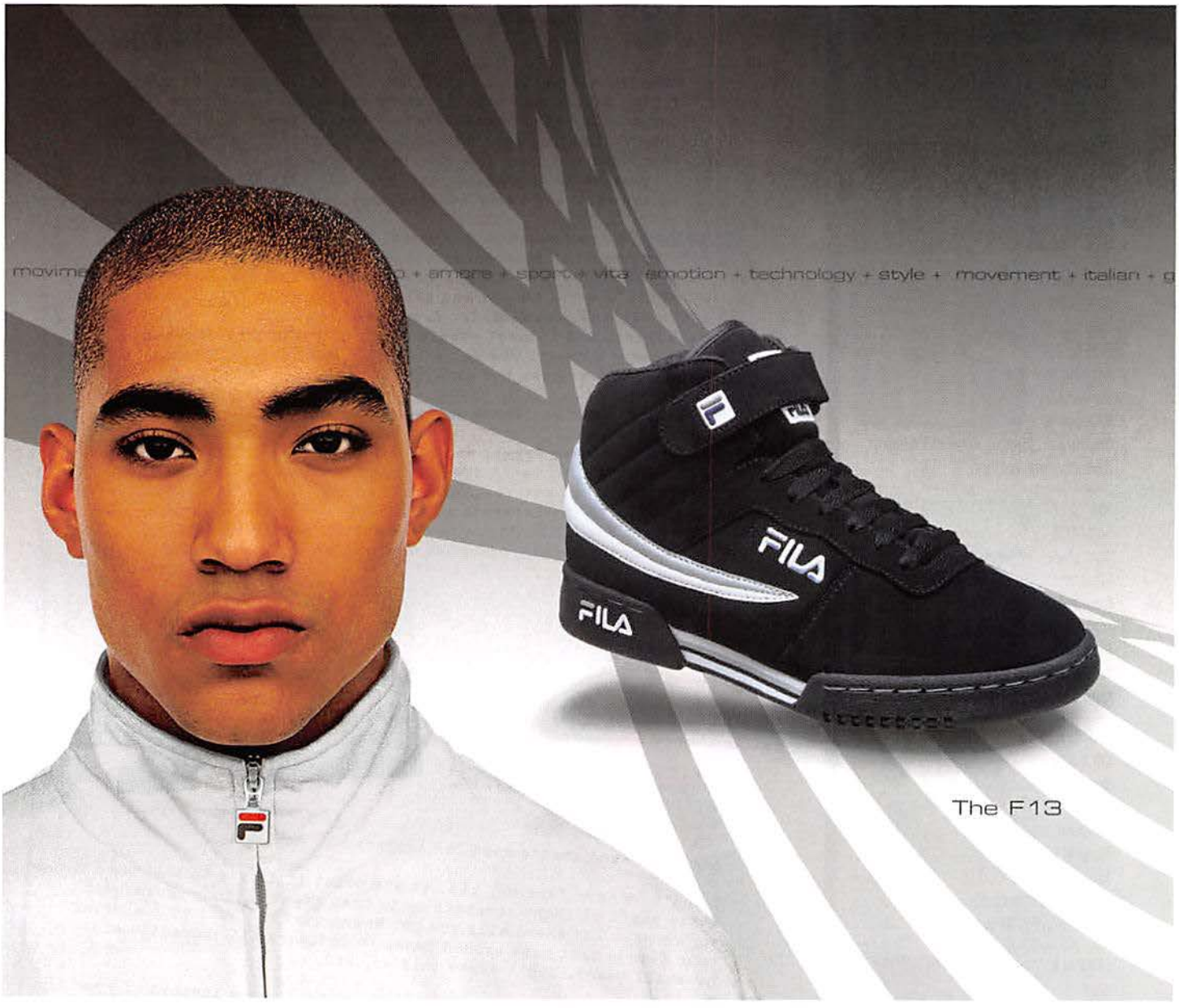


AUGUST

■ Bin Laden captured; deloused.
■ Baghdad sold to Disney; work begins on Mysterious Arab Adventure Town.
■ *Red Dawn* made official movie of the United States.

Illustrations, Paul Wootton

FILA



peluche plush peluche plüsch pluche felpa plush

Foot Locker
footlocker.com

fila.com

SCREEN SAVER

LAST-MINUTE TV SPOT!

Well, lookie here...a sneak peek at the Bush election eve broadcast.



:01 HIDE BEHIND THE FLAG



Old Glory flapping in the wind. **V/O:** *[deep, throaty voice]* During America's deepest, darkest, *really bad* hour...

:05 PLAY SOLDIER



A jet plane takes off from an aircraft carrier. **V/O:** Only one man can save us from godless welfare cheats, dusky foreigners, and EVIL.

:10 THREE OF A KIND



Osama bin Laden, Saddam Hussein, and John Kerry. **KERRY V/O:** "You fellas are sure OK by me. Wanna smoke weed?"

:17 FALL GUY



The prez, ready for action, parachuting in. **V/O:** That hero's name is George W. Bush. And this November he's kicking evil's ass...royally.

:23 TACTICAL ASSAULT



Bush with Osama and Kerry in a headlock. **V/O:** Vote Bush in 2004. Otherwise your babies might just die from anthrax.



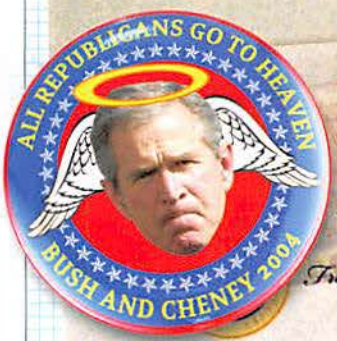
From the Office of The President of the United States

PAGE 4

unless they're all making a hubbub about "civil rights" or whatever. So long as the homosexuals marry women, we won't deport them to another country like Massachusetts. Don't forget to sell them on the wisdom of flinging open our borders to millions of nice brown people who'll do most any job and aren't so obsessed about money. And when it comes to abortion, remember: The womb is so sacred a place, we want to make every woman's baby basket a national park.

CRITICISM: You're beholden to special interests.
SPIN: If by "special interests" they mean patriots, you are guilty as charged. But don't be afraid to accuse the Democrats of the same thing. Hell, they're bought and sold by Hollywood, trial lawyers, the ACLU, Wiccans, Communists, drug lords, prostitutes, child pornographers, and "those" people who "run the media." What good American hasn't bought his pal a lunch? A $50 billion defense contract's more or less the same thing.

CRITICISM: The war on terror is just a way to keep the country perpetually afraid.
SPIN: Never let them forget who it was that whooped butt in ancient A-rabia. You can't spend tomorrow's money on Junior if Junior is dead from anthrax. So long as they think their local burger joint off the interstate is a target of international terrorists, they'll continue to fork over freedoms in exchange for the cosmetic appearance of security. And that's good for >>





"Those A-rabs just don't have a sense of humor."

From the Office

PAGE 5

business--and that's good for America.

I won't be here forever, kid. At one point I'll have to ascend on a white shaft of light straight up to that giant bacon cheeseburger in the sky. And where will you be? Where the GOP found you: whoring your famous last name around Texas to mediocre oil companies and baseball teams. Don't screw this up, kid.

Just use Condi or Karl or Andy Card's common sense instead of your own and we'll be back in the saddle again come January. There might even be a warm plate of chocolate-chip cookies in it for you.

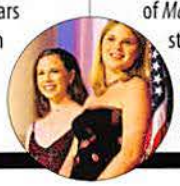
This memo will self-destruct in 30 seconds.

KEEP THE GOOD NEWS COMING!

◀ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

SEPTEMBER

- W promises Americans we will continue to reach for the stars and that a new, shiny Death Star is already under construction.
- Hitler captured!



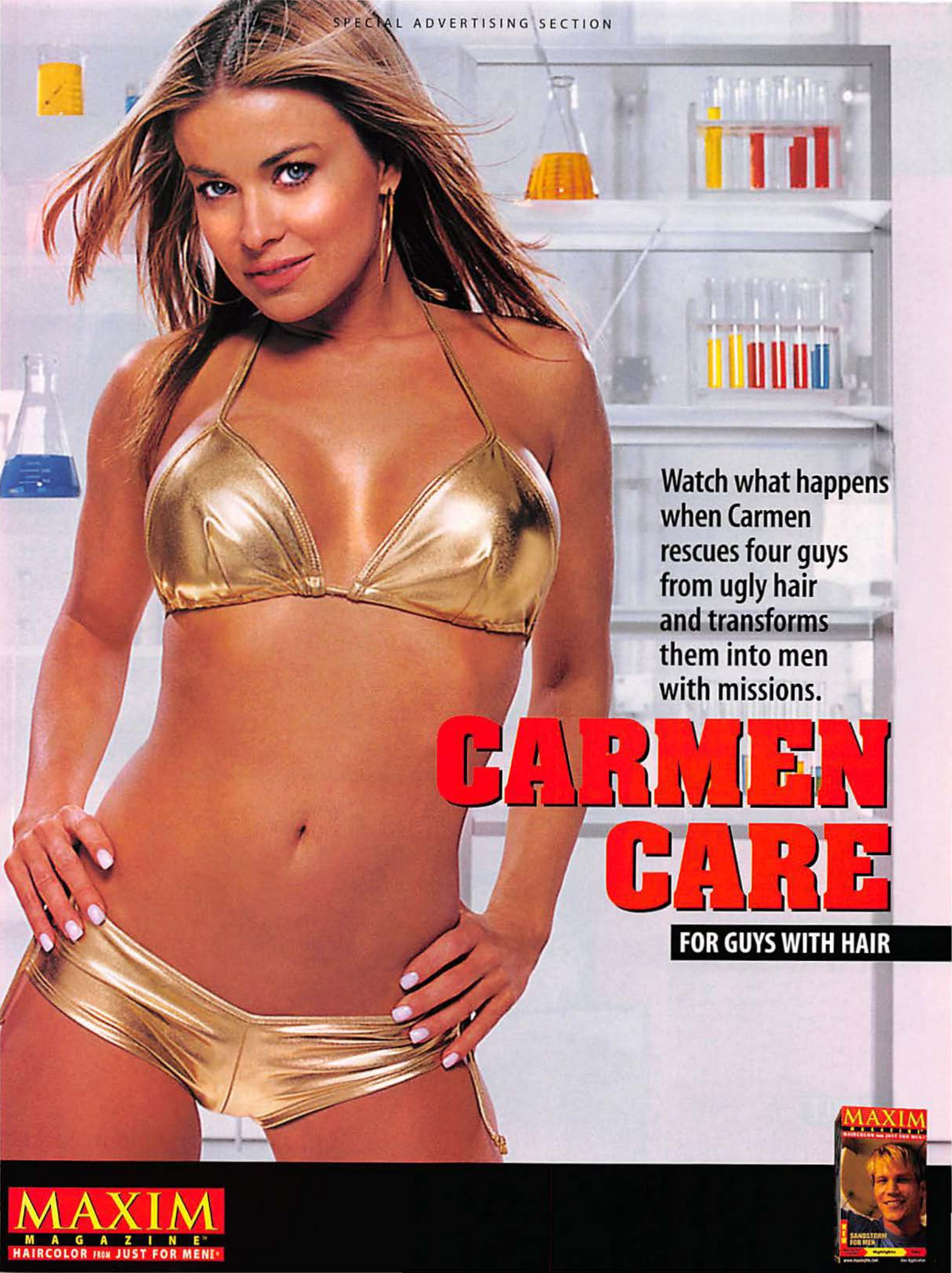
OCTOBER

- Bush daughters appear on cover of *Maxim*.
- Presidential stock car featured in motorcade.
- Public beer fountains at last.



NOVEMBER

- Supreme Court taken out for ice cream.
- Terror alert put on high.
- James Baker sent to Supreme Court to collect presidential trophy.
- Miller time!



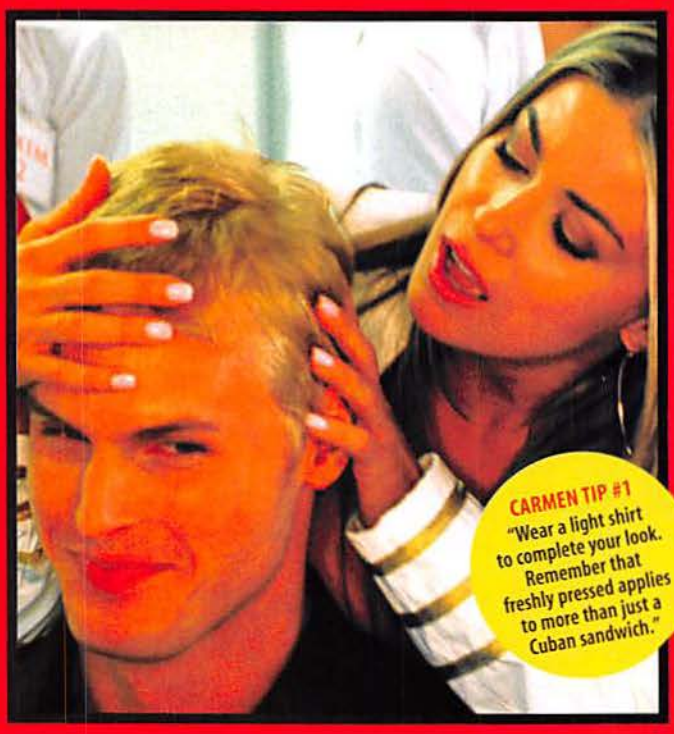
Watch what happens when Carmen rescues four guys from ugly hair and transforms them into men with missions.

CARMEN CARE

FOR GUYS WITH HAIR

MAXIM
MAGAZINE™
HAIRCOLOR FROM JUST FOR MEN!®

CASE #1
THE THIN MAN



There's still no cure for baldness—our top scientists are apparently busy "curing diseases" or something. So until our best brains get their priorities straight, it's up to you to make the most of what hair you've got left. For starters, go lighter rather than darker: the light color will blend better with your skin tone, making for a less obvious thinning area. Now be brave and cut the comb-over.

1. CUT

The sides and back should be cut short to your natural hairline. Tell your barber to leave the top longer with lots of texture to cover your thinning. Think styled but messy on top. Leave extra length at first, then take a look and trim more if you want. Remember: boss your barber.



2. COLOR

For the greatest amount of volume and thickness, use the **Maxim Bleaching Kit** for all-over blondness. It's easy: just mix in the color, apply all over your noggin for the full duration (how long depends on your existing hair color), then rinse. You will get a superlight color with lots of added thickness. The lighter color makes you look like you have more hair.



3. STYLE

To thicken and camouflage your thinning top, towel dry all the way (use a clean towel). Dab a small amount of thick alcohol-free gel between your palms and warm it up. Run it through your hair from back to front, pulling and lifting the top to the front and side. Repeat after me: "Come here, beautiful lady, and touch me!"



CASE #2
THE FLAT MAN

For all his movie stardom, Frankenstein never got any play with the ladies. He even had to have a doctor build him a bride. So why are you working a monstrous flat-top and expecting any better results? Carmen says, "Lose that rigidity and add color to those tips. Now flat becomes spiky!" You've never looked so smooth. Or so lifelike.

1. CUT

Get the sides and back cut short, leaving as much sideburn as possible. Leave the top and front longer, with some "texture" (that means "shaggy") on the ends. A little spike never hurt. Now pull the top and front straight up. Bonus: you're an inch taller.



2. COLOR

To create the spikiest look, use the **Maxim Sandstorm** shade, or for more dramatic spikes, go for the **Maxim Bleaching Kit.** Put on the rubber gloves (they come in the box) and use your fingers to apply color to the ends of your hair. Leave it on for 15 minutes. Now you have some frosty blond tips.



3. STYLE

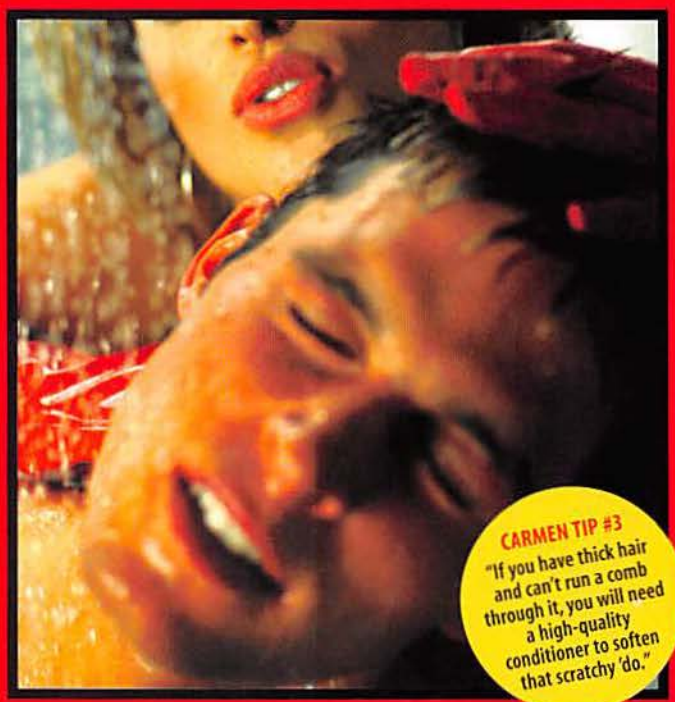
To give your hair the most lift and spikiness—and avoid the flat look—towel-dry, then apply a big dab of super-hold gel through the top and front. Squish the gel into the hair, pulling up and out. No more flat-top—you've got a phat-top now, baby.







CASE #3
THE DREAD MAN



CARMEN TIP #3
"If you have thick hair and can't run a comb through it, you will need a high-quality conditioner to soften that scratchy 'do."

Irie, mon, you know the dreads are cool. It's your friends who think it looks like a wet poodle went to sleep on your head. Time to upgrade the image? Carmen says you can still rock a nature-boy look with a little bit of texture and color. "Use your hair to its full advantage," she advises. "Keep the length and add some highlights." And pass the dutchie to the left-hand side!

1. CUT

Dread removal is tricky. For best results, try to keep as much length as possible. Leave the back long, and trim the bangs and sides. From the top, have long, jagged layers cut throughout and you'll utilize parts of your hair that haven't seen daylight since the turn of the century.



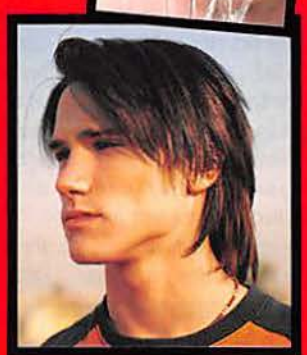
2. COLOR

Enhance your natural highlights and add shine by using **Maxim Sandstorm**. Mix it up and, using the included highlighting comb, dip the teeth of the comb into the color. Starting at your scalp, comb the color all the way through to the ends. Repeat, leaving a space between each section, and relax for 15 minutes before rinsing. Now you've got summer highlights and lots of added shine.



3. STYLE

For the most natural, relaxed look with some shine, use just a dab of gel. Apply to your palms and massage throughout your new cut. Then shake your head like crazy and let the hair fall into place. Your dreads are now officially dead.



CASE #4
THE MESSY MAN

There's laid-back, and there's left back. It's a fine line between the kind of messy mop a girl loves to tousle and the kind of greasy shock that'll have her flipping a charitable quarter into your coffee cup. "Add color to your whole 'do," Carmen says. "Get nice and look bright!" Now that your head is nice and tidy, get to work on that apartment.

1. CUT

To get that clean-cut, all-American look, start by getting the sides and back clipped short, leaving longer layers on the top and front. Try a side part and comb back away from your face. Expose your mug rather than hide it. You're beautiful.



2. COLOR

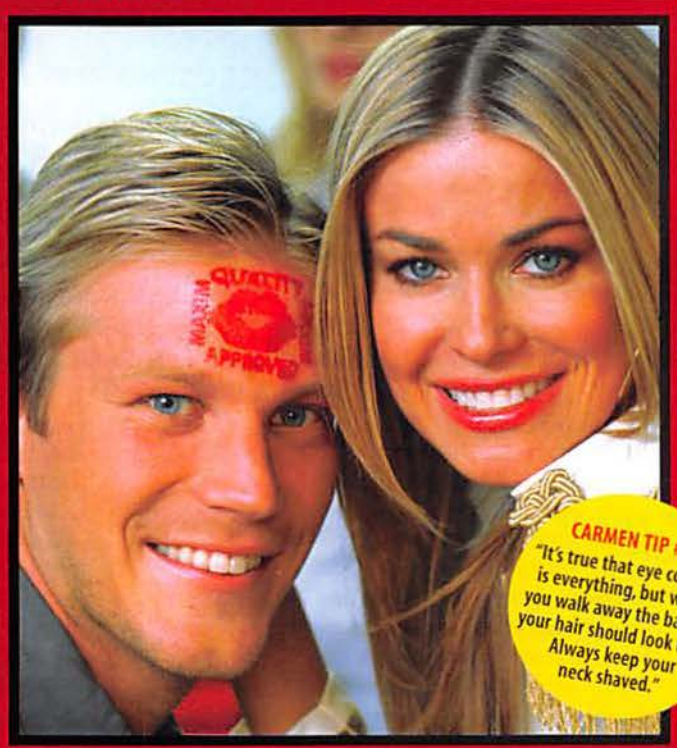
Bring out your natural highlights by brightening your color all over. Use the **Maxim Sandstorm** shade. Mix, apply throughout your entire head, and process for 15 minutes. You've given your messy, rough hair a healthy, tamer look.



3. STYLE

To make a manageable and glossy look, towel-dry (remember: clean towel), then rub a dime-size amount of alcohol-free gel between your palms and work it through from back to front. Part your hair on the side with a sharp, defined line and brush away from your face. The wild man has changed to the all-American boy. It's OK, people will compliment you. Get used to saying, "Thank you," or, "Yeah, I know I look good, sucka."





CARMEN TIP #4
"It's true that eye contact is everything, but when you walk away the back of your hair should look neat. Always keep your neck shaved."



Bryant went from the hard court to the courtroom.

Kobe: The Untold Story

Exclusive interviews reveal that there's a lot more to this case than meets the eye. Too bad you're about to learn more than the jury ever will. BY ALEX STRAUS

Kobe Bryant is scared to death...for good reason. Since 1998, Colorado has locked up 476 sex offenders. Only two have been paroled. Compare that with Indiana, where Mike Tyson raped a woman and was back on the street in 36 months.

"Colorado's treatment protocol makes no distinction between a pedophile, a serial rapist, and Kobe Bryant," says Jonathan Shamis, an attorney in Eagle County. "If convicted, Bryant could very well die in prison."

Many people argue that this would be an appropriate sentence if the 25-year-old Lakers phenom did, in fact, rape his 19-year-old accuser. But did he?

Unfortunately for Bryant, that question will probably be left up to a Colorado jury to decide sometime this summer. "Unfortunate" because, depending on rulings to be made by District Judge Terry Ruckriegle, the facts you are about to learn—uncovered through interviews with the sheriff, defense attorneys, criminal psychologists, and friends, former friends, and ex-boyfriends of the accuser—may never be heard by the jury.

Prosecution blunders

In the early morning hours of July 2, 2003, two officers from the Eagle County Sheriff's Department arrived at the Lodge & Spa at Cordillera to question Bryant. They did not have an arrest warrant and did not read him his rights. But Eagle County detective Dan Loya *did* activate a tape recorder hidden in his pocket. While that act wasn't illegal, Bryant's lawyers argue that the 75-minute interview he gave that evening—as well as the T-shirt police took off his back, mysteriously stained with the accuser's blood—was obtained improperly and should be inadmissible.

What's on the tape? Bryant's account of what took place in Room 35 the night of June 30. According to sources close to the case, Bryant said the sex was completely consensual...until he ejaculated on the alleged victim's face and she became distraught. But those sources also say Bryant told police she left the room on good terms.

While the bloody T-shirt might tell a different story, these law enforcement mistakes may have sown the seeds of an unwinnable case. Adding to the perception of police bias, two days later Eagle County sheriff Joe Hoy sent his deputies 88 miles and three counties away to get a warrant from a judge outside of his jurisdiction, without the approval of the district attorney.

"From what I hear, the sheriff intentionally circumvented the D.A.," says Jim Farhenholtz, former Eagle County chief




Bryant sports a new tattoo dedicated to his wife, Vanessa.


From left: Witnesses Kylie, Michelle, and Natalie, "friends" from Calgary

deputy district attorney. "He was clearly anxious to get an arrest, and he may have been concerned that [Eagle County district attorney Mark] Hurlbert would not approve it."

Bryant's lead attorney, Pamela Mackey, believes Hoy's actions were far more illicit. "Contrary to the direct instruction of the D.A.'s office, the Eagle County sheriff's office sought and obtained an arrest warrant," she said. "This action illustrates the complete bias of the sheriff's office."



T-shirt ordered by Eagle County D.A. and sheriff offices

Hoy pleads ignorance. "I'd never even heard the name Kobe Bryant before this," he says. "I wouldn't change a thing about how this case has been handled."

But Mackey and her team of legal sharks could smell the blood in the water. On the first day of pretrial hearings, despite warnings from Judge Frederick Gannett, Mackey blurted out the alleged victim's name in open court . . . six separate times. "I could get you a big muzzle," Judge Gannett threatened, knowing that releasing the accuser's name is the first step toward character assassination.

"This maneuvering goes well beyond even the typical smear tactics of defense attorneys in sexual assault cases," says Cynthia Stone, spokeswoman for the Colorado Coalition Against Sexual Assault. "This was a calculated attempt to intimidate this victim."

Outside the courthouse, a few feet from where investigators were testifying about their blunders and Mackey was revealing the alleged victim's name to the world, a company called Hangmantees.com was handing out T-shirts emblazoned with a hanged man on the front and the words I'M NOT A RAPIST; I'M JUST A CHEATER—K_B_ BRY_NT on the back. According to an e-mail obtained by *Maxim*, dated October 15, 2003, the "impartial" Eagle County Sheriff's Department and D.A.'s office promptly ordered 78 shirts.

Unfortunately for the alleged victim, these mistakes were compounded by incompetence: unprepared witnesses, sloppy police work, and a late court filing.

"It's absurd that the district attorney is going ahead with this case," Farhenholtz contends. "Law enforcement has made a conviction nearly impossible. The Kobe Bryant trial will be a long, drawn-out waste of taxpayers' money."

It's too late to turn back now.



The hamstrung defense

This case—like every he-said, she-said rape case—will come down to the alleged victim's believability.

Under Colorado's 30-year-old rape shield law, designed to encourage a woman to come forward without fear of being victimized by the proceedings, the sexual history of a rape victim is inadmissible in a court of law. In other words, even if Bryant's accuser had sex with a bellhop in the elevator on her way up, that has no bearing on whether or not she was raped in Bryant's room.

'If he is convicted, Kobe Bryant could very well die in a Colorado prison.'

But once again, this case isn't black and white. On July 1, 15 hours after the alleged rape, Bryant's accuser arrived at the Vail Valley Medical Center for a medical exam. According to the defense, the exam revealed her underwear contained semen and pubic hair from men other than Bryant. As a result, the defense contends that Bryant's accuser had sex with another man in that 15-hour period, and the most important physical evidence (vaginal lacerations) was not necessarily caused by Bryant. As this would constitute reasonable doubt, they argue it either falls under an exception to the Colorado rape shield law or the law is unconstitutional.

The prosecution is outraged. "[The defense] intends to humiliate and embarrass the accuser with allegations that have no bearing on this case whatsoever," District Attorney Dana J. Easter wrote in a court motion.

Legal experts suggest that the expla- ▶

DIRTY JOCKS

History says Kobe's screwed. But where will he rank among sport's biggest losers?

MIKE TYSON

Crime: Raping a beauty queen in '91.
Punishment: After three years in prison, Tyson lost every big fight, every penny of his $300 million career earnings, and his mind. "I just hate her guts," Tyson later said of his victim. "Now I really do want to rape her and her fucking mama." Ah . . . contrition.

CESAR CEDENO

Crime: The Houston Astros outfielder batted .320 in 1973, then he shot and killed his lady friend in a motel room.
Punishment: Convicted of involuntary manslaughter, Cedeno payed a $100 fine and played 13 more years in the major leagues. Cross your fingers, Jayson Williams . . .

MARK CHMURA

Crime: Pro Bowl tight end charged with sexually assaulting his 17-year-old baby-sitter during Wisconsin's Sexual Assault Awareness Week.
Punishment: Acquitted in part because her hymen was still intact, Chmura still never played another down in the NFL.

TONYA HARDING

Crime: Stupidity. Her meathead ex-husband hired a lackey to take a pipe to rival Nancy Kerrigan's knees.
Punishment: Harding crumbled in a tear-drenched Olympic heap before trading skating for Celebrity Boxing and now pro hockey. But just to be fair: Paula Jones had it coming.


Harding enters the ring. Could the NHL be next?




Bryant and attorney Pamela Mackey leaving court


Bryant with wife Vanessa and her $4 million ring

nation may be simple: The accuser had mistakenly worn dirty underwear to her exam, and her personal attorney, John Clune, adamantly denies that his client had sex after her encounter with Bryant. "Anyone trying to prove otherwise will be chasing ghosts," he said in a statement.

But legal experts also say information about her sexual activity in the 72 hours surrounding the incident may prove admissible. If so, the defense will parade an unending string of witnesses eager to destroy the character of the alleged victim. Already photos have surfaced in *The Globe* of the accuser making out with a stranger in a Calgary bar five weeks after the alleged rape. And three of the girls in the photos, the accuser's so-called friends, are now speaking publicly for the first time.

"She's a ho," Kylie, Natalie, and Melanie tell us in near-unison. "She's fun to party with, but she's lying," Kylie claims. "Bottom line: You can't rape the willing."

'She told me she'd have her settlement money in four to five months.'

Dennis Lord, a 21-year-old college student who lived in the accuser's dorm and was listed as a reference on her hotel job application, claims she's currently staying in a Florida rehab center. "She told me she'd have her settlement money in four to five months," he says. "She said she and her best friend are going to get breast implants, and she's going to buy me a koala bear. I even heard her joking around about the size of Kobe's dick."



The D.A. and sheriff offices ordered this shirt as well.

But the prosecution has its witnesses, too. When Kylie testifies, so will the accuser's ex-boyfriend, John Ray Strickland. "When I heard what happened, I didn't believe it," Strickland attests. "But after seeing how different she is now, I know she was raped. And as soon as the jury sees her, they'll know it, too." The state has also dug up a young female hotel employee in Portland who says Bryant regularly requested she come to his room, kissing her more than once despite her reluctance.

Will this testimony ever reach the jury's ears? That's a question only one man can answer: District Judge Terry Ruckriegle.

And justice for none

Ruckriegle will also have to decide if the accuser's mental state is relevant and admissible—and many in the medical community believe this may tell the real story. "Not many people know this, but she tried to commit suicide after her boyfriend broke up with her last year," says Lord, who accompanied the girl's mother to the hospital after the failed attempt. "After that, every time we got fucked up, her friends would run around hiding all her pills."

According to sources close to the case, those pills included Risperdal, a powerful antipsychotic prescribed to treat bipolar disorder. "If she is bipolar and wasn't taking her medication and became manic, it's possible that she does not have a realistic recollection of her actions on the night in question," explains clinical psychotherapist Robi Ludwig, Psy.D., a frequent expert on Court TV. "One symptom of a bipolar patient in a manic state is extreme sexual promiscuity and hypersexuality. It is entirely possible that Bryant did not think he was raping her, and at the same time, she believes she was raped."

So what's going to happen? As we go to press, there is a good chance the jury will never hear all the evidence. They may never know about the bloody T-shirt, the dirty underwear, Bryant's history with other female hotel employees, or his accuser's medication and suicide attempts. But they will have to decide if the alleged victim is lying or if Kobe Bryant deserves to spend his life in jail.

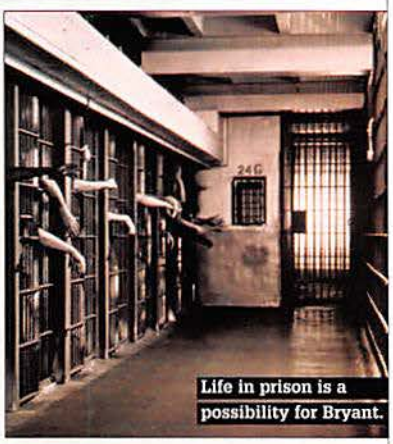
Whether Bryant is guilty or innocent, we know that critical mistakes have already been made in this case that only serve to handicap the eventual jury, guaranteeing that there will always be questions left unanswered. And however ill-informed the jury is, their verdict will stand. M

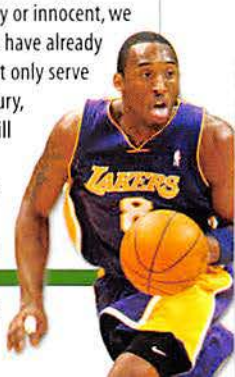
SENTENCE STRUCTURE

Colorado's sex offense laws are among the strictest in the country. Is Kobe toast?

PRISON (FOUR YEARS TO LIFE)
Even if Kobe Bryant receives the bare minimum sentence, after spending four years in a medium- or maximum-security facility, he would technically be eligible for parole. However, since the passage of the Colorado Sex Offender Lifetime Supervision Act of 1998, only two men have been paroled. Also, before Bryant could be paroled, he would have to publicly admit his guilt, then complete an elaborate sexual treatment program including counseling and behavior management.

PROBATION (20 YEARS TO LIFE)
If convicted of Class 3 sexual assault, there is a chance Bryant could get off with just probation. But he would still have to complete a sexual treatment program, part of which would involve having a device called a plethysmograph hooked up to his penis to monitor any arousal as he views violent sexual acts. In addition, Bryant could be barred from having any contact with anyone under the age of 18, including his daughter, until he admits his guilt.

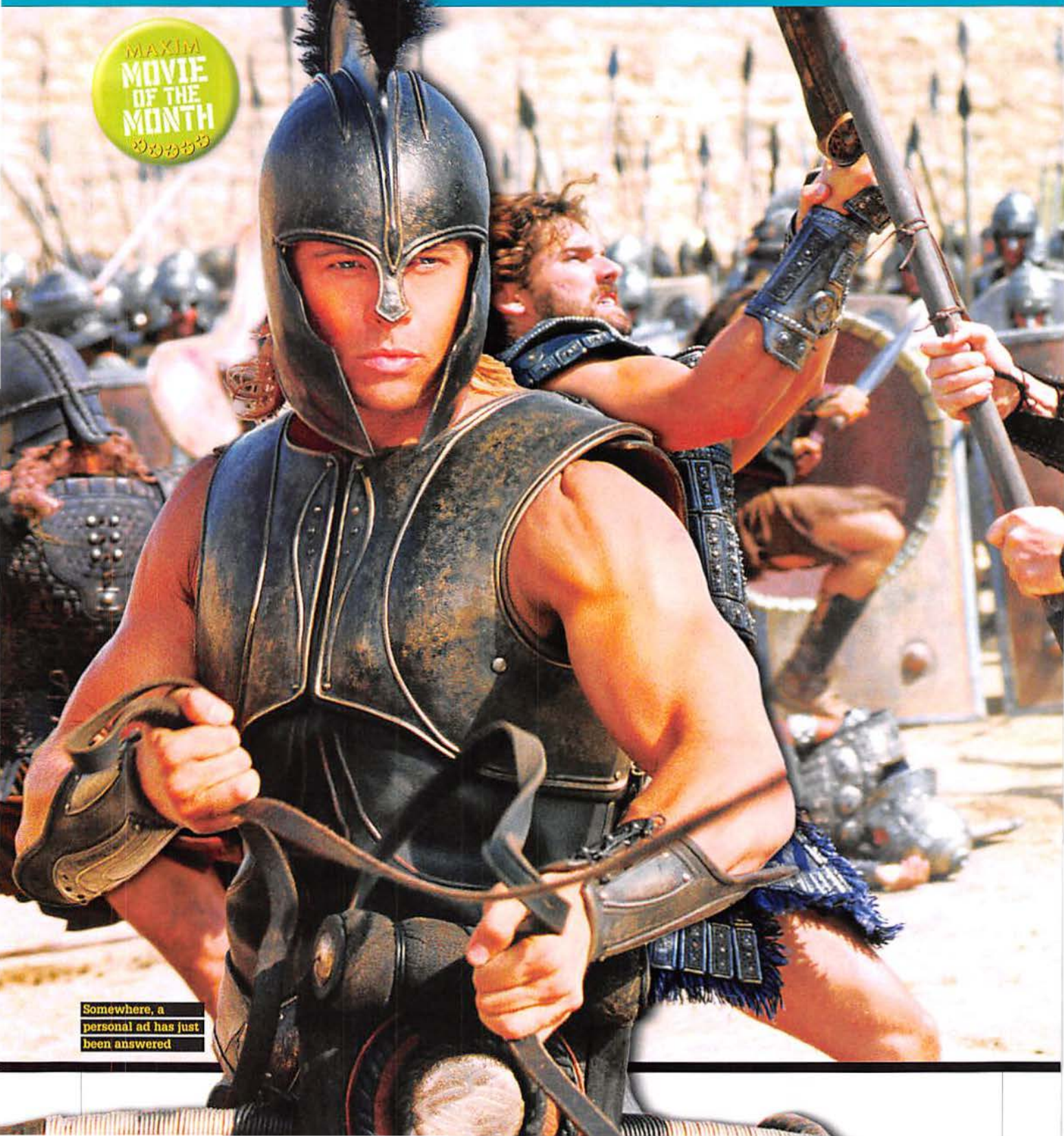

Life in prison is a possibility for Bryant.


Will this be Bryant's last NBA season?


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Somewhere, a personal ad has just been answered



Orlando Bloom, warrior princess

> MY BIG FAT GREEK BLOODBATH

TROJAN MAN

Eric Bana gives us the lowdown on Troy, this summer's epic sword-and-sandals battle royal.



Next up: *The Barry Gibb Story*

***Troy*, for the two** of you who didn't make it through *The Iliad* in high school, is a simple tale of boy meets girl, boy romances girl, girl's husband declares war on boy's people. During a visit to the Spartan kingdom of Menelaus (Brendan Gleeson), Trojan pretty boy Paris (Orlando Bloom) seduces Menelaus' wife, Helen (Diane Kruger). A ticked-off Menelaus implores his brother Agamemnon (Brian Cox) to gather up the troops, which include kick-ass warrior Achilles (Brad Pitt) and famous wanderer Odysseus (Sean Bean), to get Helen back. Since Paris is a lover, not a fighter, the defense of Troy rests in the hands of his brawny older brother Hector, played by *Black Hawk Down* and *Hulk* star Eric Bana.

So what's Hector's story?
He's Paris' older brother, and he's the prince of Troy. What I like about him is that he's on a reluctant journey: He's put in this position because of his stupid younger brother. It's cool to see this guy stuck between a rock and a hard place.

How grueling were the battle scenes?
Extremely, but it was fun. Lots of sword and horse-riding training. I'd never done anything like it. On *Black Hawk Down* we did gun stuff, but this was different. We basically did fight choreography every single day. It was like being a pro athlete.

Was it dangerous?
Oh, yeah. Anytime you hop on a horse without a saddle and then gallop across soft sand in the middle of a battle, there's a good chance of falling.

Not to mention the punishment on the little Bana.
Yeah, there's that as well! *[laughs]* You're just covered with stuff—a shield across your back, a sword in one hand and the reins of the horse in the other. Plus, you're wearing the most ridiculous excuse for footwear you've ever seen.

You got your start doing stand-up—any plans for making a comedy?
No, I did that for a long time, and I'm glad to move on. American audiences are like, "Do a comedy." But Australian audiences are like, "We've seen enough of your comedy." So I can't win.

You've done *Black Hawk Down*, *Hulk*, and now this. Are you sick of violence?
I should be done with it now. I guess I'm making up for all those years of stand-up. But I did *Finding Nemo* too!

But you played a *shark*.
Oh, right. *[laughs]*—*Eric Alt*





"Spinach? Where?"



Vamp Elena, in the flesh

> MAIN ATTRACTION

VAN HELSING

X-Man Hugh Jackman raises the stakes.

Out: May 7 **Director:** Stephen Sommers

Stars: Hugh Jackman, Kate Beckinsale, Richard Roxburgh

The story: No longer the tottering old vampire hunter with the flaccid stake from the *Dracula* movies, this Van Helsing is younger, edgier, and armed with a shitload more weapons. Which is good, because in addition to the Count, he's also facing off against Frankenstein's monster and the werewolf, while protecting the smokin' Ms. Beckinsale's lovely neck.

The buzz: Director Sommers (*The Mummy, The Mummy Returns*) seems to have put together a cross (pardon the pun) between *Blade, X-Men,* and the entire catalog of classic horror legends. Bat's entertainment!

We're guessing: ✪✪✪✪





GET THIS!

> In 2003 there were 422 reported kidnappings in Mexico City.

> DON'T MISS



MAN ON FIRE

Denzel went down, down, down, and the flames went higher.

Out: April 23 **Director:** Tony Scott

Stars: Denzel Washington, Christopher Walken, Dakota Fanning

The story: A grizzled soldier of fortune takes a job baby-sitting the precocious daughter of a Mexico City couple under threat from kidnappers. If this were a Disney flick, there'd be a lot of coming of age and crumbling of emotional armor going on. Luckily, *Man on Fire* has action guys manning its helm. Once the kidnappers unwisely piss off Denzel, much shooting of scumbag thugs and blowing up of shit ensues.

The buzz: This sounds like a sleeper action hit that could sneak in right before the summer movie season officially kicks off. Denzel is good in anything, and Ridley Scott's kid brother Tony (*Crimson Tide, True Romance*) is adept at giving gritty action a slick sheen.

Just guessing: ✪✪✪

AVOID AT ALL COSTS

> *Connie and Carla* (Apr. 16): Chick flick code red. Back away slowly.

RATINGS:

CUJO	✪✪✪✪✪
OLD YELLER	✪✪✪✪
BENJI	✪✪✪
BALTO	✪✪
SANDRA BERNHARD	✪

> ALSO PLAYING



LAWS OF ATTRACTION

Out: April 30 **Director:** Peter Howitt

Pierce Brosnan and Julianne Moore play divorce lawyers who . . . wait for it . . . fall in love! This plot is older than the fucking cast.

We're guessing: ✪



COFFEE AND CIGARETTES

Out: May 14 **Director:** Jim Jarmusch

A series of vignettes about caffeine and nicotine crammed with more hipster celebs than a Strokes concert. Not for those big on "action."

We're guessing: ✪✪✪



GODSEND

Out: April 30 **Director:** Nick Hamm

When a couple lose their child, an experimental form of cloning brings him back. Things go from great to creepy real quick.

We're guessing: ✪✪✪



NEW YORK MINUTE

Out: May 7 **Director:** Dennie Gordon

The Olsen twins try for an older crowd (teens) with this madcap N.Y.C. adventure. To be honest, Mary-Kate's good, but Ashley's phoning it in.

We're guessing: ✪

SET A NEW PACE FOR YOUR LIFE.



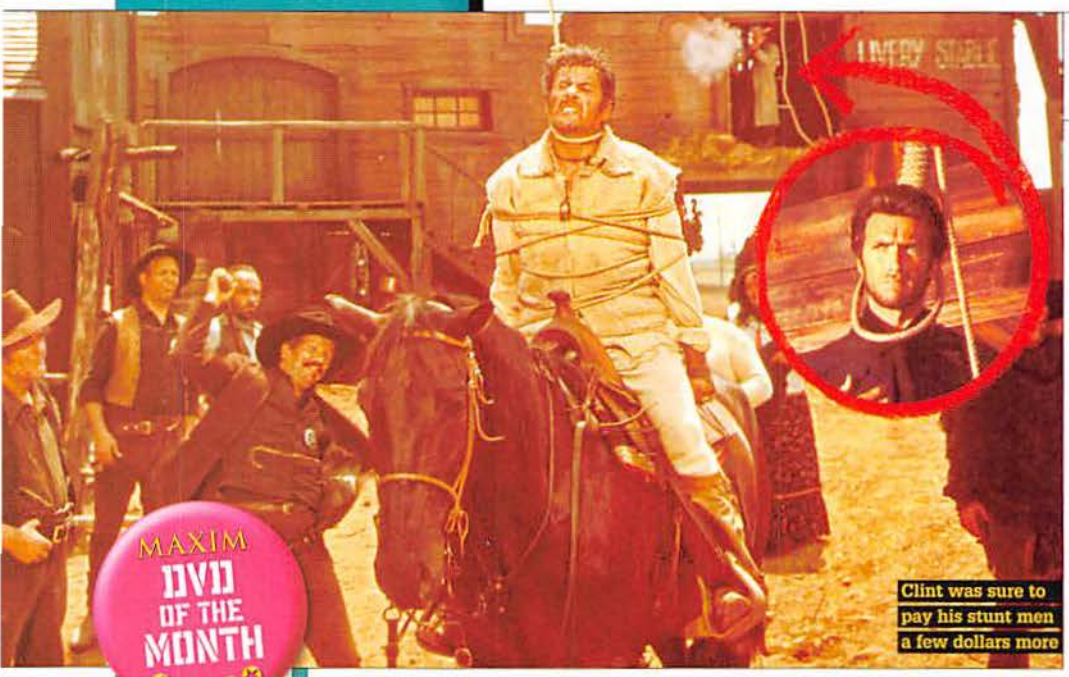
The citizen-soldier lives life at full speed. As a member of the Army National Guard, you've got to be ready to jump into action when your country and community need you. And while you train part-time, you'll also be able to work or go to college full-time.

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Clint was sure to pay his stunt men a few dollars more


"Is this staple necessary?"

> MUST OWN

COLLECTOR'S EDITION: THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY



Release date: May 18

Set against the backdrop of the Civil War, this legendary spaghetti western pits three men—the Good (Clint Eastwood), the Bad (Lee Van Cleef), and the Ugly (Eli Wallach)—in an unlikely partnership as they pursue a fortune in gold. We're not telling you anything you don't know, since this flick is a classic that you're required to see as part of your passage into manhood. Double-cross anyone to get your hands on this DVD.



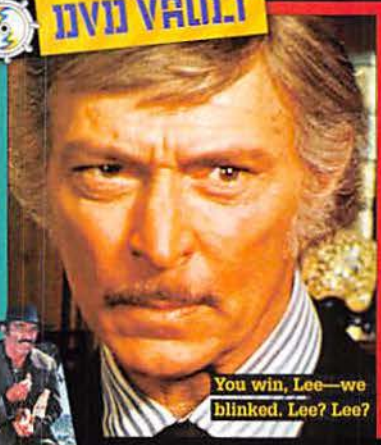
Extra! There are tons of reverent documentaries and features on the movie, the director (the masterful Sergio Leone), and even the music (*il maestro* Ennio Morricone). But it's the 18 minutes of deleted scenes (revoiced by Eastwood and Wallach themselves) and an animated re-creation of an entirely lost sequence that make this set a must-have.

Trivia: Leone originally wanted Charles Bronson as the Ugly.

Movie: ✪✪✪✪✪

Special features: ✪✪✪✪✪

DVD VAULT


You win, Lee—we blinked. Lee? Lee?

> LEE VAN CLEEF

This beady-eyed badass was one of the greatest heavies of all time. Check out three of his finest moments, punk.

1. For a Few Dollars More (1967) Like *GB&U* if it only had the Good and the Bad. Van Cleef again teams with Clint as a wandering gunslinger tracking a wanted man. Vintage stuff.

2. Death Rides a Horse (1969) No one hung out in the gray areas between right and wrong better than Van Cleef, and here he plays a crook out for revenge against his former cronies.

3. Escape From New York (1981) How do you rein in a badass like Snake Plissken? Put him under the control of Van Cleef's Bob Hauk. This guy's definitely the long arm of the law's clenched fist.



> WORTH WATCHING

THE OFFICE: THE COMPLETE SECOND SERIES



Release date: April 20

We know: You're sick of hearing the endless critical praise for *The Office*, and you've never even seen it. Well, now you can quit your damn whining and get caught up on what you've been missing. Absorb Season One and then discover that Season Two is...even better. Two equally dull suburban branches of a paper supply company merge, setting the stage for boss David Brent's (Ricky Gervais) mind-boggling ability to humiliate himself. Cringe. Laugh. Repeat.

Extra! For a show as largely off-the-cuff as this one, outtakes come as no surprise.

Trivia: This year *The Office* became the first British TV show ever to win a Golden Globe. Eat that, *Absolutely Fabulous*.

Movie: ✪✪✪✪✪

Special features: ✪✪✪✪

> ALSO OUT

STEP INTO LIQUID (April 20)
This eye-popping surf doc arrives in a groundbreaking two-disc set that includes a virtual surfboard design feature and an entire downloadable video game. Gnarly.
***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪

SCARY MOVIE 3 (May 11)
Any movie that can boast George Carlin, the Coors twins, and Ja Rule in its cast is worth at least one spin in your DVD player, even if the jokes and endless movie parodies are predictably hit-and-miss.
***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪

MASTER AND COMMANDER: THE FAR SIDE OF THE WORLD (April 20)
This sea epic comes packaged in a 1/50 scale replica of a British naval vessel. That's a lie, but wouldn't that be awesome?
***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪

THE GREAT ESCAPE (May 18)
The Steve McQueen classic gets a double-disc set of its own. Includes a documentary on real WWII prison camp escapes.
***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪✪

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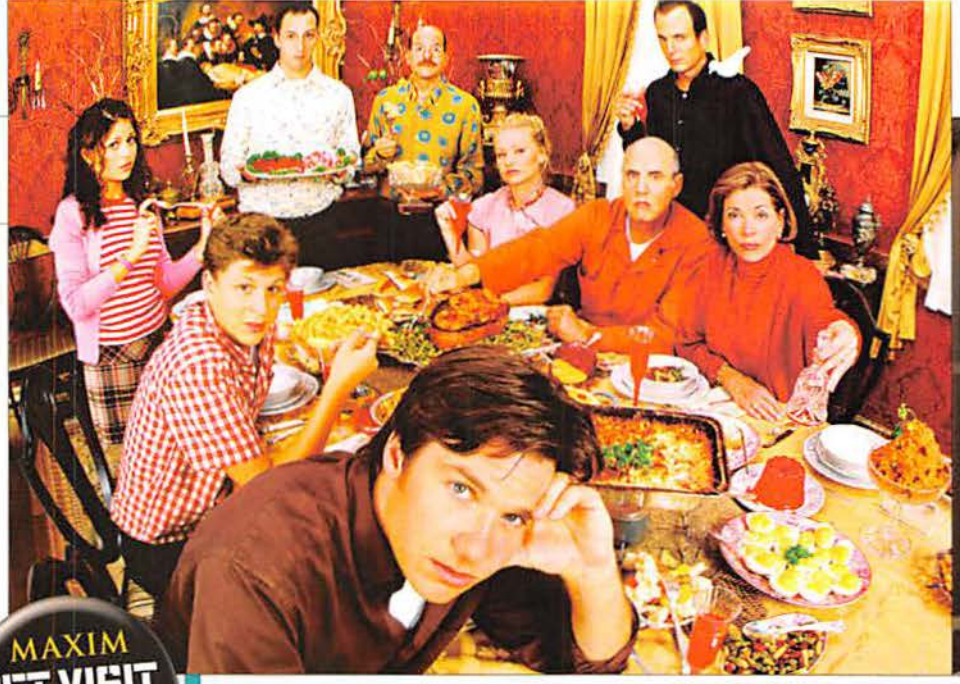
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MAXIM SET VISIT ALL ACCESS!

LOCATION, LOCATION, LOCATION

MAXIM GETS ARRESTED

We sent senior editor—and obsessed stalker/fan—Laura Gilbert to the set of Fox's dysfunctional family comedy* Arrested Development. *Her blow-by-blow account of what went down...if it pleases the court.

9:30 A.M. I try to maintain a caffeine- and pill-fueled veneer of professionalism, even after I learn that Tony Hale—who plays my favorite character, the Bluth family's youngest and most damaged son, Buster—will not be on set today. Be strong...

10:50 A.M. The photographer and I stumble upon Tony's trailer. As I begin licking the door, some guy asks if he can help us. He turns out to be an assistant director, who's been expecting us. Just...not quite like this.

10:53 A.M. Upon entering the set itself, I lay eyes on the Bluths' frozen banana stand. For the uninitiated, this is the food stand run by George Michael (no, not *that* George Michael). I scream, "It's the banana stand!" and am immediately told to shut up. Turns out I ruined a take. They're "shooting" a "scene" and doing "their jobs." Whatever.

11:05 A.M. Stacey, the nice PR lady from Fox, who obviously was not quite ready for my level of obsession, hasn't shown up yet, so I assume I have free rein to wander around the set. Jeffrey Tambor walks by, so I immediately grab him for a quick one-on-one.

11:14 A.M. Jeffrey accuses me of being a stalker, demands to see my press credentials.

11:27 A.M. The PR lady finally arrives and arranges a sit-down with Michael Cera, a.k.a. George Michael. Turns out his nervous teenager shtick isn't an act, as he won't stop giggling (especially when discussing guest-star Heather Graham). He shares a scene that never made it on air for legal reasons: "I have a line where I say, 'I'm thinking of just going by George,' and my cousin goes, 'Why?' I say, 'No reason,' and it shows footage of the singer George Michael's arrest."

11:52 A.M. We interview Will Arnett, who plays eldest Bluth son and magician, Gob (pronounced "jobe"). A producer asks us to stop laughing so loudly so they can again "shoot" the "show." Will vows to cut off her legs. He then mock-reluctantly poses for 50 pictures on his character's signature Segway.

12:52 P.M. I ask the 14-year-old who plays Maeby Fünke if she'd make out with me to further her career. Her mother sits next to her.

1:32 P.M. We meet the gorgeous Portia de Rossi. She agrees to make out with me to help the show. I will officially be the most popular editor in the entire office. She admits to loving the fact that "people come up to me and say, 'You're that chick from *Arrested*

BANANA FAMILY TREE







Development,' instead of *Ally McBeal.*" The Fox people say Portia is shy about photographs, so we shouldn't take any.

1:40 P.M. The PR lady leaves for a second, and Portia agrees to pose for us doing yoga with whiskey in hand. The assistant director says Tony has been called to the set just for me. I giggle like a schoolgirl, and Portia shakes her head: "I can't believe someone likes Tony."

1:56 P.M. I make my way to Jason Bateman's trailer. Unfortunately for him, the show's success hasn't overshadowed his past. "*Teen Wolf Too* still haunts me, even though only five people saw it." When asked to name the most dysfunctional couple on the show, Jason doesn't hesitate: "Tobias and Lindsay, because they're both gay as shit."

2:23 P.M. Jason delivers me to Tony, and I can't contain my excitement. In the faux living room of the Bluths' model home, he talks about the direction he wants Buster to go in: "I'd love for him to become a different person when he dances. Like Pavlov's dog—the minute he hears music, he becomes Rico Suave!" He adds that I might remember him as the spastic "Mr. Roboto" guy in the Volkswagen ad.

3:31 P.M. Jason says I should be in the next scene. He points me toward the wardrobe trailer—he just made me an extra. I'm all out of pills, so I just try to breathe.

4:18 P.M. Action! In character, I bring Michael Bluth (Jason) a cup of coffee. He eyes me up and down as I walk away. I am a star.

4:29 P.M. "Shy" Portia seeks us out so she can take *more* pictures. Silly PR lady.

6:39 P.M. After 11 takes, Jason escorts us off the lot. Flushed with excitement, I ask him to pose for our cover. "Only in a bikini," he bargains. "I tend to get a little breasty."

THE MAXIM LOUNGE
Get more cast interviews and pics at **maximonline.com.**

CANDID CAMERA



Laura tongue-bathing Tony Hale's trailer



Michael Cera, before calling security



Will Arnett strikes a "reluctant" pose



Our spy-cam snags a napping Portia de Rossi



Jeffrey Tambor tries to flag down some help



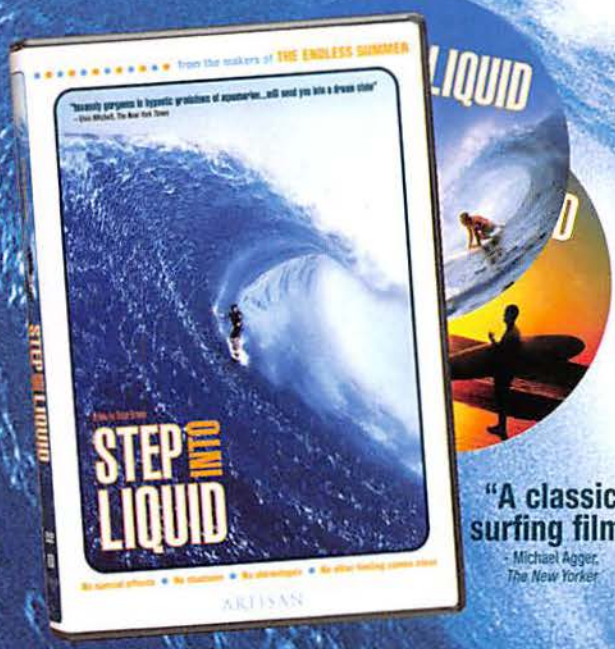
Laura ready for her cameo, and the FBI files

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No special effects • No stuntmen • No stereotypes
No other feeling comes close

A film by Dana Brown

STEP INTO LIQUID



"A classic surfing film."
- Michael Agger, *The New Yorker*

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DISC 2 (DVD-ROM)

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› 'I went off to Europe when I was only 17. It was all just a blur.'



HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

Real name: Jennifer Lothrop

Better known as: The reason you wish FX's show *DVD on TV* had a pause button.

Her story: For those who have no DVD player—we're talking to you, Amish—*DVD on TV* is a godsend. For those who like their special features hosted by a gorgeous blonde—namely, everyone—Jennifer Lothrop is a godsend. But this Texas-raised model, actress, and underwear designer (OK, deep breath) isn't content just to pimp deleted scenes for a living. "With the show, I've been dividing my time between acting and modeling and designing and marketing my Dizzy Daizy underwear line," says Jennifer. "I love sleep, but it's getting harder to fit it in!" That's what she gets for having a serious work ethic. "You know, they say half the work is just showing up, right? I definitely show up."



JUMP START

› Jennifer first modeled at age four.

Photograph, Craig DeCristo for Exclusive Artists; styling, Suzie Hardy; hair, Christophe Saluzzo for Cloutier; makeup, Hiromi Inoko for Luxe



USED



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> ALBUM OF THE MONTH

VELVET REVOLVER

Contraband (RCA)

Say you're the guns behind Guns N' Roses and you need a frontman to replace eyebrowless loony tune Axl Rose. Where to turn? Obviously trolling rehab centers and bus stations, Slash and the guys found their man: former Stone Temple Pilot and career fuckup Scott Weiland! What could go wrong? Ignoring the offstage drama and giving *Contraband* a listen, we have to say . . . not a damned thing. Although Rose was all manic energy and Weiland is more boozy charm, *Contraband* sounds like these guys have been mainlining *Appetite for Destruction*. At first Weiland clearly struggles to keep up ("Sucker Train Blues"), but he finds his groove over the brash guitars and brawny drums. On "Dirty Little Thing," he knowingly sings, "Get away from the man who's stealing your life/Get away from the drugs you're taking." He sounds like a man ready to slow it down, yet he's as reinvigorated as his new mates. Welcome back to the jungle, guys.—*Jon Caramanica*

***Maxim* rating:** ★★★★☆

LIKE THIS? TRY THESE



Soundgarden *Badmotorfinger* (A&M, 1991)



Alice in Chains *Dirt* (Sony, 1992)



GET THIS!

> Scott Weiland will be eligible for release from his current rehab stint this July.

> RELEASES MAKING NOISE



MELISSA AUF DER MAUR
Auf der Maur
(Capitol)

Auf der Maur spent most of the last decade as "foxy bass player chick," first for Hole and then for the Smashing Pumpkins. But apparently she has other talents. The songs on her thundering solo debut are dark, dirty, and played to the hilt. Her monotone voice hardly wows, but the magisterial sweep of guitars and strings makes sure it doesn't have to.—*David Peisner*

★★★★☆



TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS
True Love
(V2)

Those who think reggae begins and ends with Bob Marley, listen up. Not only did Toots coin the term "reggae," but his gritty voice and soulful songwriting generated many of its best moments. Here he revisits them with the help of talented fans (the Roots, No Doubt). Although these classics don't need to be fucked with, at least Toots gets his due.—*D.P.*

★★★☆☆



DILATED PEOPLES
Neighborhood Watch
(Capitol)

The thing that's kept Dilated Peoples from cracking the mainstream is that, despite their silky, smart rhymes, the L.A. trio has never had much to say. With *Neighborhood Watch*, however, DP start ranting with passion. It ain't groundbreaking, and there are still a few too many songs about keeping it real, but at least they're finally on the right track.—*D.P.*

★★★☆☆



EVERLAST
White Trash Beautiful
(Island Def Jam)

Now that the shock of seeing the House of Pain dude play guitar and sing (sorta) has faded, is there any reason to keep paying attention? Yes. Everlast's latest collects back-in-the-day hip-hop grooves and downhearted urban blues that sport a surprising honesty. Confessions like "The sex is empty" ("This Kind of Lonely") take more guts than predictable pimp-daddy bullshit.—*D.P.*

★★★☆☆



BEN KWELLER
On My Way
(ATO/RCA)

On his hook-happy debut, *Sha Sha*, Ben Kweller really wanted us to like him. OK, so we kinda did. But on his follow-up he isn't so needy: Parts of the record have a raw, angry garage-rock vibe that's energetic if not always convincing. Fortunately, whether it's the earnest acoustic title track or Kweller's jangly ode to his N.Y.C. crib ("My Apartment"), it's clear that, try as he might to be surly, he can't keep his goofy pop charms hidden. What the hell—we're hooked.—*D.P.*

★★★★☆

RATINGS:

SPINAL TAP	★★★★★
STILLWATER	★★★★☆
CITIZEN DICK	★★★☆☆
SEXUAL CHOCOLATE	★★☆☆☆
WYLD STALLIONS	★☆☆☆☆

ON THE MAXIM BOOMBOX

Intermission Soundtrack (Virgin, 2004)	**The Cooper Temple Clause** Kick Up the Fire (BMG, 2003)
The Wrens The Meadowlands (Absolutely Kosher, 2003)	**Ted Leo/ Pharmacists** Hearts of Oak (Lookout!, 2003)

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MAXIM TOP PLAY!

> GAME ON!

ONIMUSHA 3

Capcom [ ]

Ah, gay Paris. The sights, the sounds, the frothing hordes of time-traveling Japanese demons. Wait . . . what? Following the city's takeover by hellish invaders, 16th-century samurai Samanosuke and modern-day merc Jacques Braun (played by actor Jean Reno) swap places. Alternating between the pair, you'll explore two distinct eras, cleaving or gunning down anything that gets in your way. Counterbalancing the maddeningly fixed camera perspectives with striking cut scenes and jaw-dropping biomechanical boss duels, it'll keep jaded gamers entertained. Minor complaints aside, *Onimusha 3* is amazing. It breathes new life into a familiar genre and makes France, well, kinda cool.—*Scott Steinberg*

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪

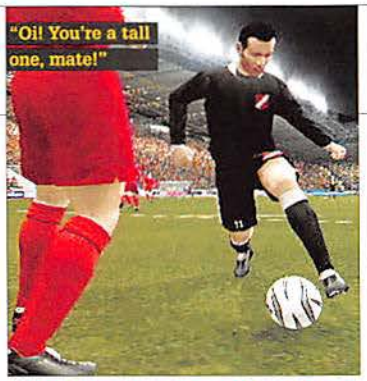


CHEATS!

True Crime: Streets of L.A. [ ]
Wanna plizzay as Snoop Dogg? Press Right, Left, Up, R, L, Down, Z, Z, A, Y, X, Y at the map screen. Save the game, go to the mission select screen, and choose the one with Snoop's head pictured.

Terminator 3: Rise of the Machines [ ]
Enter the vet's office on level 13. Go to the small office on the far right, go up to the computer, hit X, and you can play arcade classic *Missile Command*.

Secret Weapons Over Normandy [ ]
Attack Axis powers with Galactic Empire tech: At the menu screen, hit Up, Down, Left, Right, L, R, L, R to unlock the X-Wing and TIE Fighter.



WORLD TOUR SOCCER 2005

Sony [ ]
Think soccer's just a convenient excuse for riots? Get ready to reevaluate once you step on *World Tour*'s pitch. The tight controls are a cinch for novices, but obsessive attention to detail will score with fanatics; nearly 19,000 pros are on hand for League, Club, and International Team play. Start from the bottom and slowly bend your squad into Beckhams (hairstylist optional).—*Alex Porter*

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪



CRIMSON SEA 2

Koei [ ]
The original *Crimson Sea*, an anime-flavored space opera for the Xbox, was a mission-based mishmash of familiar sci-fi stock pieces. The sequel now switches allegiance to the PS2 and loads up with more elaborate weapons, cool time manipulation tricks (think "Bullet Time"), and more than 60 missions. Guaranteed to raise the purple manga-style hairs on your neck.—*John Walsh*

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪

GAME KEY:

- XBOX
- PS2
- GAMECUBE
- PC

> BLIPS ON THE SCREEN



FAR CRY UbiSoft [ ]
Perfect your suntan while swiping Hummers and plugging mercenary scum on a tropical isle. Bar-raising visuals let you observe bloodshed from a half mile away.
***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪



CITY OF HEROES NCsoft [ ]
Break out those tights and defend Paragon City alongside several thousand caped crusaders in the world's first massively multiplayer superhero simulator. Up, up, and away!
***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪

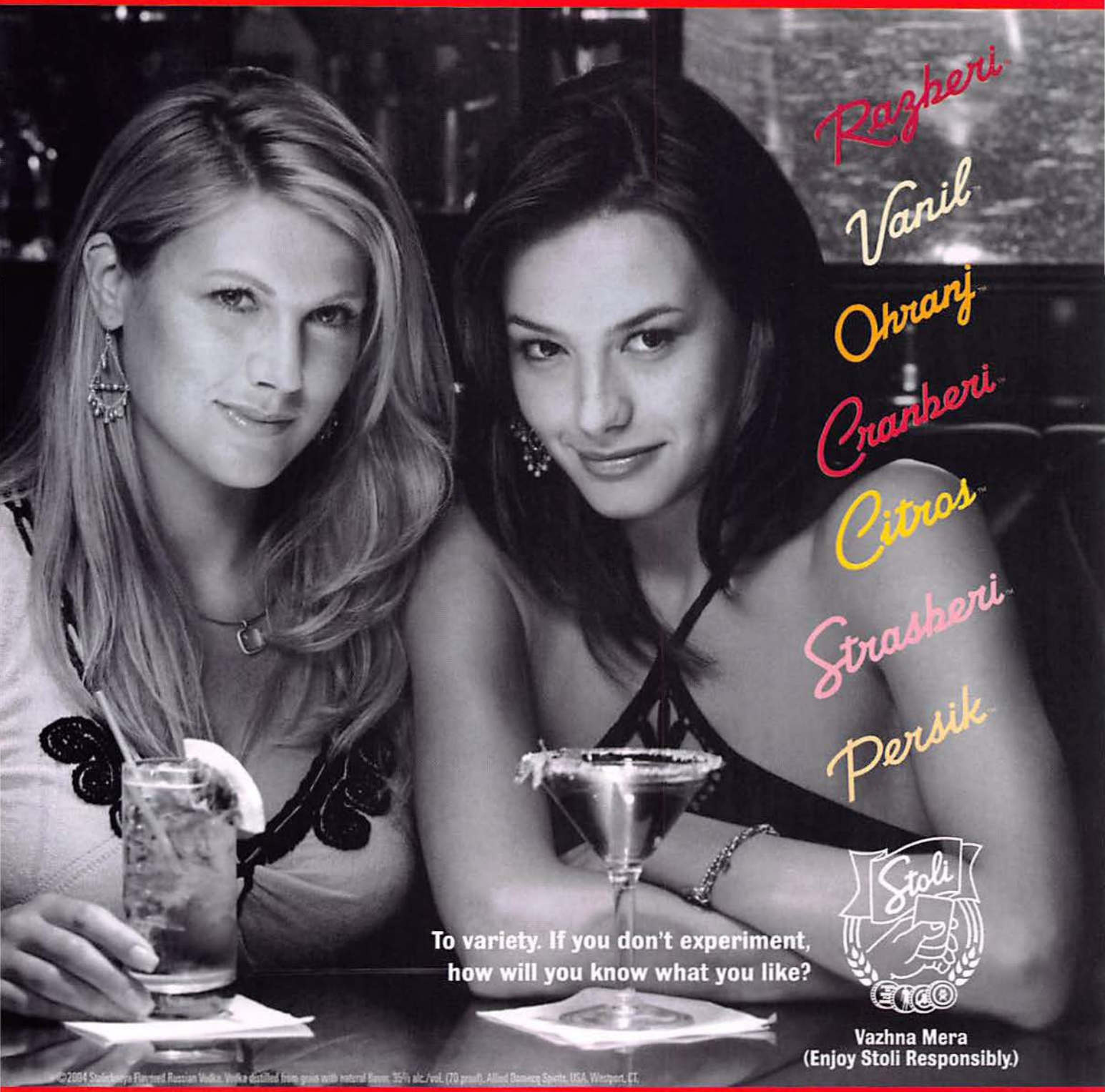


RALLISPORT CHALLENGE 2 Microsoft [ ]
Handles more like a video game than a real car, but once you start rolling and crashing there's damage realism aplenty! Satisfies the need for speed . . . and destruction.
***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪



THE CHRONICLES OF RIDDICK: ESCAPE FROM BUTCHER BAY VU Games [ ]
Yay! A movie tie-in that doesn't blow! Enjoy dark first-person violence in an über-maximum-security prison as fleshy-headed Riddick.
***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪

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MAXIM BOOK OF THE MONTH

> TOME RAIDERS



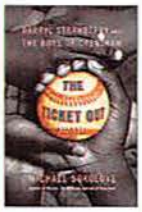
X-RATED

Edited by Tony Nourmand and Graham Marsh (Snoeck, $29.95)

If your porn stash is made up of movies from the last decade, the titles probably range from lame parodies (*Sorest Rump*) to unimaginative descriptors (*Hot Sex Sluts Having Slutty Sex 8*). But in the less-jaded '60s and '70s, X-rated producers had to be more creative. This hilarious collection of vintage posters offers mind-blowing flesh-flick ads that are undeniably silly yet much more entertaining than today's "money shot and a smile" DVD box art.—*Maria Fontoura*

***Maxim* rating:** ★★★★★

THE TICKET OUT: DARRYL STRAWBERRY AND THE BOYS OF CRENSHAW



By Michael Sokolove (Simon & Schuster, $24.95)

When South Central's Crenshaw Cougars stormed into Dodger Stadium for L.A.'s 1979 high school baseball championship game, they were loaded with major-league prospects (including that lanky Strawberry kid—heard of him?), and their future was bright. Until they lost. This unflinching portrait of the double-edged allure of pro sports for kids raised in the ghetto is harsh and gripping. Even the "success" stories leave a bitter aftertaste.—*Carolyn Stein*

***Maxim* rating:** ★★★★☆

✓ MUST BUY!

THIS IS YOUR LIFE

By John O'Farrell (Grove Press, $13)

An everyday shlub convinces entertainment critics he's an up-and-coming stand-up comic, only he's never performed onstage in his life. Faking through your career? Sounds familiar.

★★★★☆

BEST BOOK FOR HER



BELLY LAUGHS

By Jenny McCarthy

(Da Capo Press, $18)

This *way*-too-revealing pregnancy book, with chapter titles like "The Blue Twinkies" (about swollen vaginal lips), will hit snooze on your girlfriend's baby clock.

> THE FINE PRINT

WHITE HOUSE INC. EMPLOYEE HANDBOOK

By John Wooden, Andrew Bradley, John DeVore, and Chris Harper (Plume, $14)

A parody of the current administration, this mock manual lampoons everything from Dubya's "faith-based" agenda to his diplomacy. Might even make Republicans laugh.

★★★★☆

CAN'T FIND MY WAY HOME

By Martin Torgoff (Simon and Schuster, $29.95)

For every night of drug-fueled hedonism in your past, there's probably also a night or two where you jumped through a glass door on acid. *Oops.* Martin Torgoff looks at our nation's seemingly unending love affair with getting high.

★★★☆☆



GET THIS!

> 007 creator Ian Fleming wrote on a gold-plated typewriter.

Photographs, Robert Glasgow (*X-Rated*)

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Collect the caps from specially marked Coke bottles and get money off select ESPN video games like College Hoops, NBA Basketball and NHL Hockey. 10 Caps = $10 towards an ESPN video Game. Go to www.espnvideogames.com and punch in your codes.

Collect 10 codes for $10 off select ESPN Videogames. Codes must be entered by 12/20/04 and redeemed by 3/31/2005. See official rules for details. Or you could instantly win one of ten plasma TVs. No purchase necessary. Specially marked College Hoops 20 oz. bottles available until 4/30/2004 or while supplies last. Open to US residents. Requests for a free game piece must be received by 6/11/2004. See specially marked packages, call 1-800-450-2653, or log onto CokeSports.com or espnvideogames.com for details. Internet access required. ©2004 The Coca-Cola Company. The Coca-Cola Company is an official NCAA® Corporate Champion. Coca-Cola and the Dynamic Ribbon are trademarks of The Coca-Cola Company. ESPN is a registered trademark of ESPN Inc. ©ESPN Inc. NCAA, the NCAA logo and NCAA Basketball are trademarks of the National Collegiate Athletic Association. Sega, The Sega logo and Sega Sports are either registered trademarks or trademarks of Sega Corporation © SEGA CORPORATION 2004. Xbox and the Xbox logo are either registered trademarks or trademarks of Microsoft Corp.

Coca-Cola Real

ESPN GAMES

DALE EARNHARDT JR.

The 29-year-old scion of NASCAR royalty just won his first Daytona 500. Now he's gearing up to lead the motor sport out of the heartland and into prime time. Care to ride shotgun?

FAST QUOTES



WORST CRASH
"At California Speedway I hit the wall at 150 mph and it was like a shotgun went off right next to my ear."



PARTS & LABOR
"My number 8 car is built with American steel, you know. It's just a bunch of tubes and shit you can buy at Lowe's."



DAYTONA 500
"That car has to go into Daytona's museum. But we got 18 others just like it, each costing about $150,000."

What was racing through your mind on the last lap at Daytona?
I was thinking, *Damn, this is going to be fun as all hell to win—now just don't screw up!* It's the one every driver dreams about.

Why was your car the fastest?
Because we've got a secret arsenal of people working for us. The guy who runs our motor sports department has something like five Daytona 500 victories with five different teams. It's the same people putting our car together that put together the car that won a couple of years ago.

Any stock rules cheating going on?
Sure, our job is to find every loophole. When you read the NASCAR rule book, you're not trying to read it word for word; you're trying to read around it. That's how you get an edge.

How'd you get started in racing?
I went to college for a degree in automotives, and during that time I was working at my dad's dealership. I was a mechanic, and that was my career. Then one day I bought a street car for $200 and begged and borrowed the racing equipment to put into it. Me, my dad, and my brother built it, but my dad didn't watch me race for six or seven years. That was his plan. He wanted us to hit the wall and learn why we hit the wall. He let us learn on our own, which was fun. You know how it is when you get a new toy. You don't want someone over your fucking shoulder telling you how it works—you want to figure it out yourself.

Doesn't the possibility of hitting a wall freak you out sometimes?
No, never. Sometimes you're in packs where people are three wide and you're thinking, *God, why is everybody driving so freaking stupid? We got 300 miles left in this race; there's no point in putting all this shit in jeopardy right now!* But you get that situation all the time.

Any drivers you don't like?
There are a couple. It's almost hypocritical for me to say, but when you first start driving a racecar, you're 100-fucking-percent balls-out all the time, bouncing into shit, and you make it or break it, race after race. By the time you get into the Cup series, though, you should be smart, not a bull in a china shop. But you can see exactly who people are by their driving habits. If you're a high-strung prick, that's probably how you're going to drive.

Speaking of high-strung pricks, ever have to take a leak during a race?
Yeah, it's happened to me. I've raced 11 years, and I've pissed in the racecar twice. We drink a lot of water and Powerade, because racing is about endurance, cardio . . . so you're sweating a lot and you normally sweat it all out.

So no Mexican on Saturday night?
No.

Do cops ever pull you over and say, "Hey, it's Dale Earnhardt Jr."?
I've been pulled over about five times. They're like, "All right, this guy drives 180 mph, probably couldn't hold it at 65 if he had to." And they give me a break. They want to give me a ticket because they're supposed to be upholding the law, but they're cool and they just tell me, "Watch your ass, and slow it down."

You live in Mooresville, North Carolina. That sounds like bar-fighting country . . .
Yeah, just down the road from my house there's a rough little place where all the drunkest motherfuckers go when the other bars close. I've seen some damn good ones there. Once when I was standing at the bar talking to my buddy, I turned around and somebody had one of my boys in a headlock and was slamming him into the wall. Before I knew it, out of probably 40 or 50 people in the bar, 90 percent of 'em were fighting. I ain't never seen nothing like it.

You've been described as the rock star of NASCAR. You agree with that?
NASCAR wants to be mainstream, and sometimes we get a little desperate about it. It can get kind of obvious. But I like being at the forefront of the sport, and you've got to ride it while you can. But I don't own a jet or a helicopter, which 90 percent of the drivers in the sport do. I always hitch rides because I can't see spending $6 million on a jet. A $40,000 monthly payment? No way, Hoss.

OK, maybe you're not a rock star, but what about groupies?
I'm single, man! No argument there. And I . . . that's not really . . . To be straight-up honest, I want to be married and have kids because I want to raise a son into racing. But I'm 29, and I like being single now.

The word is your high school sweetheart ruined you for other women . . .
She did. She's going to be pissed that I'm saying this, but when we started dating I was like, "I finally got her after four years of drooling over her in high school!" But she dumped me a year and a half into it. I was crushed. Then three months later she's like, "Ah, I fucked up." So I treated her like total shit for about six months, and then it was over. I look back and think, *What a little piece of Play-Doh I was.* Every other girl since then has taken the brunt of that breakup. Now I'm waiting for that one girl who makes me go nuts.

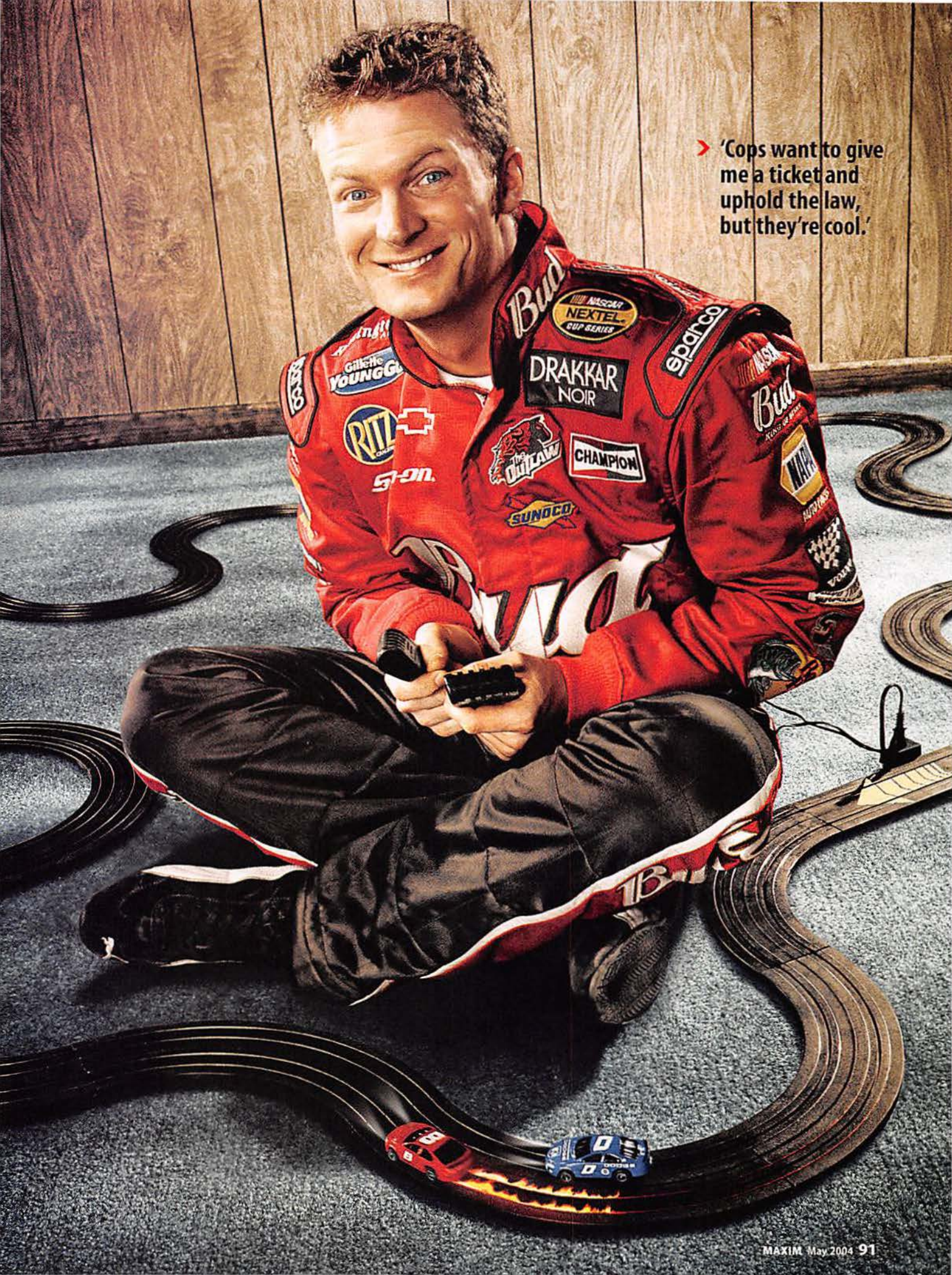
Hmm, ever *bust* a nut inside your car?
No, I never had sex in a racecar. That'd be pretty cool, though. I mean, it's something you've got to do as a racecar driver, but not with just any old girl.

How about someone famous? Are there any actresses you have your eye on?
I got my eye on every one of them! *[laughs]* I contacted Estella Warren, but she was living with a guy. One time I saw this article about Susan Ward in *Maxim*. It said she was a NASCAR fan, and I was like, "Man, we've got to invite her to a race!" So we called her, and she was like, "OK, cool. Can I bring my boyfriend?"

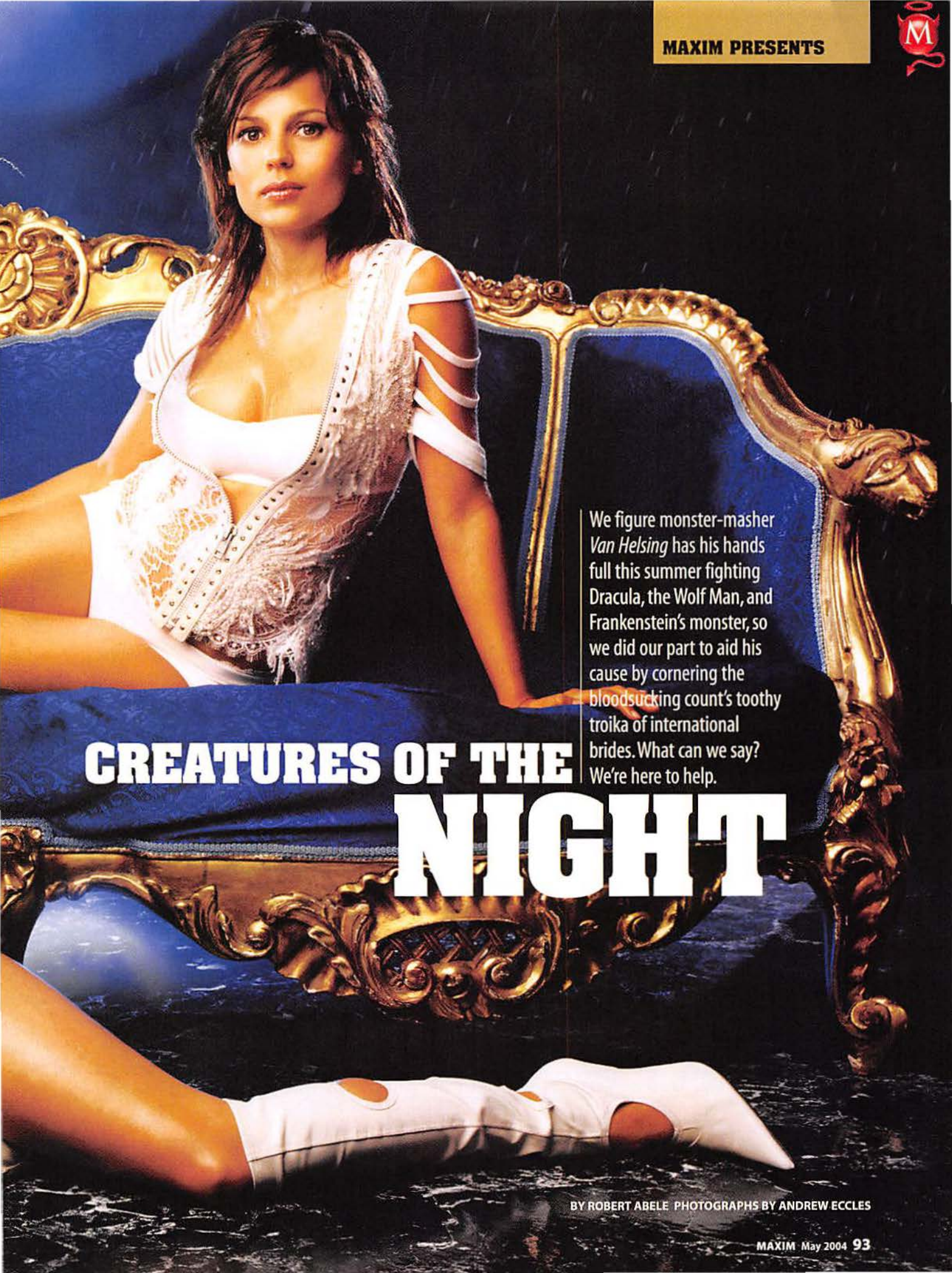
Brutal. What do you do when you're not calling famous hotties?
Drink Budweiser with my friends.

Interview by James Heidenry. Dale Jr. battles for the Coca-Cola 600 on May 30 on Fox at 5 P.M.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM FISCUS


'Cops want to give me a ticket and uphold the law, but they're cool.'
Bud
NASCAR NEXTEL CUP SERIES
sparco
DRAKKAR NOIR
RITZ
CHAMPION
SUNOCO





We figure monster-masher *Van Helsing* has his hands full this summer fighting Dracula, the Wolf Man, and Frankenstein's monster, so we did our part to aid his cause by cornering the bloodsucking count's toothy troika of international brides. What can we say? We're here to help.

CREATURES OF THE NIGHT

BY ROBERT ABELE PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW ECCLES



JOSIE MARAN

A sun-kissed all-American girl is the last thing we expected to dig up in Drac's bedroom, but we can't say we're complaining.

Career bloodline: Guess? model turned actress and former girlfriend of magical mystery dork David Blaine.
Her bloodcurdling character: Marishka, the most raw, rambunctious, and blonde of Drac's undead lovers.

What's the craziest thing you get to do in *Van Helsing*?
The flying! I mean, it's the sort of thing you can only do in dreams. Also, I pick up a cow with my feet and throw it. It lands on a



balcony and just stands there like, "Moo?" That stuff doesn't happen to me normally.

After cutting your teeth, so to speak, on indie movies, what was it like being in a mega-budget studio flick?

There's so much money, and everyone on the set is the best at what they do. It's taken a year to make this movie, and the whole experience has been pretty mind-boggling. There are some parts where it's like, how much can you really put into one film?

Was it tough having to deal with all the special effects work?

Well, let's just say I'm now used to having things attached to me. But being in that makeup all day is not fun at all. I needed three pieces of prosthetics attached to my face, and it took an hour to unglue them. I thought I was really strong and cool, but going through that made me feel crazy. Which was good for the part.

So is Marishka completely nuts, then?

She's definitely the most rambunctious of the three brides. She's not as in love with Dracula as the others; she's just in it to play and to kill.

Was that typecasting?

People seem to think I'm mischievous and devilish, so I guess they saw that when I auditioned. In real life I'm pretty balanced.

So how come Dracula gets to have three brides?

I don't know what's up with him. Maybe he's a Mormon. *[laughs]* I think he's allowed to do whatever the fuck he wants. He's so hot. . . or he must be so good that we're ▶

willing to fight over him and share him!

Are you the jealous type?

I have it in me to be jealous, sure, but usually I can keep it in check. Hopefully, this role will help me get it all out of my system!

Was there any bride-on-bride fighting?

No. We all became really good friends. But it was a learning experience because we're all so culturally different. I definitely found out just how much we're different—these European girls are so much more intense!

Did you at least get a chance to cut loose on your days off?

One night I went out to a bar in Prague, where we were filming, and Ron Perlman was there. He played a vampire in *Blade II*, so we hung out all night talking about playing vampires, even though I had a shoot the next day. He said it was important for me to stay out all night in order to get into character. He made me feel really good about being bad!

What, you're a goody two shoes?

I grew up in Menlo Park, California, and I went to an all-girls school. I was pretty much a tomboy, but I always had boyfriends, and the experience was always good. Even if the relationships were hard . . . Oops, don't say that! If it was rough . . . Oh, God, I can't say that, either! *[laughs]* Um, even if we *broke up*, it was usually a good learning experience.

You dated infamous stunt-puller David Blaine. If you had arguments, would he threaten to lock himself in a block of ice for a few days?

No. He would do it anyway. *[laughs]* He's just a nice, normal guy, usually, unless he's working. Magicians, they're pretty crazy dudes. They're into stuff you didn't know existed. It was interesting because I got to see how things are done behind the scenes.

C'mon . . . spoil one of his tricks for us.

Um . . . no way!

Besides whipping out the crucifix and the holy-water-filled squirt guns, how do you let a guy know it's over?

I kick him out of the house! No, seriously, I talk to him. I'm not crazy and cold like that. We just have a little chat. In general, I don't play games. I keep relationships simple, you know? We meet, and if it feels right we'll do something like take a bike ride in a park—that's a good place for a first kiss.

Finally: You were a Guess? model, and Anna Nicole Smith was a Guess? model. When's your TV show?

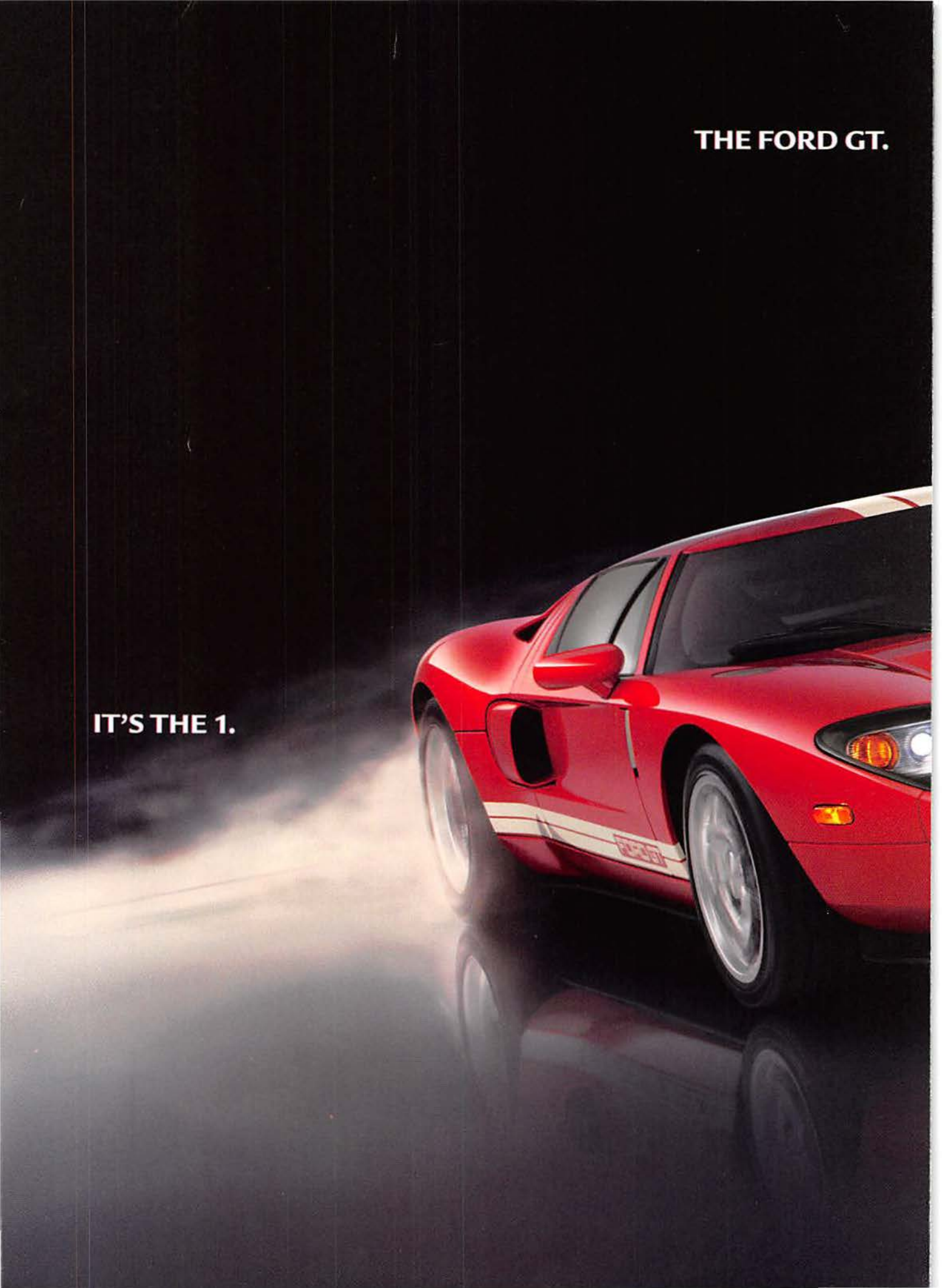
Never! Quote me on that. I will never, never do a reality show. I guess I'd better knock wood, just to be sure . . .

Ouch, that hurt! ▶

Styling, Karen Shapiro; makeup, Hiromi Inoko for Luxe mgmt.; hair (Josie Maran), David Babaie for Artists by Timothy Priano; hair (Silvia Colloca and Elena Anaya), Steven Lake for Luxe mgmt.; manicure, Tom Bachik for Cloutier


'It was important for me to stay out all night in order to get into character.'

THE FORD GT.



IT'S THE 1.





SILVIA COLLOCA

This sultry, long-limbed Italian beauty is a woman to die—and rise from the dead—for.

Career bloodline: A stage-trained Italian goddess making her big-screen English-language debut.

Her bloodcurdling character: Verona, a raven-haired, pale-skinned, black-hearted lady friend of Lucifer.

Was it, how you say, difficult tackling your first American movie?

Yes, it was difficult because I was trying to speak English with a Transylvanian accent with fangs in my mouth while flying upside down! I was concentrating on four things at once. Those aren't the best conditions. We had to practice our dialogue with fangs in because they make you lisp like Sylvester the Cat. I couldn't say, "Don't be th-cared." They had to change it to "Don't be afraid." But when you're playing a vampire bride, there's lots of overacting involved, which is always great fun. Usually in movies, they tell you, "Less, less." Now it's, "More! Give me more!"

What's Verona like?

She is a serious, focused vampire, the kind who knows what she wants and can't be bothered with anything else. She goes in for the kill and gets it every time.

How do you sniff out potential victims, er, dates?

I'm quite shy, so if there's a guy I like, I actually ignore him because I can't speak to him. I get all red and sweaty, and it's embarrassing. So guys have to be alert; otherwise it will never happen. Italian girls are famous for being snobby and expecting men to make the first move. In America, if I don't make eye contact, the guys won't come over and talk. American girls just go for it. You men are spoiled!

Finish this sentence: One time I drank so much wine I...

That's happened a few times! When I was 17, my friends and I went to this seedy trattoria with awful red wine because we just wanted to get drunk. I got back home, and my mom was still up. She tried to talk to me, but I was too drunk. I spent the whole night in the bathroom throwing up. It was awful! ▶



★ HOW TO

BECOME A PRINCE OF DARKNESS

Ready to come out of the coffin and lead the vampire lifestyle? Here's how to get started.



The earlier, less popular Rolling Stones logo

STEP ONE: Renounce God

Join the Catholic Church, which is pretty easy these days, then stand up during mass and say, "Gibson's *The Passion* sucked balls," and get yourself excommunicated, which is even easier. You'll then be an enemy of Christ and ready to prey upon the living.

STEP TWO: Get the look

Two little words: plunging necklines. After you've got that down, score yourself a stylish new cape at Elfin Magical Capes, located in beautiful Yelm, Washington. Avoid the staring and pointing by ordering through their Web site at elfinmagicalcapes.com.

STEP THREE: Meet and greet

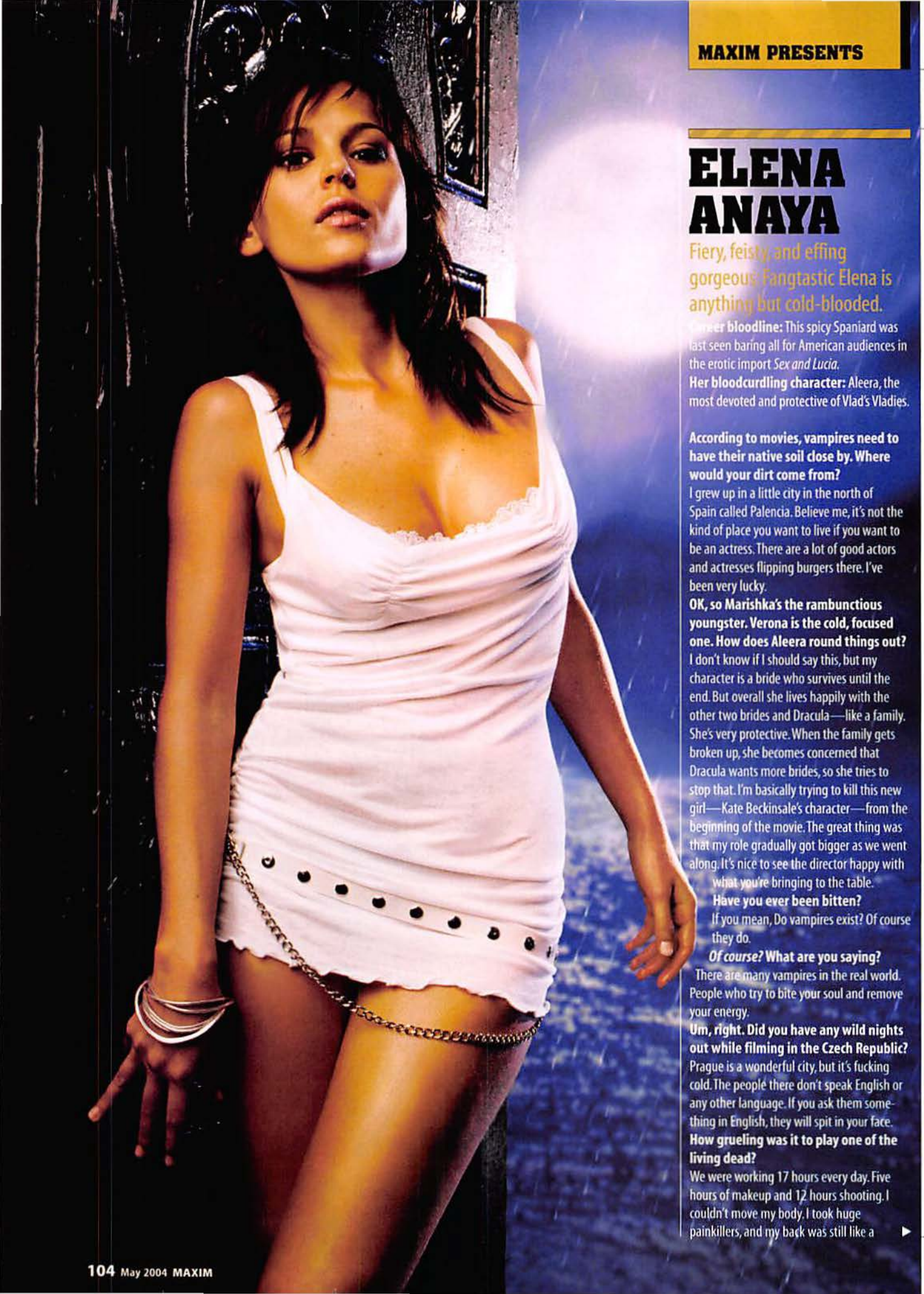
According to vampires.meetup.com, lonely dark hearts are skulking around the most vile, desolate recesses of—no surprise here—Starbucks on Magazine Street in New Orleans. "A half-caf, topped with the anguished souls of the innocent."

STEP FOUR: Find your roots

Jet off to Romania and visit Dracula's castle, where back in the 15th century, Vlad the Impaler is believed to have spent his days horseback riding, swimming, and jamming giant wooden spikes into his enemies' colons.



'In America, if I don't make eye contact, guys won't come over.'



ELENA ANAYA

Fiery, feisty, and effing gorgeous Fangtastic Elena is anything but cold-blooded.

Career bloodline: This spicy Spaniard was last seen baring all for American audiences in the erotic import *Sex and Lucia*.

Her bloodcurdling character: Aleera, the most devoted and protective of Vlad's Vladies.

According to movies, vampires need to have their native soil close by. Where would your dirt come from?

I grew up in a little city in the north of Spain called Palencia. Believe me, it's not the kind of place you want to live if you want to be an actress. There are a lot of good actors and actresses flipping burgers there. I've been very lucky.

OK, so Marishka's the rambunctious youngster. Verona is the cold, focused one. How does Aleera round things out?

I don't know if I should say this, but my character is a bride who survives until the end. But overall she lives happily with the other two brides and Dracula—like a family. She's very protective. When the family gets broken up, she becomes concerned that Dracula wants more brides, so she tries to stop that. I'm basically trying to kill this new girl—Kate Beckinsale's character—from the beginning of the movie. The great thing was that my role gradually got bigger as we went along. It's nice to see the director happy with what you're bringing to the table.

Have you ever been bitten?

If you mean, Do vampires exist? Of course they do.

***Of course?* What are you saying?**

There are many vampires in the real world. People who try to bite your soul and remove your energy.

Um, right. Did you have any wild nights out while filming in the Czech Republic?

Prague is a wonderful city, but it's fucking cold. The people there don't speak English or any other language. If you ask them something in English, they will spit in your face.

How grueling was it to play one of the living dead?

We were working 17 hours every day. Five hours of makeup and 12 hours shooting. I couldn't move my body. I took huge painkillers, and my back was still like a ▶



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'No one told me about boys. I had to figure it out myself.'

fucking monster. I spent a week hanging in a harness upside down, flipping, running, and fighting with Frankenstein, who's, like, five times bigger than me. I felt muscles in my body that I never thought existed.

What do you look for in a mortal guy?

No one told me about boys. I had to figure it out myself. The first thing I learned was that sometimes they grow slower than women mentally. I also realized I need a guy with a big heart. And I don't find one particular thing sexy; it really depends on the individual. I might think something is sexy, and you think it's stupid.

What can a guy do to bring out your blood rage?

I hate when guys only care about themselves—the Spanish word is *egoista*. You can tell even on a first date if he's thinking, *Me, me me—I don't care about you, motherfucker.*

You bite victims with that mouth? M

THE MAXIM LOUNGE
Feast on more of the *Van Helsing* girls at **maximonline.com.**

★ **LOVE CONNECTION**

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY

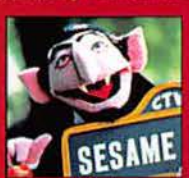
We trolled the classifieds for lovelorn and sexually disoriented vampires looking for their death mates.



MAD FLAVA
Cocoa-colored aristocrat seeks female for cereal monogamy. I'm bi, so relationship would include my berry pink friend Franken. I'm guaranteed to make your milk turn brown. Respond to box #OU812.



WHERE IT'S 'STAT
Male, 30-ish, seeks "companion" for friendship, laughs, sucking. Cajun food and Dixieland jazz loves a +++. Must be good with undead tykes in a state of arrested childhood. P.S., I'm not a natural blond! Reply to box #69.



BY THE NUMBERS
Ageless male, seeks one—one! Ha, ha, ha!—beautiful female companion. I suffer slightly from obsessive-compulsive disorder but keep it under control with two—two!—medications, ha, ha, ha. Please send digits to box #12345.



2 GOOD 2 B 4 GOT
High school student (go, class of '88, '89, '90, '91 . . .) seeks nice, intelligent girl for walks in the dark, excessive moping over fizzled careers, and bad '80s music. Smokers and *Teen Wolf* fans need not respond. Reply to box #181.



NUTS FOR AT YOU!
Single very, *very* white male, nonsmoker, nondrinker, nonanything. Loves long boat rides, French manicures, and slimming fashions. Rat lovers welcome! Reply to #00000.

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THE GREAT STATE DEBATE

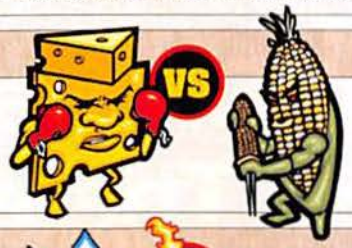
Forget useless "quality of life" rankings and pointless "firsthand experience"—we pit the top 50 states in the country against each other in a massive battle royal to find out which one kicks the most ass. ILLUSTRATIONS BY COJOART.COM

1 BATTLE OF THE COW-TIPPING STATES

(Runners-up: Minnesota, Indiana, Illinois, Ohio)



WISCONSIN Home to the Packers, the Clown Hall of Fame, and Laverne & Shirley, the Badger State's morbidly obese residents have a level of sophistication rarely seen in the Midwest.



IOWA Forget corn—the state has more hogs than anyplace in the Union! And not even the birth of Ashton Kutcher could desecrate the ground on which an infant John Wayne shot his first Injun.



2 BATTLE OF THE STEPCHILD STATES



ALASKA America's humongousest state is so big and desolate that every resident has about one square mile in which to forcibly cornhole caribou. It's like prison, only colder and gamier!



HAWAII Not only did the bombing of Pearl Harbor get us off our asses in WWII, but the state also played host to the best three-part *Brady Bunch* episode ever. *Mele kalikimaka,* bitch!



3 BATTLE OF THE INCEST STATES

(Runners-up: Alabama, Tennessee, Georgia, Kentucky)



ARKANSAS The motto of Johnny Cash's birth state is "The people rule." The result? A public school system so broke it sued the government for more money. Silly illiterate hillbillies!



MISSISSIPPI Named after America's de facto G.I. tract, the state's history of poverty and social injustice gave birth to the blues. Mmm . . . whiskey, soul selling, and hoochie-coochie women.



4 BATTLE OF THE SCHIZO STATES

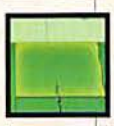
(Runners-up: South Carolina, South Dakota)



NORTH CAROLINA Despite all the whining done by pink-lunged troublemakers, the Tar Heel State is home to a thriving $7 billion tobacco industry. Smoke *that,* health freaks!



NORTH DAKOTA Aside from being the geographic center of North America (woohoo!), the state is *institutionally* boring: Milk is the official beverage, and English is the official language. Duh.



5 BATTLE OF THE LEFTOVER STATES

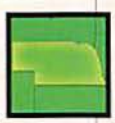
(Runners-up: Delaware, Maryland, Kansas, Missouri)



RHODE ISLAND Legend has it there was this piece of land off the coast of Maine, and some visionary dudes said, "Let's build a road to that island and make it a state." Voilà! Rhode Island.



NEBRASKA Forget hallowed football tradition and down-home appeal. The bottom line is that it's flat, it's boring, and the eight hours it takes to drive across it bring you that much closer to death.



6 BATTLE OF THE EGO STATES



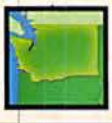
NEW YORK The state has more than just the most important city in the world. For instance . . . OK, New York City is the only worthwhile thing. Let's hear it for Eurotrash and coked-up bankers!



CALIFORNIA Hollywood suit #1: "It's about a man who raises his daughter after his wife dies. He laughs, he cries, he learns." Suit #2: "I love it! Let's call it *Jersey Girl!*" Studio boss: "Genius!"



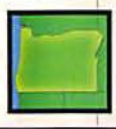
7 BATTLE OF THE SUICIDE STATES



WASHINGTON Microsoft and Starbucks maintain headquarters near Seattle, meaning the state will soon become Capital of the Universe. We welcome the yoke of our new masters' reign!



OREGON With no self-serve gas stations, you'd think the state would be full of go-getters. It is—as long as they're going to get pot, environmental pamphlets, and weepy acoustic music.



8 BATTLE OF THE MILITIA STATES



MONTANA How do you get all the swishy lumberjacks to shut up about their *super*-exciting fly-fishing exploits? Soak them in salmon blood and push them into a grizzly bear den.

IDAHO You can't talk about Idaho without talking about potatoes. . . How pathetic is that? Heart-smart fact: Disgruntled potato farmers will shoot anyone doing the Atkins diet on sight.

9 BATTLE OF THE RUSTY STATES



PENNSYLVANIA Once the birthplace of our nation, most residents now die from cheesesteak-induced heart attacks. At least it thins out the ranks of chromosome-deficient Eagles fans.

MICHIGAN Although Michigan State, um, "University" coeds may provide great fodder for *Girls Gone Wild* cameras, there's no overlooking the oozing sore of urbanity that is Detroit.

10 BATTLE OF THE SUNSTROKE STATES

(Runners-up: Utah, New Mexico)



ARIZONA Old as fuck but scared of Cubans? Then retire to Arizona! It has everything a geezer could ask for: golf courses, big holes in the ground, and lots of drunk college kids to complain about.

NEVADA Nothing beats the heat like paying hookers to shovel cocaine out of each other's asses with $5,000 casino chips. Speaking of heat, lucky residents have a guaranteed ticket straight to hell!

11 BATTLE OF THE SKI ACCIDENT STATES



COLORADO Mountains are great, but Denver is a sprawling, hideous suburb. Could it be the thin, mile-high air that causes people to live in the city? Naw—they're just douchebags.

WYOMING There's nothing to do but rustle cattle and freeze to death. To represent this noble way of "life," license plates feature Old Steamboat, a horse no man could break. The result? Glue.

12 BATTLE OF THE DEGENERATE STATES



FLORIDA Now that Orlando no longer spooges out boy bands, the biggest dangers are gators, drug lords, and lightning—the state gets struck more than any other. Even *God* hates Florida!

LOUISIANA Unless you like tainted gumbo and voodoo murders, there's no reason to go anywhere but New Orleans, a city whose debauchery claimed the lives of three of our editors. R.I.P., boys.

13 BATTLE OF THE SUBURB STATES



NEW JERSEY The good news? New Jersey is number one! The bad news? It's number one in toxic waste dumps and population density—1,164 hairy-backed guidos per square mile.

CONNECTICUT Imagine *Leave It to Beaver*, only Beaver's a heroin addict, Wally's a gay hustler to cover gambling debts, Ward's banging strippers, and June's popping Xanax like popcorn.

14 BATTLE OF THE ALMOST-CANADA STATES

(Runners-up: Maine, Massachusetts)



VERMONT Here's a little-known fact: Every single resident of Vermont—other than the occasional borderline psychotic with ill-fated presidential ambitions—is a big ol' lesbian.

NEW HAMPSHIRE The best thing about this *98.2 percent* Caucasian enclave is its LIVE FREE OR DIE license plates. The most ironic thing is that the plates are made by prisoners in Concord.

15 BATTLE OF THE BLACK LUNG STATES



VIRGINIA It's the birthplace of eight presidents, yet *still* a backwater. At least visitors can tour colonial Williamsburg and see life the way it was in the 1700s—*sans* smallpox epidemic.

WEST VIRGINIA It's located in the spooky heart of Appalachia, so you'd be hard-pressed to find a greater concentration of sparsely toothed mountain men. But why would you want to?

16 BATTLE OF THE COWPOKE STATES



TEXAS The Barry Bonds of states, Texas was its own petulant nation until it joined the union in 1845. Even then it insisted on flying its flag at the same height as Old Glory. The no-good varmints!

OKLAHOMA After much exhaustive research, we found that it inspired the musical *Oklahoma!* It's also home to the World Championship of Cow Chip Throwing. And those are the *highlights*.

THE SEMIFINALISTS! ▶▶

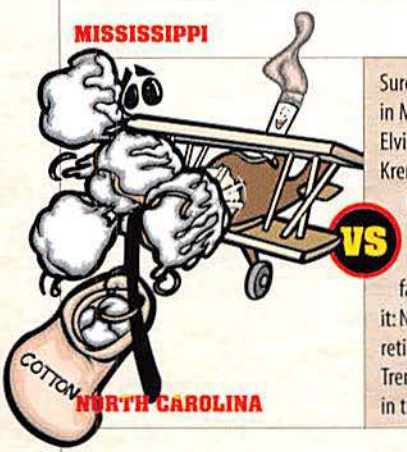
HAWAII



WISCONSIN

The tropical paradise thinks it's all that and a bag of poi, but a bunch of tubby hula dancers just can't compete with divine intervention. Yes, Brett Favre's dead father descends from heaven and guides Wisconsin to the win.

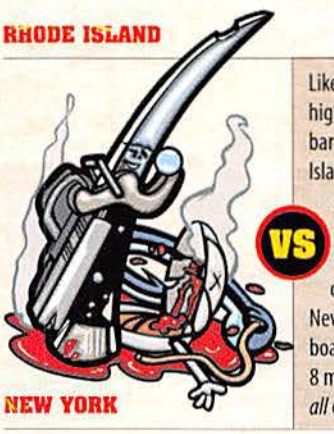
MISSISSIPPI



NORTH CAROLINA

Sure, Elvis was born in Mississippi, but Elvis-killing Krispy Kreme donuts originated in North Carolina. In the end, it's the bigot factor that decides it: N.C.'s Jesse Helms retired in 2002, while Trent Lott remains in the Senate.

RHODE ISLAND



NEW YORK

Like a drunk, crotch-high midget in a bar brawl, Rhode Island puts up a good fight. Still, the wee state is simply overwhelmed, as New York City alone boasts more than 8 million people—*all* of them armed.

WASHINGTON



MONTANA

Montana shares its moniker with a badass drug lord—eat that, *mang*!—but Washington is the only state named after a U.S. president. Plus, George did something Tony never did: de-nut the British empire.

WISCONSIN



NORTH CAROLINA

Ever seen millions of hicks try to eviscerate each other with rusty pitchforks and broken milk bottles? It's *awesome*. But while hapless North Carolina lost more Confederate troops than any other Civil War state, Wisconsin boasts serial killers Ed Gein and Jeffrey Dahmer.

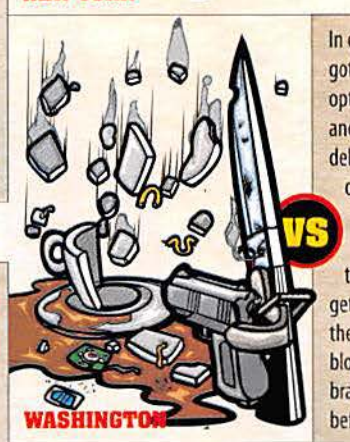
FINALIST

NEW YORK



It's taken stamina to get this far, and that's a problem for chubby Wisconsinites who subsist on lard-based diets. New Yorkers, however, stay frosty by smoking *ultralight* cigarettes during yoga and sprinkling blow on their bagels.

NEW YORK



WASHINGTON

In one corner, we've got Abib, the shower-optional cab driver, and Ming, the speedy delivery guy. In the other corner, we've got Chad, the college dropout who thinks adults "don't get it," and Sunshine, the pot-smoking blonde who protests braless. It's over before the bell rings.

WISCONSIN



NEW YORK



THE CHAMPIONSHIP!

THE MATCHUP WE'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR: CITIFIED ASSHOLES VS. *LES* HILLBILLIES. IN THE END, GATORS BEAT RATS, BOURBON ST. BEATS WALL ST., AND VOODOO BEATS DONALD TRUMP'S HAIR. LOUISIANA WINS—NOW SHOW US YOUR TITS!

NEW YORK





LOUISIANA

They're equally good places to spy nip, but what about getting shitfaced? In Nevada, if you lose the kids' college fund, an ex-hooker *might* bring you a watery scotch. In Louisiana, you can buy a $2 vagina-shaped jug of hurricane and get lit in the gutter. U.S.A.!

NEVADA



LOUISIANA

PENNSYLVANIA

Nevada's top two industries are gambling and tourism. That's PR speak for "strippers and hookers." Pennsylvania, on the other hand, has a bunch of stuff that was sorta cool 200 years ago. It's not even a fair fight.



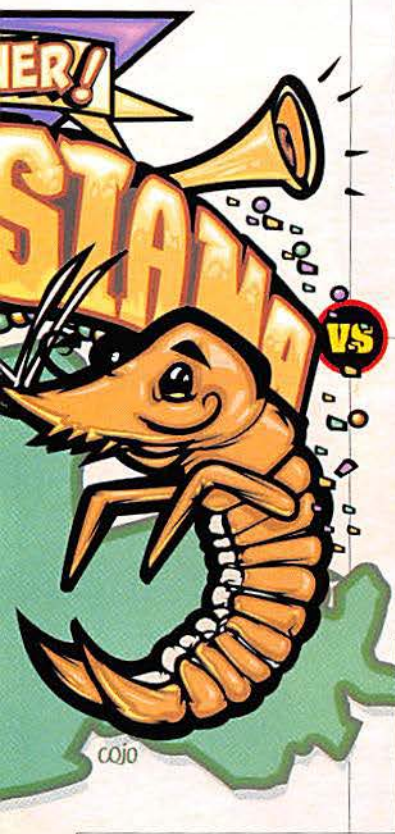
NEVADA

COLORADO

One has Mardi Gras, when drunk college girls bare their peach fuzz 'n' nubs to horny middle-aged guys with camcorders. Colorado has... winter, when girls in puffy coats watch you plow into trees at highway speeds. Guess the winner!



LOUISIANA



VIRGINIA

Do we as Americans endorse public intoxication, tricked-out fan boats, and cousin-fucking? Or do we prefer powdered wigs, powder-snorting politicians, and cousin-fucking? As true patriots, we must follow our hearts.

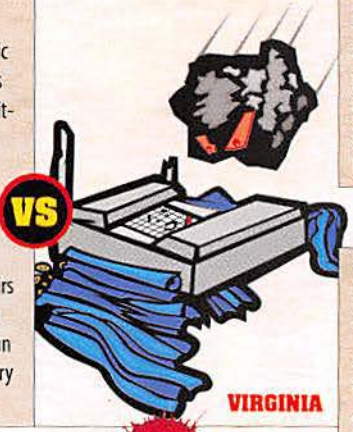
FINALIST

LOUISIANA



NEW HAMPSHIRE

Both states have long, proud, patriotic histories—and lots of annoying know-it-alls who'll talk your ear off about it. They also both have mountains, but while New Englanders use theirs for skiing, visionary Virginians created an oasis of moonshinery and city-boy rapes.



VIRGINIA

NEW JERSEY

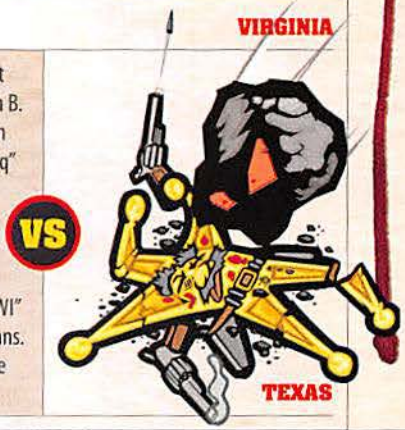
People have a poor opinion of Jersey: the jobless pit of misery sung about by Bruce Springsteen, the den of vice in *The Sopranos*, the suburban sprawl populated by fat idiots depicted in all Kevin Smith movies. In reality, it's worse.



NEW HAMPSHIRE

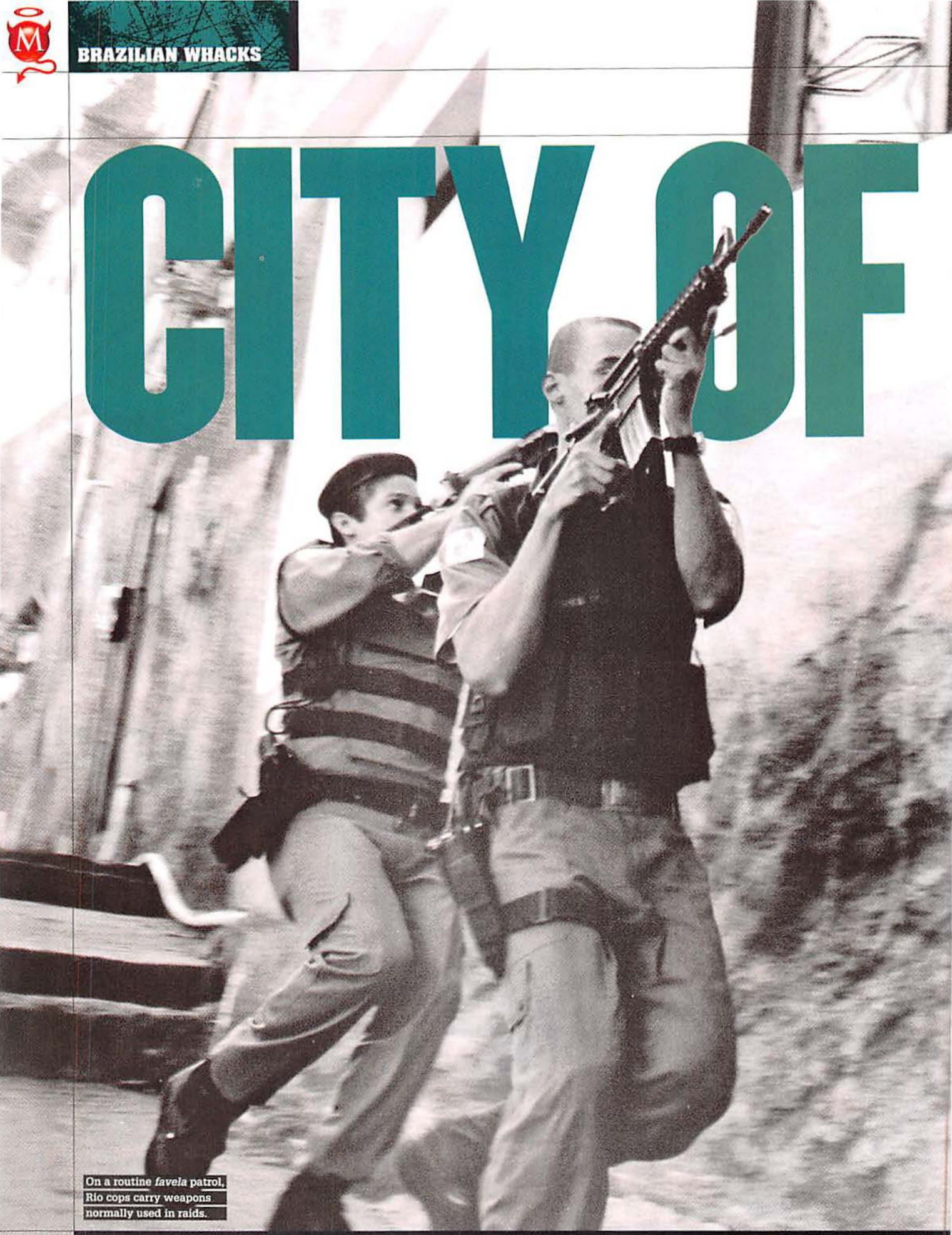
VIRGINIA

This one's all about leadership: Lyndon B. "Vietnam" Johnson and George W. "Iraq" Bush are Texans, while George "Revolutionary War" Washington and Woodrow "WWI" Wilson are Virginians. Hey, Americans like *victories*, fellas.



TEXAS

CITY OF



On a routine *favela* patrol, Rio cops carry weapons normally used in raids.

BY JONATHAN FRANKLIN AND SAM LOGAN PHOTOGRAPHS BY MORTEN ANDERSEN

DEATH



One of the many victims of Rio's drug war

Maxim rides shotgun with the cops in Rio de Janeiro, where the murder rate is higher than in most war zones.

We walk with guns drawn, fingers just off triggers, M-16s in combat-ready position. The policeman in front has so many 30-bullet cartridges across his chest it's a wonder he can stand. Other officers carry pistols on their thighs, armpits, and waists. Along with his rifle, the cop behind us is packing slings of cartridges, two pistols, a 16-inch knife, and a few other surprises... just in case. Welcome to life on the street as a beat cop in one of the Western Hemisphere's most dangerous neighborhoods. ▶



Casualties of a drug war: Gawkers stand by the corpses of victims of an all-night firefight. A total of 11 bodies were found the next morning. Right: Rio cops detain suspects after raiding a favela for drugs. Far right, from top: Shell casings from a gang battle; a Rio cop on a routine patrol.

***Maxim* is on duty** with officers of the Special Areas Policing Group in the Cantagallo district of Rio, one of the 800 *favelas*, or shantytowns, that cling to Rio's hillsides. It's just a routine foot patrol for Commander Marco Aurelio Santos and his men, but with more than half of all patrols ending in shootouts, that doesn't necessarily mean they're going to get through it alive.

"What weapons do the gangs have that really worry you?" we ask Santos, thinking he'll say Uzis.

"The bazooka," he replies.

In the past decade, Brazil's role in the international cocaine trade has evolved from a way point between Colombia and Europe to the second-largest consumer market in the Western Hemisphere, and the Carnival city of Rio is its cocaine capital (think Medellin, Colombia during the '80s and '90s). Two main gangs are battling for control of Rio's drug trade—the Red Command and the Third Command—and it's a fight that claims more lives than most of the world's current conflicts. Between 1988 and 2001, 3,937 teenagers under the age of 18 were murdered in Rio. During that same period, the figure for Palestine's West Bank and surrounding areas was 467 teenagers. Locals now refer to it as simply *A Guerra do Rio*—the War of Rio.

"It's like Vietnam," says Antonio Rangel, an arms control campaigner who works for an antiviolence group called Viva Rio. "At first Rio was just a passageway on the route to Europe; now it's a market for cocaine. People come here to have fun—think of Carnival. Rio is a very hedonistic city."

Sixteen people are being killed in the war every day, almost within a stone's throw of the city's famous Ipanema and Copacabana beaches. It is into this slaughterhouse that we're walking, wearing nothing but bulletproof vests. They're fine against a cheap pistol, but not much use against the state-of-the-art weaponry Rio gangsters can buy with a few dozen grams of cocaine.

Cautiously, then, we enter the favela.

ISLANDS OF FEAR

One fifth of Rio's population—a million people—live in the favelas. With little or no permanent police presence within these areas, they are completely ruled by the drug gangs. Schools, garbage services, security—even late-night pharmacy runs for baby medicine—are all controlled by narco-traffickers. Our mission is to penetrate deep into the heart of this territory as part of a whole new strategy: to conduct regular community patrols and control access points to the favelas. Ultimately, we're there because other, less-consistent approaches have failed. The good guys are losing the drug war.

Yet Santos and his squad look more alert than afraid. The commander wears his usual easy-smile-and-sunglasses combination, but he's never less than 100 percent focused. At the station he keeps a semiautomatic pistol loaded and close—usually sitting just to the left of his desk so he can sign papers and grab it in less than a second. Out on patrol, though, not one of his men is wearing a helmet. Several smoke while their fingers rest on the triggers of their rifles, and all walk with the distinctive macho strut of the Brazilian male. They talk casually of a colleague who was hit by 16 bullets and lived. They call him RoboCop.

Meanwhile, *Maxim*'s thinking about Tim Lopes, the Brazilian reporter who dared investigate allegations of child prostitution at parties for higher echelons of the drug trade. While filming, he was captured, tortured with a samurai sword, then dismembered and set on fire.

Leaving the abandoned hotel where we started our patrol, we descend into a maze of narrow streets and alleys. The passages are no more than six feet wide, and they're crowded with mothers, babies, girls washing clothes by hand, boys running around—and, suddenly, with us and our M-16s, combat knives, and tear gas bombs.

If the civilians look innocent, it is deceptive. Small children known as *fogueteiros* warn dealers that the patrol is coming by igniting bottle rockets or setting off firecrackers to signal the traffickers to hide—or attack. It is estimated that there are as many as 10,000 armed soldiers working for Rio's drug syndicates, and many are children.

Now and then we pass walls pockmarked with bullet holes. This, says one of the officers, is good news. "It shows that these traffickers don't know how to fire their weapons," he tells us, going on to describe the intricacies of the fully automatic AR-15s, high-powered sniper rifles, and grenade launchers used by the bad guys. Indeed, a common cause of death is the *bala perdida*—lost bullet—where a shot fired on one of Rio's hills misses its target but takes an innocent life 6,000 feet below.

"At night the sky is lit by special ammo," says Santos, referring to the tracer rounds that show the paths of bullets and the random way in which they're shot. The violence doesn't stop for darkness. "The dealers have night vision equipment," Marcello Itagiba, Rio's subsecretary of public defense and Santos' boss, later explains.

DEADLY ARSENAL

As we patrol, the three cops at the rear walk backward to discourage ambush. When we turn a corner, the men at the front put their guns around the corner first, then slide out behind them. Others on the patrol are detailed to look for snipers. Each time a bottle crunches under a combat boot, fingers brush triggers. Every corner has a dozen ambush points, and once a shootout begins, it can last for hours.

But don't the police have heavier firepower? Heavy weaponry? Helicopters? "The traffickers are the ones with the heavy weaponry," says Itagiba. "They can shoot our helicopters down."

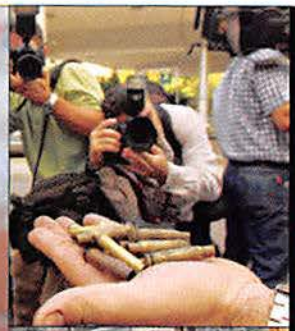
Later one of Santos' men takes us to a secret warehouse where they keep confiscated weapons. Security is practically nonexistent: a couple of sleepy guards and few locks or barriers. Inside is what seems like more guns than in all of Hollywood's movies put together.

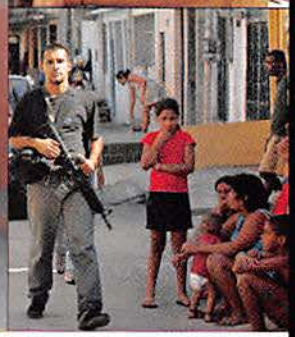
There is no order, just a chaos of destructive power.

CRIME LINE

> JULY 1993
Gunmen attack a group of street children sleeping near the Candelaria Cathedral in downtown Rio. They shoot five dead on the spot and take others away to be executed later. Survivors immediately identify their assailants as members of the military police's 5th Battalion.







> AUG. 1993
A group of heavily armed men believed to be connected to the military police invade and attack the poor community of Vigario Geral on the outskirts of Rio. During a bloody battle with multiple gunmen, an entire neighborhood is destroyed and 21 people are killed.

> JUNE 2000
Sandro do Nascimento, a survivor from the Candelaria massacre, hijacks a bus and holds the entire nation hostage as the drama unfolds live on TV. When a shabbily organized SWAT team attacks, Nascimento and one hostage die in a tragedy now immortalized in the film *Bus 174*.

On shelves that make the place look like a museum annex, machine guns are stacked like firewood. Bazookas spill out of cupboards. We step on machine pistols, afraid that a bullet will explode and ricochet around until it hits a soft target—maybe us. It smells of dirt and dust and death.

"How many guns are there here?" we ask.

"About 65,000," says our guide. "Around 40,000 pistols, 10,000 rifles, 15,000 miscellaneous."

It is the miscellaneous we examine; thousands of bloody knives sealed in plastic bags, God knows what festering on their blades. We look at the far wall and see hundreds of plastic bags in piles, each with dozens of knives, skewers, pruning shears, and even the blue handle of a toothbrush shaved into a deadly shank. It's a collection of the most varied, lethal, and bizarre weapons ever created. A small pistol that fires arrows hangs from the wall. Each weapon has a reference number that, traced back to real life, involves a crime—often deadly.

Getting the guns is easy. Open air gun markets are now available in Rio de Janeiro. They're basically card tables set up in alleyways inside the tough favelas, and customers can find pistols from $12 to $25. Those looking for more serious hardware can arrange for private meetings to buy AK-47s. Patrons are allowed to browse the stalls, handling and choosing their weapons. When they want to try a gun, they simply point skyward and fire. The *bala perdida* lands somewhere in Rio.

Guns are so prolific in Rio, one guard tells us, that the police store them at the warehouse until they have a batch numbering in the tens of thousands. Then, in a big public demonstration, they lay the weapons in huge piles on the street and run a tractor over them or melt them in a bonfire.

"Is it true that 700 people a month are killed by guns in Rio?" we ask.

"That is so typical of journalists. What an exaggeration! At most it is 550," says the guard.

TURF WARS

Back on patrol, we pass more narrow, winding alleys, more children, dogs, roosters. Soon we're in a street barely three feet across, thick with palm trees. Caged parrots hang off telephone poles, and bands of squirrel-size monkeys live in the fig trees. From the roofs, we get dark looks from shirtless residents who stop eating their breakfasts to stand and stare down at us. Samba music blasts from ▶



Federal police escort Seaside Freddy to court

DROP DEAD FREDDY

Meet the man who's made Brazil his blow whore.

"Seaside Freddy" sounds like just the kind of soft-core alias that gets a guy shanked in prison, but in Brazil no a.k.a. inspires greater dread. It belongs to Luiz Fernando da Costa, Rio de Janeiro's Pablo Escobar.

Da Costa, 37, started off as a street-corner drug dealer from Beira-Mar, or Seaside, and quickly rose to the top of the Red Command, Rio's largest drug gang. Not even a 1996 coke bust slowed his rise; he bribed a guard a reported $250,000, strolled out the prison's front gate, then fled to Paraguay. He traded weapons and cash with Colombian leftist guerrillas for blow and protection, until his small plane was shot down in Colombia in 2001. After being deported to Brazil, Freddy faced charges of murder and criminal association. He was sent to Bangu I Prison, an infamous lockup.

Prison was Freddy's best career move. On September 11, 2002, he took eight hostages in Bangu I and ordered four rival traffickers executed. He then raised a red flag from a watchtower to signify Red Command's dominance. Since then Freddy has supervised a $200 million drug empire via smuggled mobile phones, radios, and allegedly bribed guards.

Freddy loves his cell phone. After authorities took it away last year, his thugs took to Rio's streets waving AK-47s and tossing grenades. They closed businesses, orchestrated riots and bus bombings, and distributed manifestos depicting Freddy as a community benefactor, all just days before the city's famous Carnival. State officials have been playing hot potato with da Costa ever since, transferring him between jails to stifle his power. It hasn't worked.

Despite his viciousness (cops once intercepted a phone call in which he ordered the torture and killing of a computer technician who dated his ex), people in Beira-Mar harbor little ill will for Freddy, viewing him as a modern Robin Hood who pays the bills of the needy and gives medicine to the sick. Don't want Freddy's money? You can always take his bullet. —*Jane Dryer*









plywood huts. The air fills with the smell of urine.

The cops might as well be a foreign invasion force. When Brazil's military dictatorship ended 20 years ago, the new civilian government took a hands-off approach to the favelas in the name of social progressiveness. The neighborhoods became islands more or less independent from the Brazilian state, and the drug gangs filled the vacuum. Ironically, the favelas are exceptionally safe for residents, but step on the wrong toes and justice can be harsh. An accused rapist or thief, for example, doesn't get a trial. Instead, a drug leader is called in, hears the arguments, and may well order an execution right there in the street.

In one case the police managed to flip an insider, Venicio, who began selling them information. Once the local drug lord learned of the treachery, he put a price on the informant's head.

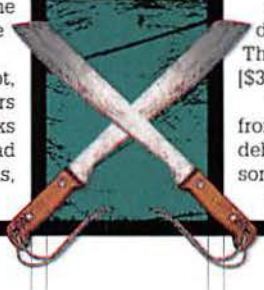
"Within a day he was found in the street with one bullet through the ear and two more through the chest," claims another informant from the same favela where Venicio lived. The informant sees cops raid his favela all the time, hears automatic gunfire almost every night, and has seen his fair share of body bags loaded into ambulances that wait at the bottom of the hill. Even medics dare not enter the favela. In one favela an illegal cemetery was discovered with the graves of people who had met just such an end.

Maxim's photographer, Morten, tries to pass the commandos to photograph them with the favela in the background. Springing into action, they scream at him in Portuguese and hurl him back to his place behind the vanguard. They want nothing to distract them from the figures in the windows and rooflines. No shots come, but it's clear the memory of combat is fresh. Minutes later we see why.

We stop at a little police hut. The day is unusually hot, and we are all sweating profusely, yet no one considers removing his bulletproof vest. A tall, friendly man walks up, selling cupcakes from a colorful tray...and the squad quickly throw themselves into crouched "ready" positions, backs against the wall, machine guns raised.

> JUNE 2002

Tim Lopes, one of Brazil's top TV reporters, is kidnapped and tortured by a drug gang upset at his attempts to report on a child-prostitution ring. Small pieces of Lopes' body and blood are later found in hillside caves that gangs use to burn the bodies of victims—a practice so common that the caves are called "the microwave."



Mass destruction of weapons (top left and right): In Brazil's Carnival city, the public demolition of confiscated weapons has become a routine way for government officials to claim victory in the drug war. Middle: A Carnival dancer. Above right: A cop shows *Maxim* recent catches, including anti-armor weapons.

"Why?" we ask when the tension subsides a bit.

"There was a bloody shootout here," says Santos. "Lots of people killed." He points to a cluster of bullet holes—and tells us about the two-hour battle that took place. This one was two drug gangs killing each other for the second most valuable commodity in the cocaine trade: turf. Most of the favela battles occur over drug distribution points, street outlets known as *bocas do fuma*—mouths of smoke.

So what, exactly, do the police intend to do? Step up their attack with hundreds of thousands of more highly trained and heavily armed cops to conduct routine patrols and raids in the favelas.

Will it work? Not unless the police take an equally tough stance on corruption in their own force. Prison wardens, for instance, allow gangsters access to everything from laptops to lap dancers (one imprisoned drug lord, known as Seaside Freddy, recently coordinated a round of riots and bus burnings by mobile phone from his cell). And the cops outside of jail are even worse.

"Most of the guns taken by police in one favela are sold in the next," says Katia Lund, the Brazilian filmmaker who codirected last year's surprise cinema hit *City of God*. "An AK-47 is worth 5,000 reais [$1,700]."

And that's just part of the cycle. "The police arrest dealers and hold them to ransom. It happens all the time. The ransom varies from 50 reais [$17] to one million [$350,000]," Lund says.

"To get their boss released, the dealers borrow money from their friends to pay off the police, but now they're in debt. They use their guns, go into the streets, and kidnap someone or rob a bank."

Commander Santos and his team insist they have ▶


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Clockwise from top left: Police run for cover as locals protest the killing of an 11-year-old boy; a cop inspects the body of a victim of a gang shootout near Rio airport; a view of downtown Rio from a favela. Far right: A cop conducts a routine body search, with ample backup to cover him.

never seen police corruption, of course, but plenty will testify to its presence. When the Rio police stop a civilian, the entire conversation is an extended transaction. The cop needs money or food. If the driver has a large-denomination bill and the cop is generous, he may offer change or take a check. He may even be satisfied with a hot dog or a free lunch coupon, but with an average salary of only $200 a month, he must be paid. Then again, he could join the ranks of the gang soldiers, who typically make $1,000 a month.

In Rio the police plan as many assassinations as the dealers. Only when it is a full-on massacre do the newspapers bother to note the details, like the famous case of seven sleeping street children who were slaughtered in front of Rio's Candelaria Cathedral by a death squad allegedly made up of vigilante police officers. In 2003 police in Rio allegedly killed more than 900 civilians.

> FEB. 2003
Two days before Rio's famous Carnival, a cocaine cartel causes havoc to protest prison conditions. Thugs toss grenades and homemade bombs at beachfront condos, burn more than 30 city buses, and order shopkeepers to shut down.

There's no question that some members of the police steal and resell the finely grained Colombian cocaine they confiscate. And there's no question that they do sometimes shoot innocent children.

"The cops are scared," says Ruben Cesar Fernandes, director of the arms control charity Viva Rio. "And because of their fear, they shoot first and ask questions later." At the most, he says, two policemen a week are gunned down by armed adolescents. "And the kids respect policemen who come in shooting, not the ones who come in to talk."

BROKEN DREAMS

The sky opens up, and suddenly we're back at the abandoned hotel where we started. We rip off our vests; the soldiers stack their guns and breathe more easily. In Brazil's number one tourist destination, the derelict hotel is an ominous sign. If the violence continues, there will almost certainly be more of them.

And it's almost certain the violence will get worse. Even in the climate of renewed hope under the new president, Luiz Inácio Lula da Silva, actual change appears distant. Da Silva has placed hunger, education, employment, and trade above urban violence on the priority list; he believes crime will diminish if he tackles the other problems first, but it's a race against time and money. The drug gangs grow stronger every day, and Brazil's weak federalist government forces the states to provide their own security.

How bad could it get? Imagine the world's fifth most populous nation controlled entirely by drug lords. Brazil's drug gangs are allegedly already being trained by Angolan rebels, buying off politicians left and right, and deftly allying themselves with grass-roots social movements for the poor. Stopping the gangs in Rio alone means battling 10,000 armed men who control all the high ground above the city. The borders Brazil shares with 10 other countries—including the world's top cocaine producers—are among the most porous in the world.

Only a few weeks after our patrol, vigilante police killed four young men—all unarmed—outside a barbershop in a favela on the north side of town. A few months after that, a single drug trafficker battle went on for an epic 36 hours, resulting in 11 deaths. One of the victims was a 14-year-old boy. In all likelihood he was a combatant. His death, which hardly raised an eyebrow among police, brings to mind a sad saying among Rio cops: "The difference between a veteran policeman and a dead rookie is the split second it takes to think twice about killing a child." M

URBAN ASSAULT

Get lost in these 'hoods and you may end up a permanent resident.



HILLBROW (JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA)
In 2000 there were 4,873 murders in Johannesburg. Much of the fun occurs in a section of the city known as Hillbrow, where locals celebrate the new year by hurling refrigerators out of high-rise apartments onto the revelers below.



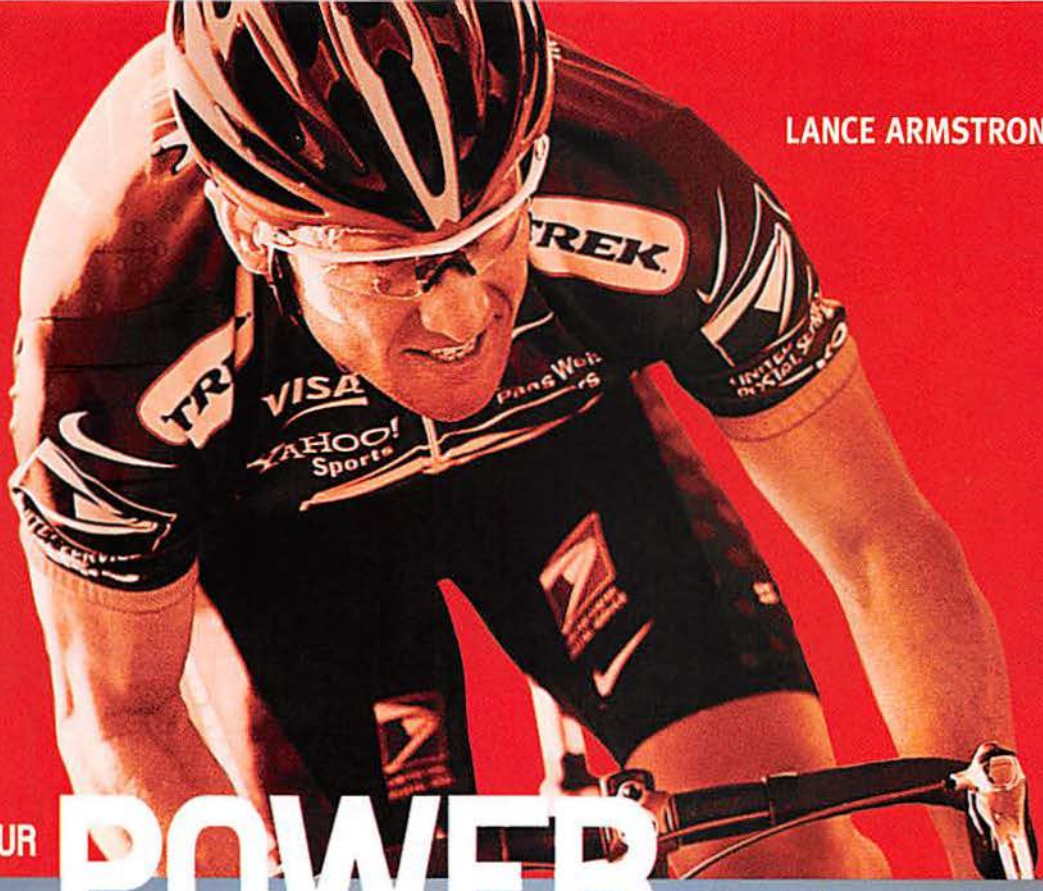
KUYUMBA (BUMFUCK, SIBERIA)
Think small towns are safe? Try living in Kuyumba, population 300. Since 1998 at least 24 people have been murdered by their vodka-swilling neighbors. Theoretically, in less than a century, reindeer could be the only ones left.



TRENCHTOWN (KINGSTON, JAMAICA)
Venture into the mean streets of Trenchtown and you may meet Jah sooner than you think. The epicenter of Jamaica's drug wars, it's primarily responsible for Kingston's having the world's third-highest murder rate.



COMUNA 13 (MEDELLIN, COLOMBIA)
More than 2,000 Medelliners got smoked a year during Pablo Escobar's time. Many still die in the ultraviolent Comuna 13 district. After Pablo died, rebels moved in; the army then took over so the blow wars could resume.



LANCE ARMSTRONG

"CONTROL YOUR **POWER** AND YOU'LL OWN THE ROAD."



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The Symmetrical All-Wheel Drive System inside every Subaru WRX combines the muscle of a 227-horsepower, turbocharged boxer engine with Subaru All-Wheel Drive for exceptional handling and control. And legendary, Rally-proven performance. The road doesn't stand a chance. **1-800-WANT-AWD.**

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SUBARU

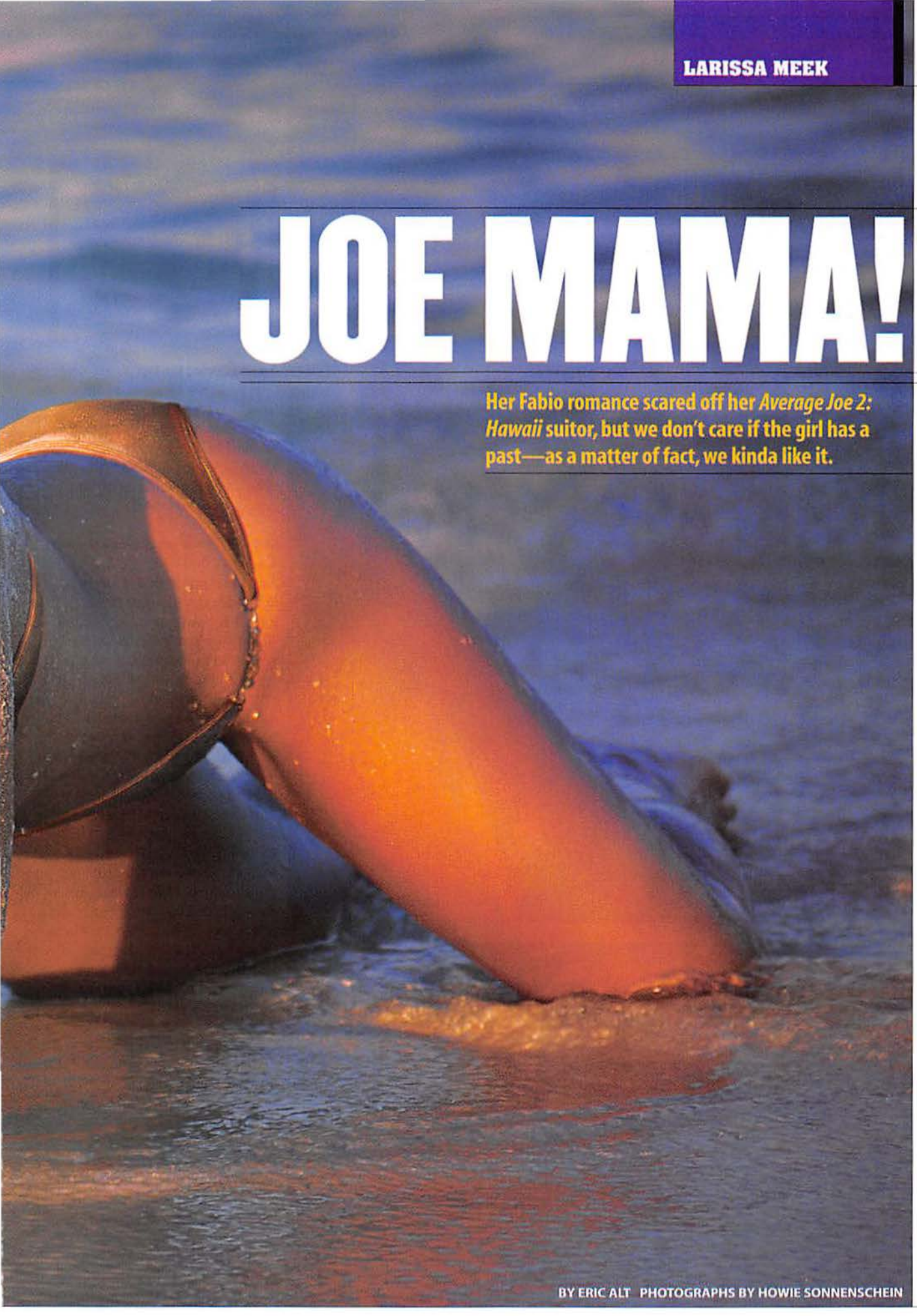
DRIVEN BY WHAT'S INSIDE™

The ABC's of Safety: **Air bags.** Buckle up. Children in backseat.



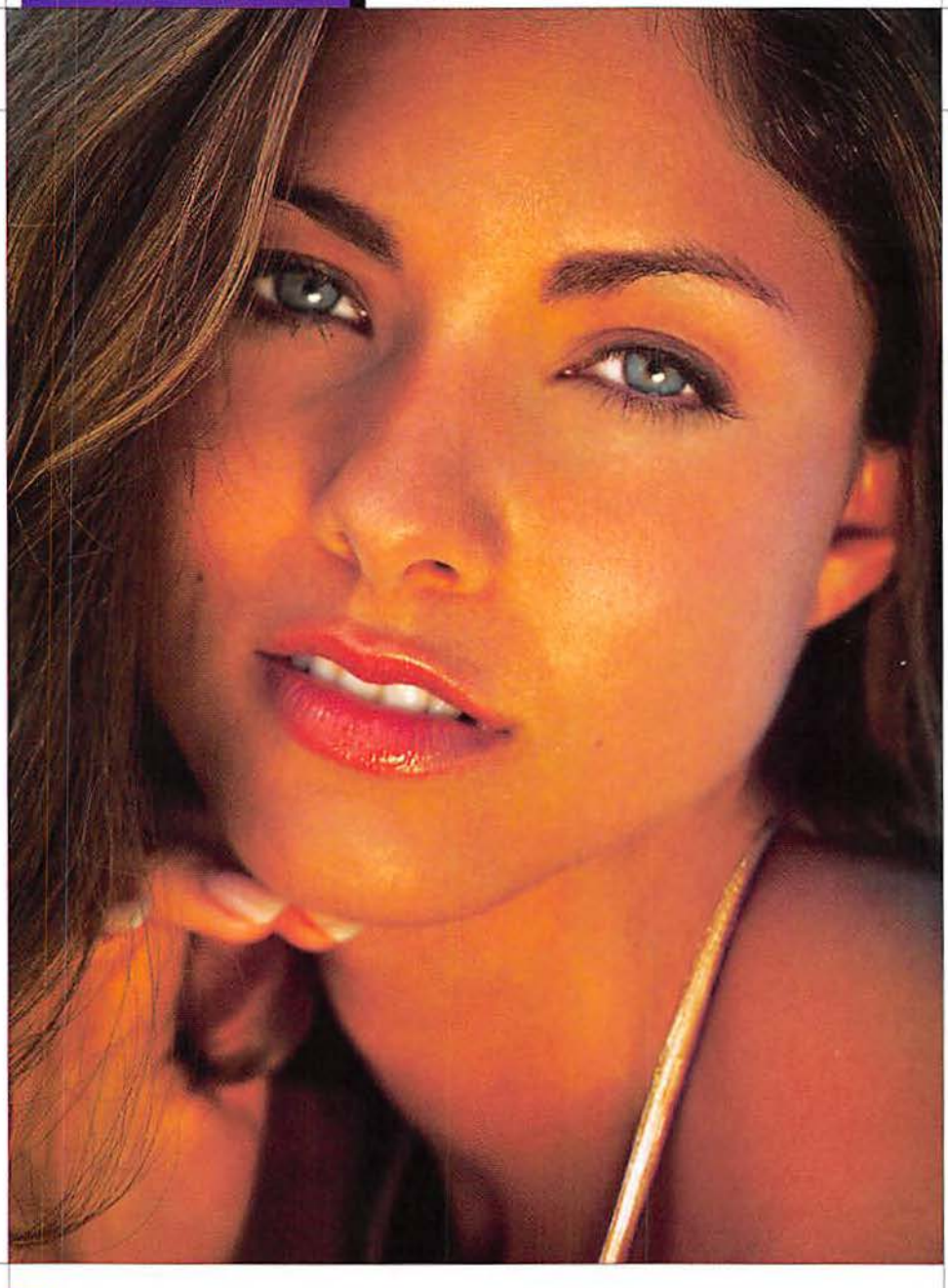
JOE MAMA!

Her Fabio romance scared off her *Average Joe 2: Hawaii* suitor, but we don't care if the girl has a past—as a matter of fact, we kinda like it.



BY ERIC ALT PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOWIE SONNENSCHEIN

LARISSA MEEK





Her ex
"OK, he hasn't changed his hair in a long time, but Fabio takes himself lightly. He's a good guy."

Overshadowing the fact that she chose pretty boy Gil over average shlub Brian, Larissa Meek's dark secret—that she once dated overbuff wookie Fabio—was the real surprise of the *Average Joe 2: Hawaii* finale. But this former Miss Missouri and bikini.com model is ready to prove that she still has a few surprises up her sleeve.

So how did a nice girl like you end up on a reality-TV show?
Well, I started out competing in pageants in high school and eventually placed fourth at Miss USA. But I was gone so long competing that I missed a lot of work at my old job and they decided they didn't need me anymore. There aren't a whole lot of 3-D animator jobs in St. Louis, so I moved to L.A.

Hold up—you were a *3-D animator*?
Yeah. Growing up I had asthma, so I wasn't very active. I just watched cartoons and grew to love animation. I discovered I had a talent for art, so I studied 3-D animation in college. When I walked into class, all these guys were like, "Can I help you?" *[laughs]*

We have to ask: Did Fabio wear a lot of pirate shirts when you dated him?
No! People definitely have a strong perception of him, and I think that's why Gil freaked out. I think people judge Fabio unfairly. He's a humble, surprisingly down-to-earth person.

Since the show must've made you a dating expert, do you have any advice?
The most attractive thing about a guy is not his looks but his confidence. Don't be afraid to go up to a girl. Be a gentleman. Don't treat her like a piece of meat, but approach her. The worst she can do is say no.

So what's next for you? Maybe a job on *Finding Nemo 2*?
I haven't kept up with animation software. I need a mentor to show me the ropes.

A lonely computer expert willing to tutor a gorgeous bikini model? Where are you going to find one of *those*? M

THE MAXIM LOUNGE
See more exclusive photos of Larissa at **maximonline.com.**

★ DATING GAME

WAY BELOW AVERAGE JOE

Chubby? Balding? That's nothing! We suggest the makers of* Average Joe *take it to the next ugly level.



Charles, 70
Watch out for ol' Chuckie—he's a lady-killer! No, really. He may be paroled sometime in the next century.



Ghyslain, 16
Beneath that chubby, *Star Wars*–emulating exterior beats the heart of a tender poet. He's looking for his Princess Leia.



Nick, 63
Nick is the life of any party! You just have to watch out that he doesn't try to slip any GHB into . . . his *own* drink.



Dudley, 19
Nose-picking Dudley isn't much for hygiene, but this *Nerd* is always willing to help lost exchange students.



Quasimodo, 32
OK, so he's not a looker, but he has a steady union job ringing bells, and he's a regular churchgoer.

OTHERS PROMISE RIPPED ABS,
RIPPED FUEL DELIVERS IN 4 WEEKS FLAT.*



THE PROOF IS IN THE PATENT.



TWINLAB

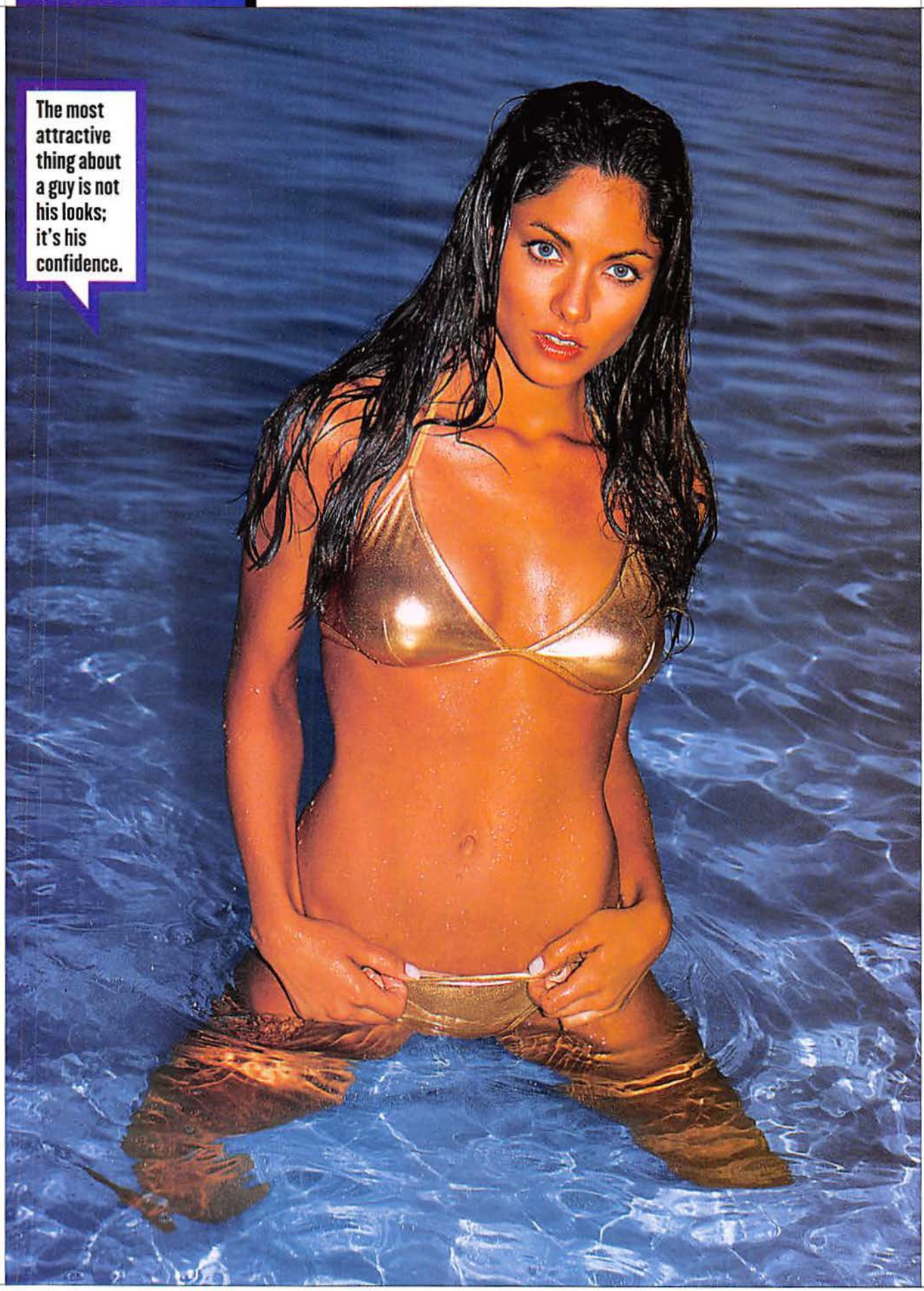
THE SCIENCE BEHIND THE SIZE

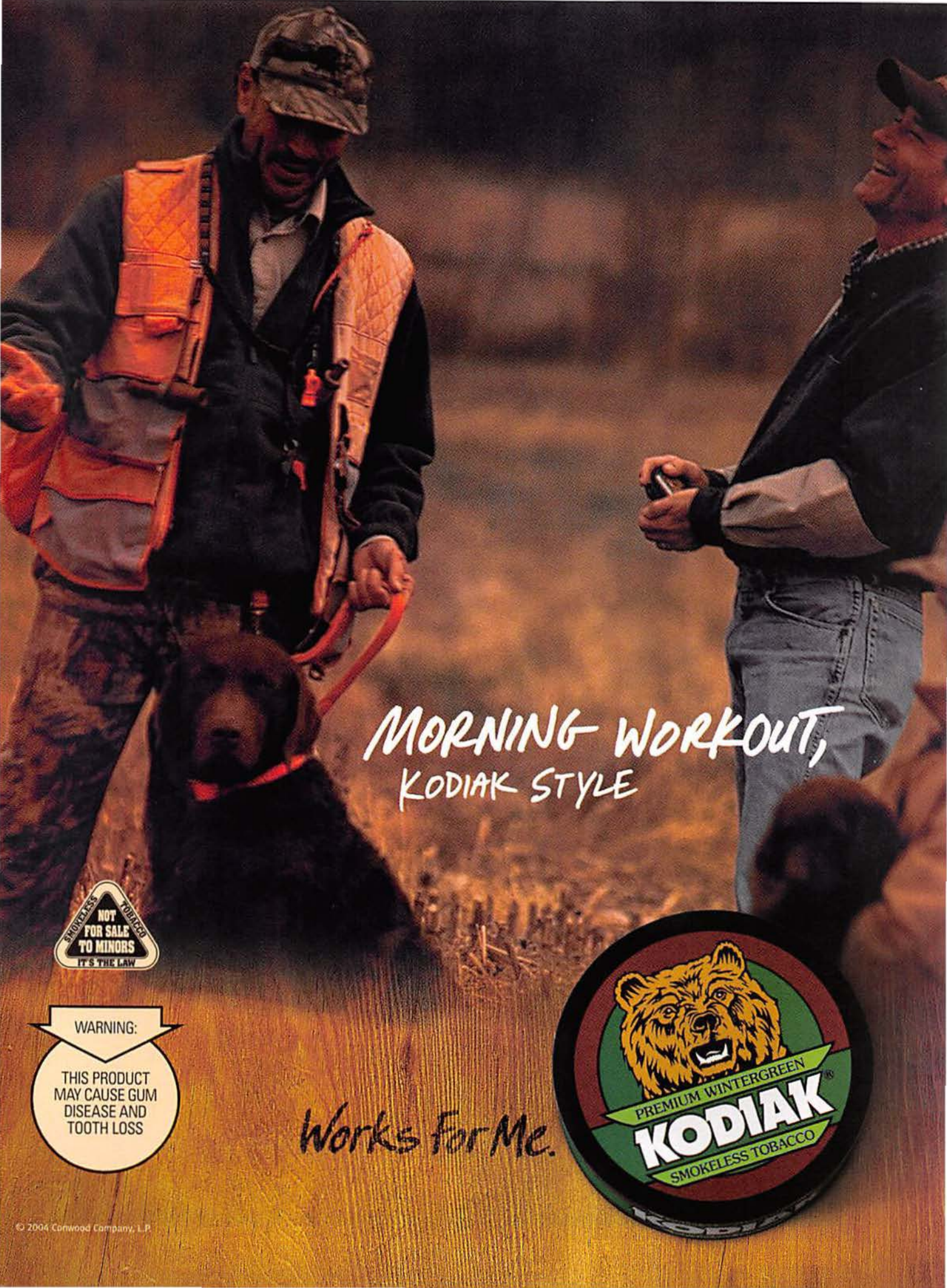


AVAILABLE AT GNC VITAMIN WORLD The Vitamin Shoppe

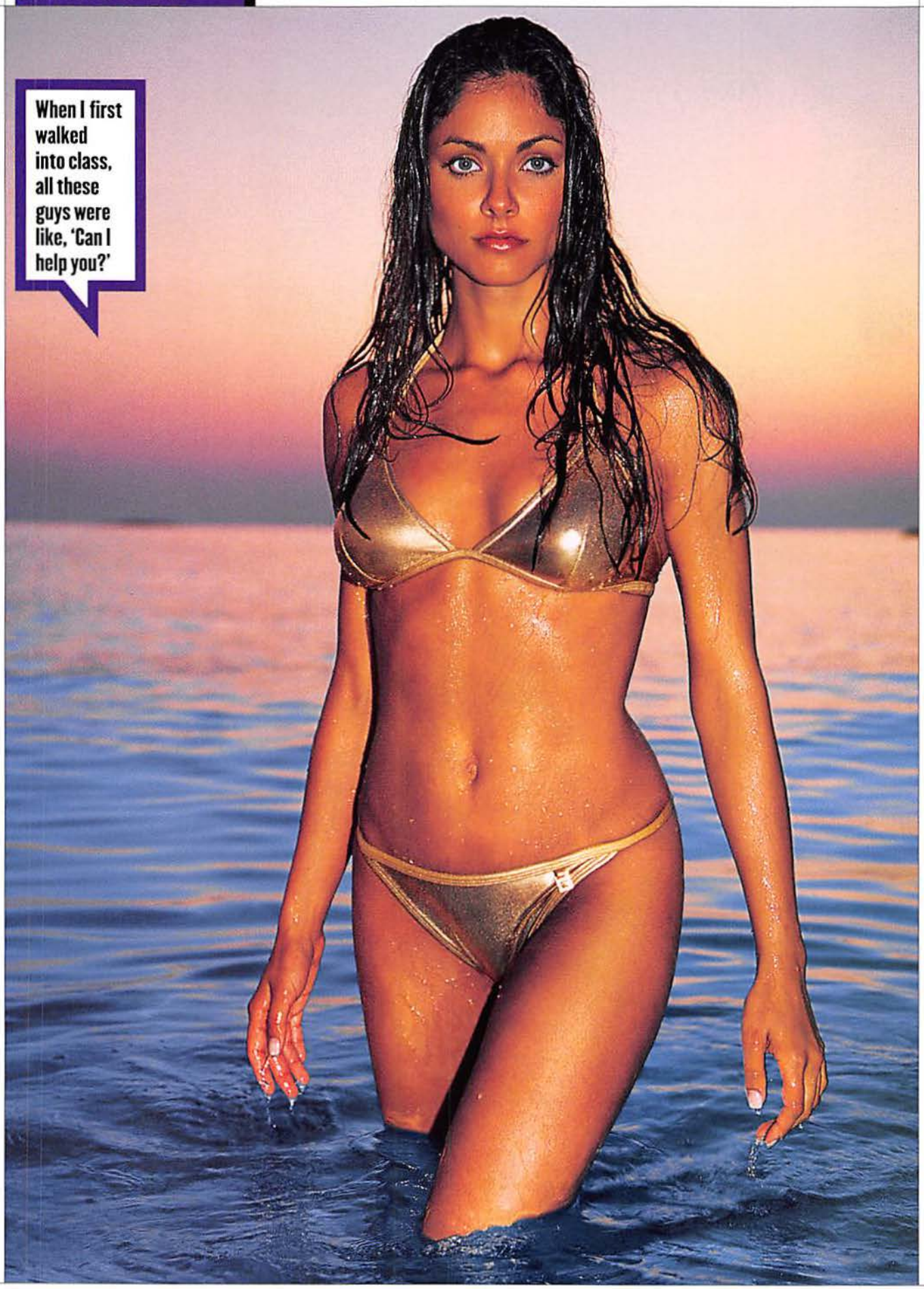
AND ALL MAJOR RETAIL STORES.

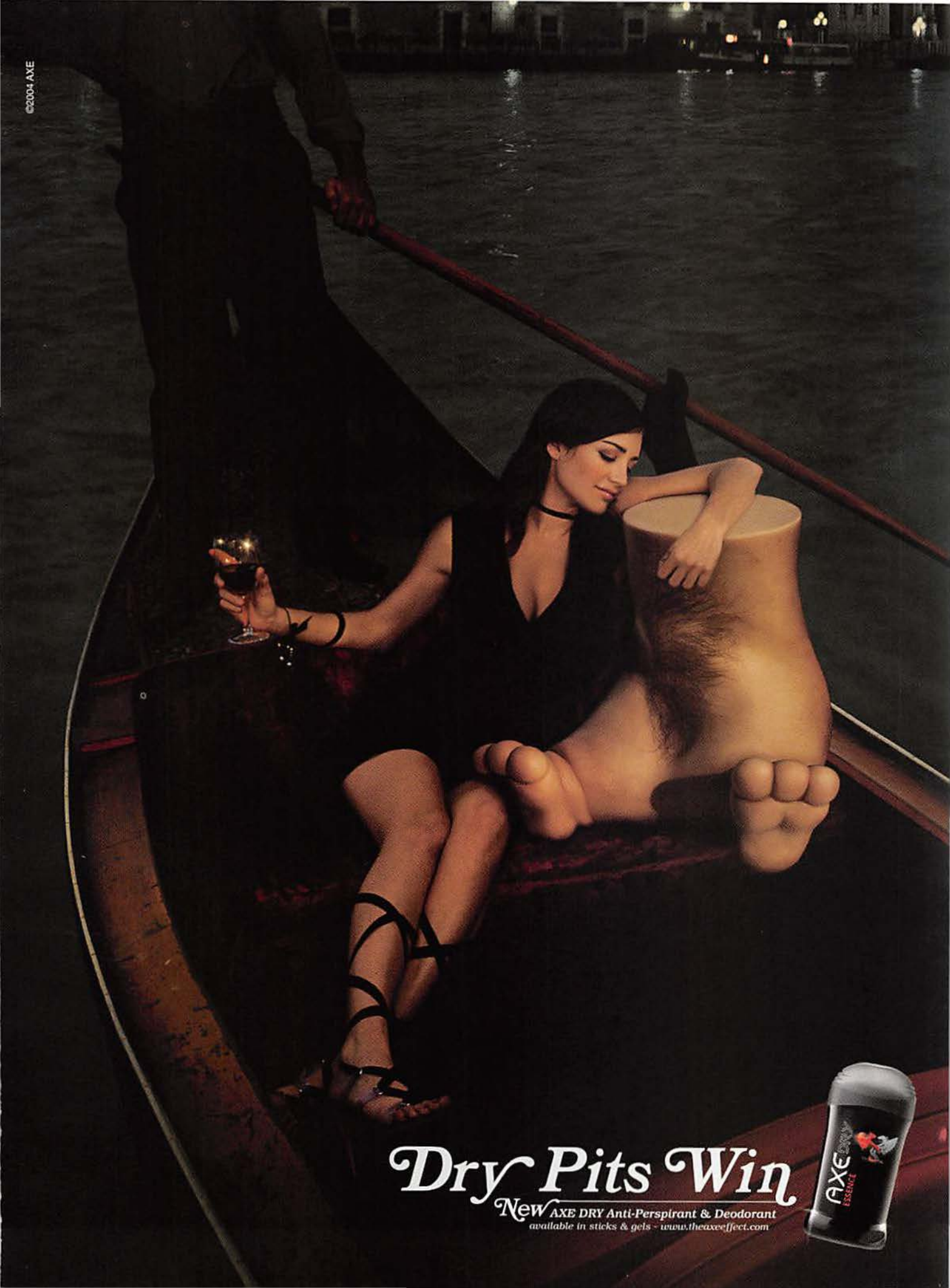
*Results not typical. Individual results will vary. Results achieved when used in conjunction with a calorie-restricted diet and exercise program. These statements have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease. Read the product label for warnings and follow directions as indicated prior to use.


The most attractive thing about a guy is not his looks; it's his confidence.



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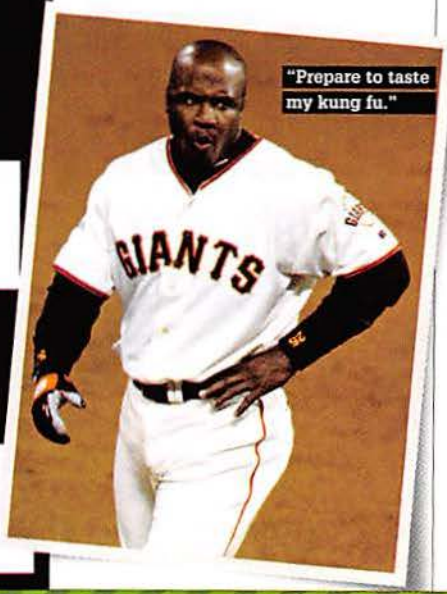

When I first walked into class, all these guys were like, 'Can I help you?'


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New AXE DRY Anti-Perspirant & Deodorant
available in sticks & gels ~ www.theaxeeffect.com
AXE
ESSENCE



"Hey, doc. Does this look infected?"

FOUL BALL



With steroid scandals, corrupt owners, and spoiled brat athletes demanding more and more millions, will America's national pastime ever be able to brush itself off? BY ALEX STRAUS, JOHN BACON, AND DIANE HILL



Baseball. It's more quintessentially American than Mom, apple pie, or selling cutting-edge weapons to corrupt dictators (oops!). No other sport has the same rich history, the same American never-say-die spirit, or the same unexplainable mystique that has inspired hundreds of books and movies.

But our national pastime is in serious trouble. In a world where nightly news reports detail rampant corporate greed, stock market cheating, and sweetheart Halliburton deals reeking of institutionalized corruption, baseball's been getting its own black eye. Could it be that the greatest game on Earth is beginning to symbolize all that is wrong with the greatest nation on Earth?

These days it sounds like every player is hopped up on steroids, the commissioner's office looks sleazier than Michael Jackson driving an ice cream truck, and don't even get us started on the Damn Yankees and their new quarter-billion-dollar man. Despite the most exciting postseason ever, fans are still staying away in droves. The 2004 season opens with the sport itself at the plate with two outs in the bottom of the ninth, down by a run, with no rally monkey in sight.

But we at *Maxim* aren't willing to give up on the grand game that easily. So we fielded a team of All-Stars, superagents, league officials, and the world's leading baseball historians to try to fix the game before it goes down looking. Here's the pitch... ▶

PHOTOGRAPH BY DONALD MILLER

PITCHER PERFECT

ERIC GAGNE

The Cy Young closer with 55 saves in 55 games spouts off.



Gagne, sporting a fresh "Chingina"

You're a 6'2", 235-pound former hockey player. When was the last time a batter charged the mound?

Not since double-A. Someone hit a double off of me and started popping off in Spanish. I didn't understand anything he said, so I went high and tight on the next guy. Baseball fights are crazy—there are never enough umpires to stop everything, so you keep going until somebody's tired.

What's the craziest thing you've seen during a game?

We had a fight in Wrigley Field four years ago and Chad Kreuter jumped into the stands. There were 10,000 fans trying to hit everybody. When the fans come onto the field, they should get beaten. And when players go into the stands, I think *they* should get beaten.

As a pitcher, what do you think about Sammy Sosa's corked bat?

I give him the benefit of the doubt. I think he's a great guy, and I believe his story.

Have you ever mistakenly thrown a spitter or found a "practice" emery board in your glove?

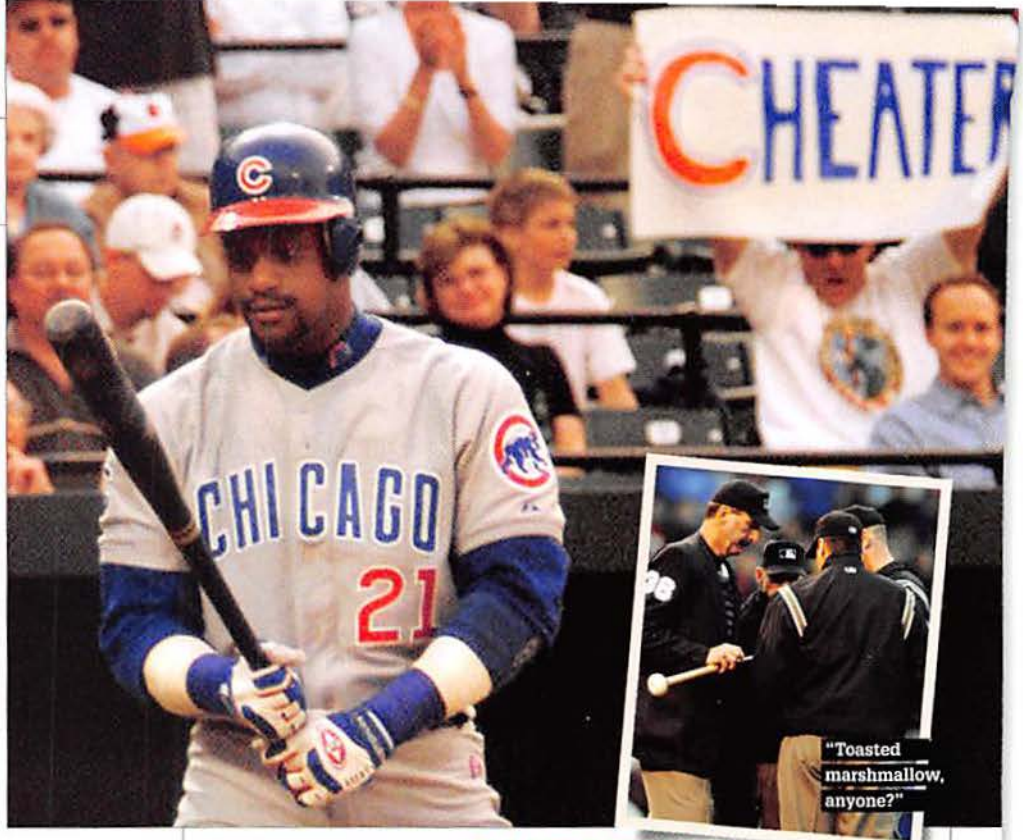
No. I don't even know how to throw a spitter. I probably need to learn that one, huh? Sometimes you get a scuffed ball, and even with a little scuff the ball moves. That's a little bit of cheating right there.

How do you feel about the enormous contracts guys are getting these days?

I love it.

Isn't it hurting the game?

Not really. The owners make a lot more money than we do. But it's hard for a fan to say, "I don't like that owner." They're always going to say, "I don't like Eric Gagne, Barry Bonds, whomever." It's easy for the owners to blame the players, but it goes both ways.



"Toasted marshmallow, anyone?"

STRIKE 1: CHEATING

If you ain't cheating, you ain't trying. But are players trying too hard?

Last summer the sports pages were dominated by Sammy Sosa and his 32-ounce wine bottle. But no one—the league, players, or fans—wins if half of Smilin' Sammy's bats turn up juiced. So it's not surprising that after confiscating and X-raying 76 of Sosa's bats, the league declared every single one of them clean.

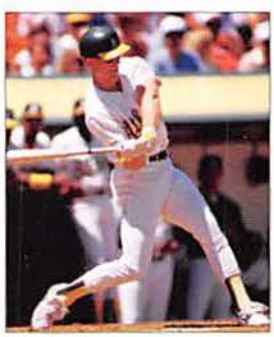
Besides, on-the-field cheating is a time-honored baseball tradition. Cooperstown celebrates more spitballers than a porn convention. Whitey Ford, Gaylord Perry, and Don Drysdale are all admitted cheaters. In 1999, Tigers pitcher Brian Moehler walked to the mound with everything but a Black & Decker sander taped to his thumb. His punishment? Time served, having had to play in Detroit.

Steroids, on the other track-marked hand, are no joke. They're a danger to the integrity of the game and the health of its players. And while the Major League Baseball Players Association may not be dealing, they *are* aiding and abetting. For the same reasons Steve Howe can snort his way through an entire career and Dock Ellis can pitch a no-hitter on acid, steroids have become today's version of chewing tobacco.

"The players union will never agree to random drug testing," MLBPA associate general counsel Gene Orza has said. "Never." Which explains why Mark McGwire didn't hide his bottle of androstenedione while muscling a then-record 70 home runs in 1998. Despite being banned by the NFL, NBA, NCAA, and United States Olympic Committee, andro is perfectly legal in baseball. And there still isn't a test for human growth hormones, despite the fact that Barry Bonds' head reportedly grew two full hat sizes in 2001 alone. Both Bonds and Gary Sheffield have been named by an unidentified source as steroid recipients, yet both remain untouchable, protected by their union. "I was





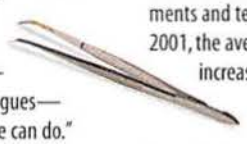




Battle of the bulk: Barry Bonds (top left: 1988, top right: 2003); Mark McGwire (bottom left: 1987, bottom right: 2000)

surprised," Sheffield said as the controversy broke. "But it's nothing to even worry about."

Sadly, he's right. Bonds and Sheffield even volunteered to be tested, knowing that the Players Association would never allow it. "The drug testing program has to be bargained for under the collective bargaining agreement," explains Bob DuPuy, the president and chief operating officer of Major League Baseball. "The commissioner put a zero tolerance policy on the table during the last negotiations—similar to that in the minor leagues—but the union restricts what we can do."



And that means even after five to seven percent of players tested came up positive for steroids last season, not a single name will be revealed or any disciplinary action taken.

"[Baseball's new testing policy] is an insult to the fight against doping in sport, an insult to the intelligence of the American public, and an insult to the game itself," Dick Pound, president of the World Anti-Doping Agency, has said. "It's a complete and utter joke." Here's how it works: Test positive for steroids, you get counseling and treatment. Test positive again, they give you a 15-day suspension *or* a fine of up to $10,000, and up it goes, until you test positive a *fifth* time, when baseball gets serious by handing out a one-year suspension *or* a fine of up to $100,000. Even the U.S. Senate is outraged. Sen. John McCain has threatened legislative action, and Sen. Joe Biden came out and said, "The union is wrong here." Yet athletes continue to make the rules.

"Doctors should quit worrying about what ballplayers are taking," Bonds has said. "What players take doesn't matter." But doctors *are* worried: Injuries are on the rise because players' muscles have grown too big for their ligaments and tendons to handle. From 1997 to 2001, the average stay on the disabled list increased 20 percent, costing owners $317 million in 2001 alone. That's on top of whatever long-term effects performance-enhancing drugs have on the history of the game. Records, particularly power records, are falling faster than the Bush twins at an open bar.

What can baseball do? Well, it doesn't have to reinvent the wheel. The owners need to do what every other professional sport has done: play hardball. Demand a testing policy that's half as tough as the NFL's, NBA's, or USOC's, and dare players to strike for their right to inject steroids.

Unfortunately, the problem has already engulfed so many of the game's biggest stars that cracking the whip could be devastating. It's tough for the union to have balls on this issue if half its members' sacks have shrunk so much already. ▶

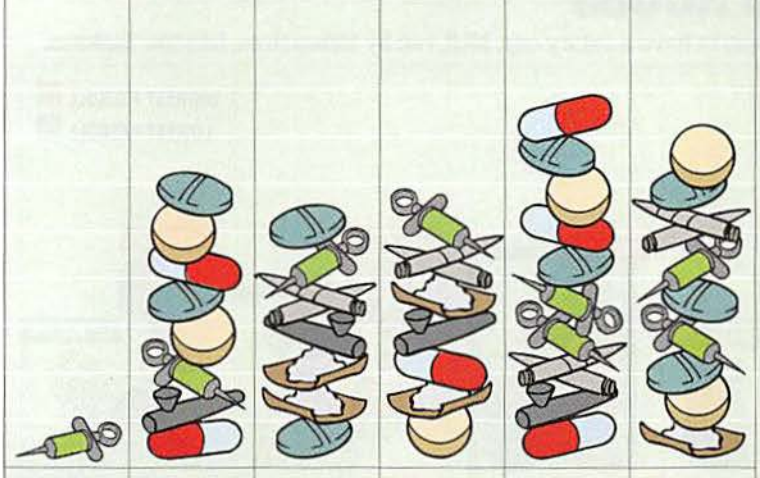


Barry Bonds' head reportedly grew two full hat sizes in 2001 alone.

TESTING 1, 2, 3

DON'T ASK, DON'T CARE

Maybe someday baseball will make a serious effort to curtail the habits of its legions of drug-abusing players. But not today...



MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL | MAJOR LEAGUE SOCCER | NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE | NATIONAL BASKETBALL ASSOCIATION | U.S. OLYMPIC TEAMS | NATIONAL COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

DRUGS TESTED FOR BY SPORT

MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL
Steroids (sort of)

MAJOR LEAGUE SOCCER
Stimulants, narcotics, anabolic agents, diuretics, peptide hormones, mimetics and analogues, agents with anti-oestrogenic activity, masking agents

NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE
Ephedrine, cocaine, PCP, opiates, marijuana, steroids, masking agents, diuretics

NATIONAL BASKETBALL ASSOCIATION
Amphetamines, cocaine, LSD, opiates, PCP, marijuana, steroids

U.S. OLYMPIC TEAMS
Stimulants, narcotics, cannabinoids (hashish and marijuana), anabolic agents, anabolic androgenic steroids (synthetic testosterone), peptide hormones, Beta2-agonists, agents with anti-oestrogenic activity, masking agents, glucocorticosteroids (anti-inflammatory producing feeling of euphoria)

NATIONAL COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION
Cocaine, amphetamines, ephedrine, anabolic steroids, diuretics, heroin, marijuana, peptide hormones, urine manipulators

CAPTAIN CLUTCH

DEREK JETER

The leader of the Bronx Bombers fields our questions.



Now that you're the Yankee captain, no more crap about "giving 110 percent" and "playing one day at a time," OK?
No problem. I don't know how you can give more than 100 percent anyway.

Any good rookie hazing stories?
I got Marcus Thames pretty good two years ago. He hit a home run off Randy Johnson in his first major-league at-bat, so I had to get him. We have dogs come into our locker room to sniff for explosives, so I had people put something in his bag. The dogs started sniffing, and the cops pulled out this package. The kid was shaking—the cops took him away before we let him in on it.

Last year's fight with Steinbrenner—that was all planned just to land commercials, right?
It was a great way to get a deal. No . . . that was all blown out of proportion by the media, so we decided to just sort of make light of the whole situation.

Single-digit numbers are gold in New York (1: Billy Martin; 3: Babe Ruth; 4: Lou Gehrig; 5: Joe DiMaggio; 7: Mickey Mantle; 8: Yogi Berra; 9: Roger Maris). How the hell did you get number 2?
Honestly, when I first came up, I was even thinner than I am now. I think 2 was the smallest jersey they had.

Last year Steinbrenner cried after you and Alfonso Soriano got hit by Pedro Martinez. What was that about?
I have no idea. Why was he crying? Maybe because we won. He's pretty emotional.

He's a freak. And so is Reggie Jackson. What's the craziest thing Mr. October has ever said to you?
He told me he didn't try to hit home runs. That's funny. You look at clips of Reggie and it always looks like he's trying to hit a bomb.

AGENT PROVOCATEUR

SCOTT BORAS

He's the most powerful—and reviled—agent on Earth.



"A-Rod never has two cups of coffee at home..."

Are you and free agency killing team chemistry?

Baseball is not like the NBA or the NFL, where players can jump around after a few years. In our system the player must stay with the team that drafted him for six years—that's a long time considering the average major-leaguer only plays for three.

Would a salary cap give baseball parity like the NFL?

I think it's disgusting that the only way they can find parity in the NFL is to make sure that the last-place teams only play the last-place teams. It's almost noncompetitive.

The commissioner and owners claim they're losing millions. Are they lying?

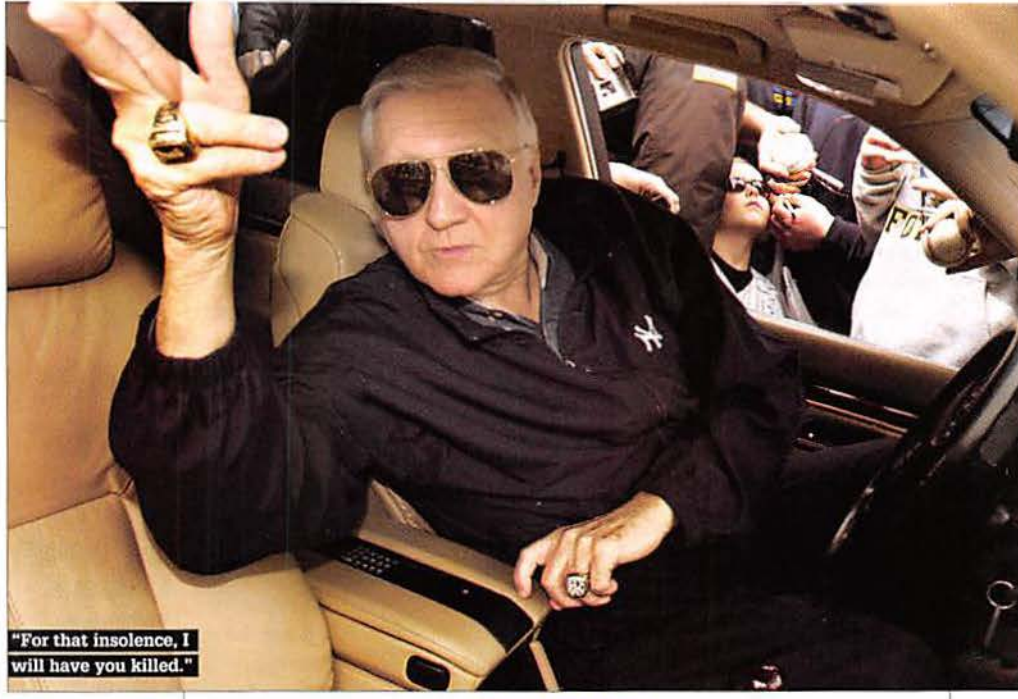
The evidence to me is clear: When someone buys a team for more than what someone else paid for it, and he's a good businessman, there's a value that makes it profitable. Until we see teams open their books—and that'll never happen—there's no reason to believe that owning a major-league team is anything but very, very profitable.

How many players are using steroids?

I think it's only a few. Bulk is not good for most players. If you have too much bulk, you won't have flexibility, and it will affect your skill. There may be certain positions that are more prone to use it, but I would say it's a very small percentage of players.

You've been described as "a very, very bad man, exquisitely bad" and "the most hated man in baseball." Why?

When you're negotiating for a millionaire, the average fan will say, "Isn't $5 million or $10 million enough?" But the reality is that our industry is up from $1 billion to $4 billion since 1990; and as revenues increase, it's my job to make sure players get their quid pro quo. It is not a job of popularity.



"For that insolence, I will have you killed."



The Players Association has the owners by the short and curlies.

STRIKE 2: GREED

If money's the root of all evil, hell will have a kick-ass fantasy team.

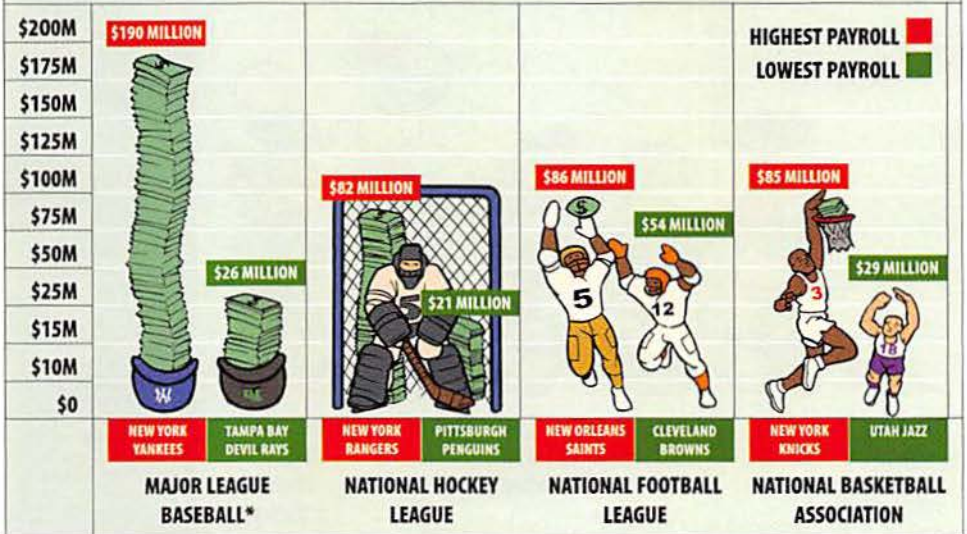
Major League Baseball is a $7.9 billion business, and everyone is raking in millions...except us measly fans. It all starts with new luxury-box-filled stadiums built with taxpayer dollars. Then John Q. Public pays out the ass for nosebleed seats in the stadium he just built. And finally, as a bonus kick in the balls, the free agent and revenue-sharing systems all but guarantee that every great player will serve his mandatory sentence as a hometown hero (six years) then bolt to the billionaire owner with the biggest sack. Currently: George Steinbrenner.

But it's too easy to blame it all on the Yankees. Ask yourself this: Why is baseball the only major sport with its head in its ass when it comes to a salary cap? And why, if the system is so one-sided, did 29 team owners—including Boston Red Sox boss John "Sour Grapes" Henry—vote for the current system? The fact is, the Players Association, the strongest union in sports history, has the billionaire owners by the short and curlies. In the past 25 years, the average major-league salary has gone from $51,500 to $2.4 million, and the highest-paid guy from $3.35 million to a cool *quarter-billion*.

MONEY MATTERS

ROBBING HOODS

The other major sports have a salary cap. MLB, run by billionaires, has the Yankees.



*Projected figures as of press time.

Illustrations, MVCreations

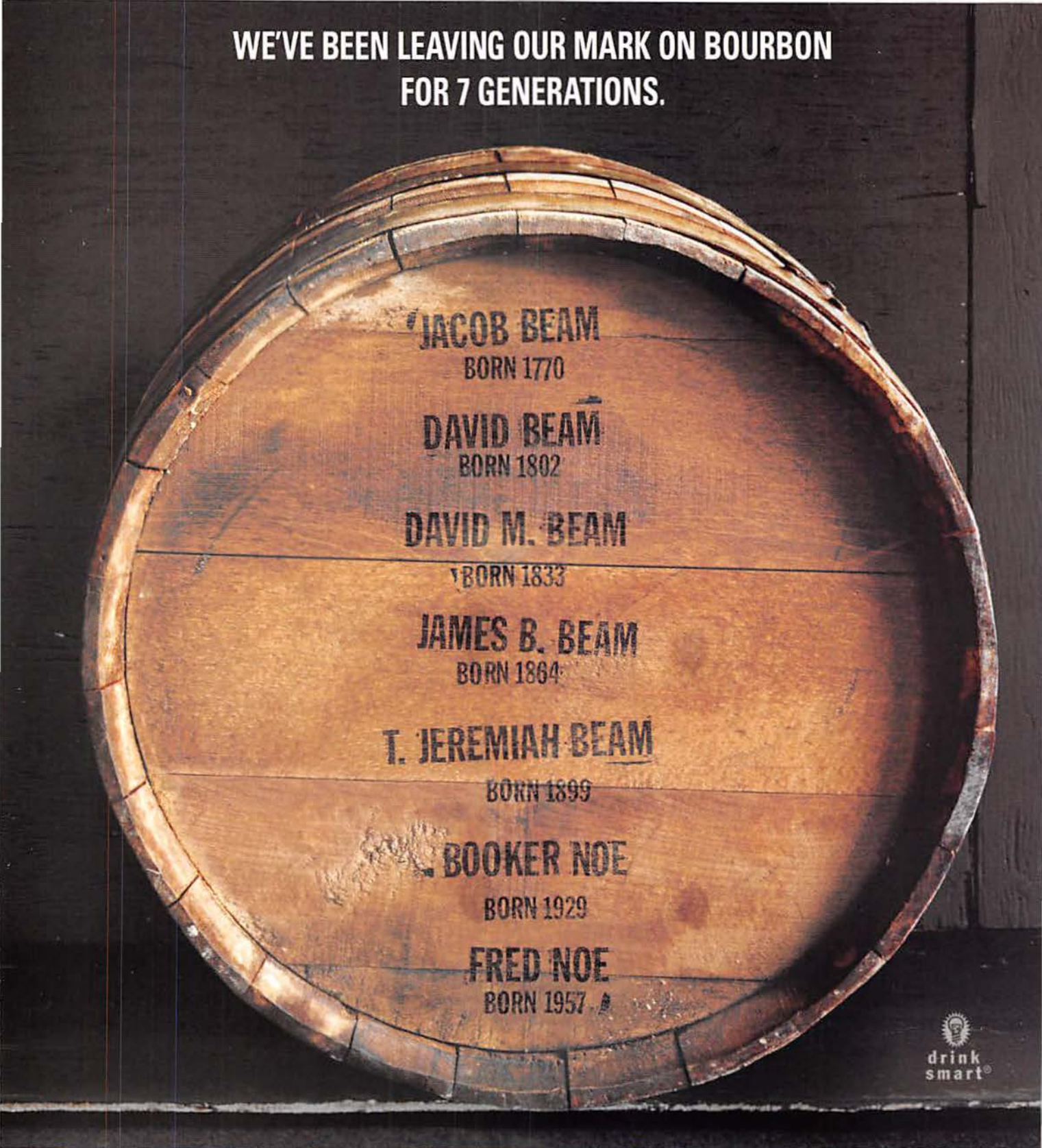


THE STUFF INSIDE MATTERS MOST.™

Go ahead, peel that label off. What really matters is the stuff inside. That's why we've stayed true to our original recipe for 209 years. When you're that dedicated to what you put into something, people can trust what comes out of it.

JIM BEAM

WE'VE BEEN LEAVING OUR MARK ON BOURBON FOR 7 GENERATIONS.



From Jacob Beam founding his distillery in 1795, to Jim Beam restarting the family business after prohibition, making the world's finest bourbon has always been a family tradition around here. And now Fred Noe, Jim Beam's great-grandson, would like to share the Beam story with you. Visit jimbeam.com for an inside look at how we've been making bourbon for 7 generations and counting.

JIM BEAM

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But are salaries really that out of control? Economists will tell you the players are simply exercising the most fundamental principle of capitalism: exploiting the market for all it's worth. As Babe Ruth said after being told that he made more money than President Herbert Hoover: "Why not? I had a better year."

Sure, most baseball owners would love nothing more than to put a cap on salaries, guaranteeing them even bigger profits. But would that solve the problem? "Baseball is a place where the workers do the work, they bring the customers in, and they make a lot of the money," says filmmaker Ken Burns, who coproduced the epic *Baseball* series for PBS. "No one's putting a gun to the owners' heads to pay these salaries, so the players must be getting paid what the market can bear."



With the Yankees tossing around millions like midgets at a frat party, owners like Henry are screaming for change. After losing the A-Rod auction, he said that baseball needs a salary cap, "to deal with a team [the Yankees] that has gone so insanely beyond the resources of all the other teams."

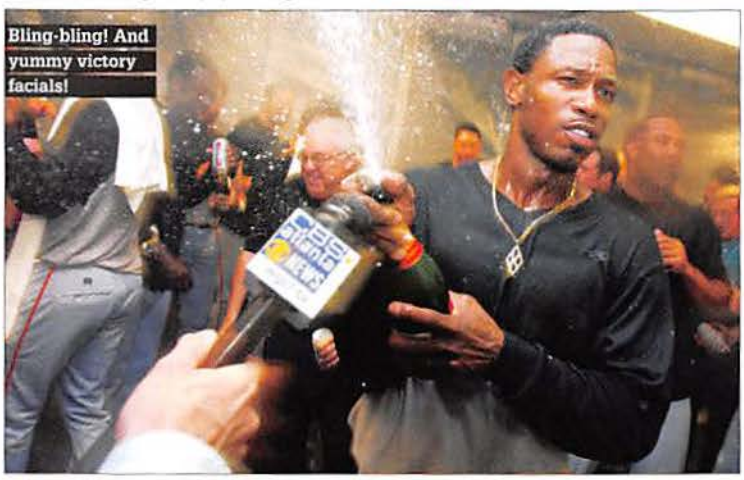
Unfortunately for Henry, his Red Sox are the second-worst offender, boasting a payroll of approximately $130 million. And unfortunately for all the player-haters out there, these athletes haven't cornered the market on greed. At least the Yankees and Red Sox provide competitive teams for their fans: Cheapskate organizations like the Tampa Bay Devil Rays, the Pittsburgh Pirates, and the Milwaukee Brewers perpetually cry poverty, slash payroll, and count their cash.

"Right now there are four or five owners sitting back collecting their revenue-sharing checks and making money by fielding low-cost, noncompetitive teams," says superagent Scott Boras. "If I were commissioner for a day, one of the first things I'd do is require owners to compete: If an owner is not able to reach a certain winning percentage in a certain time frame, that owner would be required to sell his franchise, and any profit would go back to the central fund of baseball. This would prevent owners from operating franchises on the cheap for a huge profit at the expense of the game."

Other ideas are more realistic. According to Bob DuPuy, the owners have proposed implementing the opposite of a salary cap: a minimum spending limit for every team. "We thought a minimum made sense, and the union was opposed to it," DuPuy claims. "I think they felt that it was a slippery slope. Once they agreed to a minimum, it was only one step for us to say, 'You agreed to a minimum, why not a maximum?'"

Noted baseball author Daniel Okrent, former managing editor at *Life* magazine, suggests copying the NBA, which shares its numbers with the players' union and guarantees the players at least 57 percent of the league's basketball-related income. "The end result will be lower top salaries," Okrent says, "and much higher bottom salaries—but that's not such a bad thing." ▶





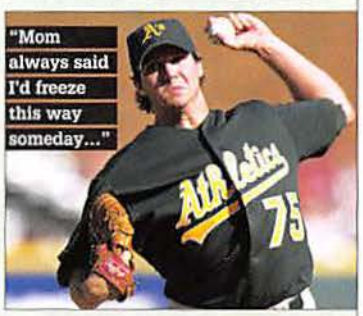


'I can't prove Sammy's picking corked bats for days he isn't feeling right, but...'

SURF & TURF

BARRY ZITO

The A's ace lets fly on drugs, money, and singing...badly.



Let's talk about Sammy Sosa. Do you think that corked bat was an accident?
I know if I had a glove with a piece of sandpaper glued onto it, I wouldn't accidentally use that one during a game. I can't prove Sammy's picking corked bats for days when he's not feeling right, but a lot of things are leading to more home runs. The game is geared toward fans, and fans love hitting.

The league says five to seven percent of players tested positive for steroids. Is that what you're talking about?
I have a lot of friends in the game who are big guys, but I've never seen steroids. Obviously, when you see guys blowing up from one year to the next—guys who normally hit 10 home runs all of a sudden hit 40—there have to be other factors.

Are baseball players overpaid?
Certain players are, but some are underpaid. Mark Mulder, Tim Hudson, and I are drastically underpaid. You put us on the free agent market and we're making $10 to $15 million a year. But I'm not crying about it—that's how the game works. The owners have found a hole in the arbitration system. The superstars are making their money, the rookies are making their money, but the middle-of-the-line guys are undercut, which I think isn't such a bad thing.

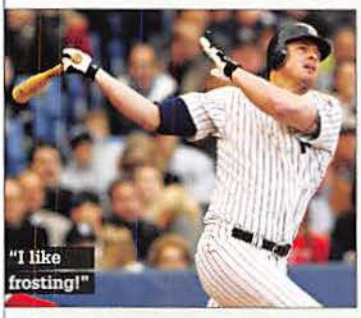
You like to surf. Any fear of sharks?
Just like you can't pitch scared, you can't surf scared. Bethany Hamilton [the girl who lost an arm surfing last year] is throwing out the first pitch in Oakland on opening day. And I'm going to catch it.

We hear you're also a recording artist now. Are you any good?
I had no shame when I started. Six months later I played a Sublime song in a bar in front of 100 people, and I totally sucked.

BIG FLY GUY

JASON GIAMBI

The slugger goes deep on whiskey and headhunters.



"I like frosting!"

If you could endorse any product, what would you choose?
Jack Daniel's would save me a ton of money.
The Yanks pay you $17 million a year, more than A-Rod. Are you one of the greedy players fans complain about?
That makes me laugh: greedy players. If fans saw what the fucking owners make, they'd say, "[The players] don't make fucking anything!" It's like Kevin Costner making $20 million a film. I work harder than he does.
But some owners claim they're broke.
I think that's a crock of shit. If you put a good product on the field, people will come to watch. That's the bottom line.
Speaking of crocks, how do you get along with George Steinbrenner?
Great! He knew I was fucked up when he signed me. He knew I rode bikes. I said, "I'm not going to stop, Boss." And he said, "You're a fucking idiot! Don't get hurt." I bought my first bike from Ron Simms in Oakland, and I wound up living in the guy's house.
What's your favorite road city?
I like Boston. Boston hates us, we hate them, and that's fucking great. That's what baseball is all about.
Have you ever charged the mound?
No—I wouldn't fucking make it. I'd rather wait until after the game and beat the fuck out of him when he has no idea it's coming.
What do you think of Kazuhito Tadano, the Cleveland Indians prospect who made a gay porn film in college?
It's good he doesn't speak English and won't understand what people are saying. But I don't think his teammates will treat him bad—the guy is part of the team.
He also says he's not gay.
[laughs] He does homosexual activities and he's not gay. He's just a great actor.



"This is my 'deaf Steve Buscemi' impression."

STRIKE 3: CORRUPTION

Power corrupts. Absolute power corrupts absolutely. Go Brewers!



'Boston hates us, and we hate them. That's what baseball's all about.'

As the old proverb goes, fish always rot from the head down. And these days there's nothing fishier than MLB's commissioner's office. In the last 10 years, the league's "independent" commissioner has accepted an illicit $3 million loan from one of his employers, instituted a revenue-sharing system that puts millions in his daughter's pocket, and now he's waited years for the keys to a brand-new stadium before selling a team he shouldn't even own in the first place. And that's just the tip of the iceberg.

Bud Selig, a 69-year-old former used-car dealer, accepted the commissioner's job on an interim basis, promising to keep it "for two to four months." That was 12 years ago. Since then he's raised his own salary by 400 percent (now $3 million a year), centralized power by eliminating both the American League and National League offices, canceled the 1994 World Series, ruined the 2002 All-Star Game, and priced dozens of teams perennially out of the playoff picture.

"[Selig] is an employee of the owners, not the game," says Okrent. "He's on the owners' side, and they shouldn't pretend otherwise."

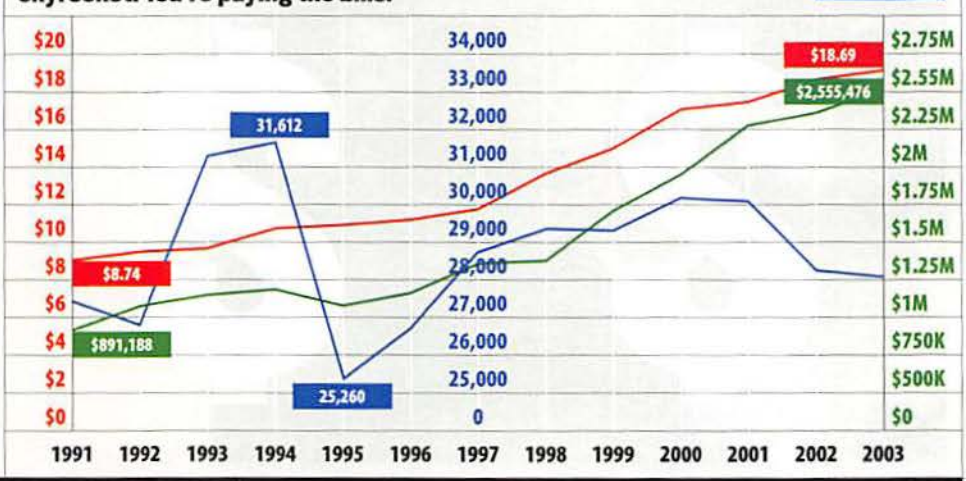
According to a lawsuit filed by 14 former minority owners, Selig's buddy Jeffrey Loria intentionally ran the Montreal Expos into the ground after buying the team in 1999. "From the beginning of Loria's involvement with the Expos," the affidavit read, "he and his co-conspirators engaged in a scheme [to destroy] baseball in Montreal so that Loria and his co-conspirators could justify relocating the franchise to the United States."

His punishment? In a move unprecedented in the history of American sport, ▶

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the commissioner's office agreed to buy Loria's $12 million failed investment for $120 million, then arranged for Loria to purchase the Florida Marlins for $158.5 million—even lending Loria the $38.5 million difference. Selig followed that up with a deal that would be illegal without baseball's antitrust exemption: Marlins owner—and another Selig buddy—John Henry was allowed to buy the Boston Red Sox for $660 million, despite bids of as much as $90 million more. Inside job? Massachusetts attorney general Thomas Reilly thought so, describing the Red Sox sale as a "bag job" orchestrated by Selig and company to keep Boston in friendly hands.

Reilly should talk to the folks in Milwaukee, where there is no friendlier set of hands than Selig's own flesh and blood. Six years after accepting the commissioner job, Selig finally handed over control of the Brewers . . . to his daughter. The sun has been shining on the organization ever since: Despite 11 straight losing seasons and attendance among the worst in the league, contracting the Brewers was never considered. Instead, Selig tried to fold the 2003 AL Central Division champion Minnesota Twins (who happen to share the Brewers' market), by attempting to put a reported $150 million in the pocket of Twins owner Carl Pohlad (who, not coincidently, had lent Selig $3 million).



Selig's finally selling the Brewers—12 years too late.



Montreal fans prepare to do "the Ripple."

Selig wouldn't even consider selling the Brewers until fans donated an estimated $300 million to build him a new stadium. What did the fans get in return? Despite Commissioner Selig's revenue-sharing system, which handed his Brewers (MLB's highest-grossing team in 2001, according to *Forbes*) $18 million last year, they finished dead last in their division for the second year in a row. That's after slashing payroll from $50 million in 2002 to an estimated $30 million in '04. All of which—new stadium, low operating costs, best bottom line in the league—is great for a commissioner who DuPuy claims is selling the team to eliminate the appearance of corruption (12 years too late), but shitty for the hometown fans.

None of this would be possible, of course, if baseball had an independent commissioner, as every other pro sport does. What baseball needs is a new pinch hitter to stop sweeping the sport's problems under the Astroturf. Will it ever happen? The better question may be: Will it happen in time? M

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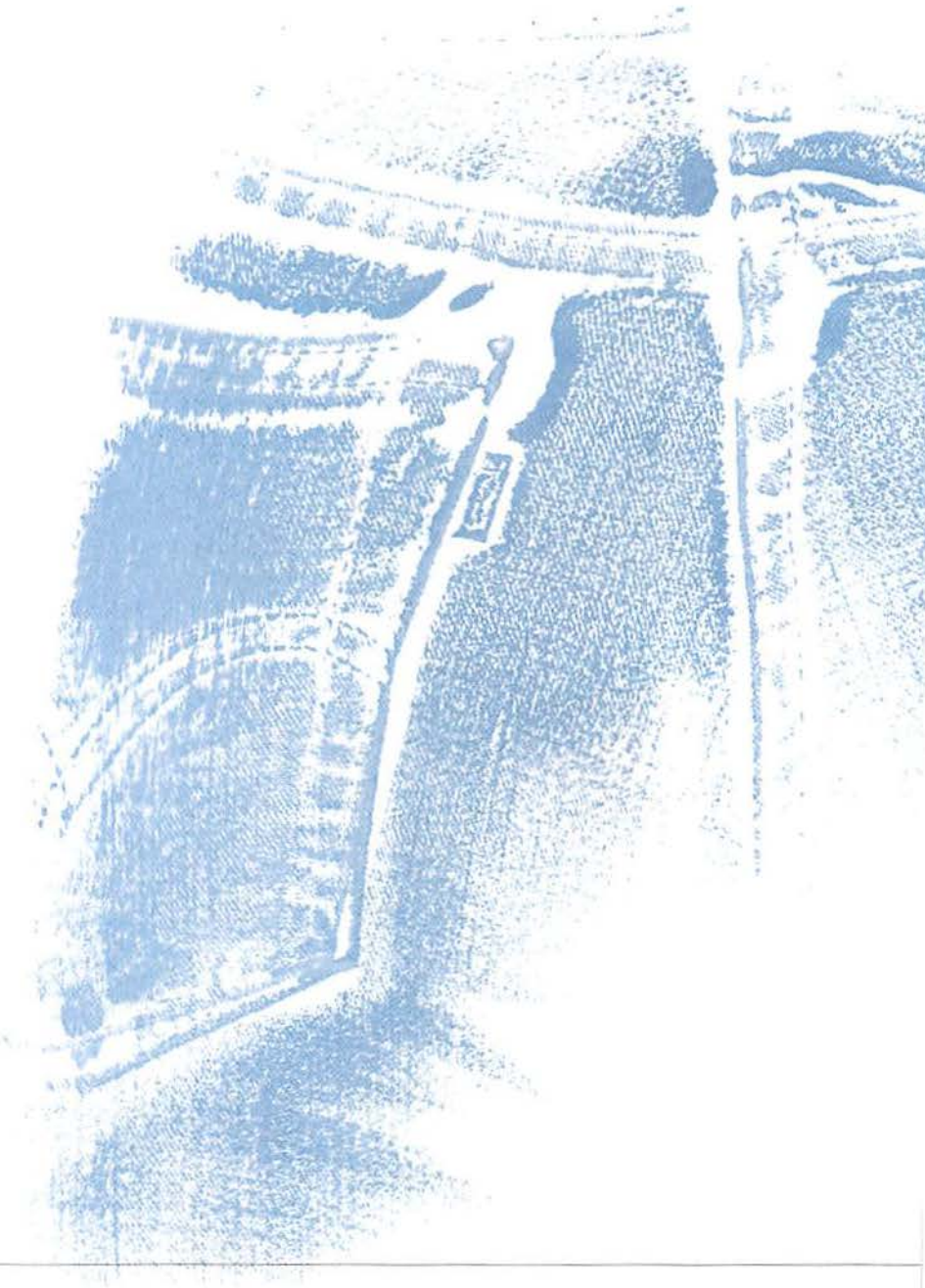
Greasy rider





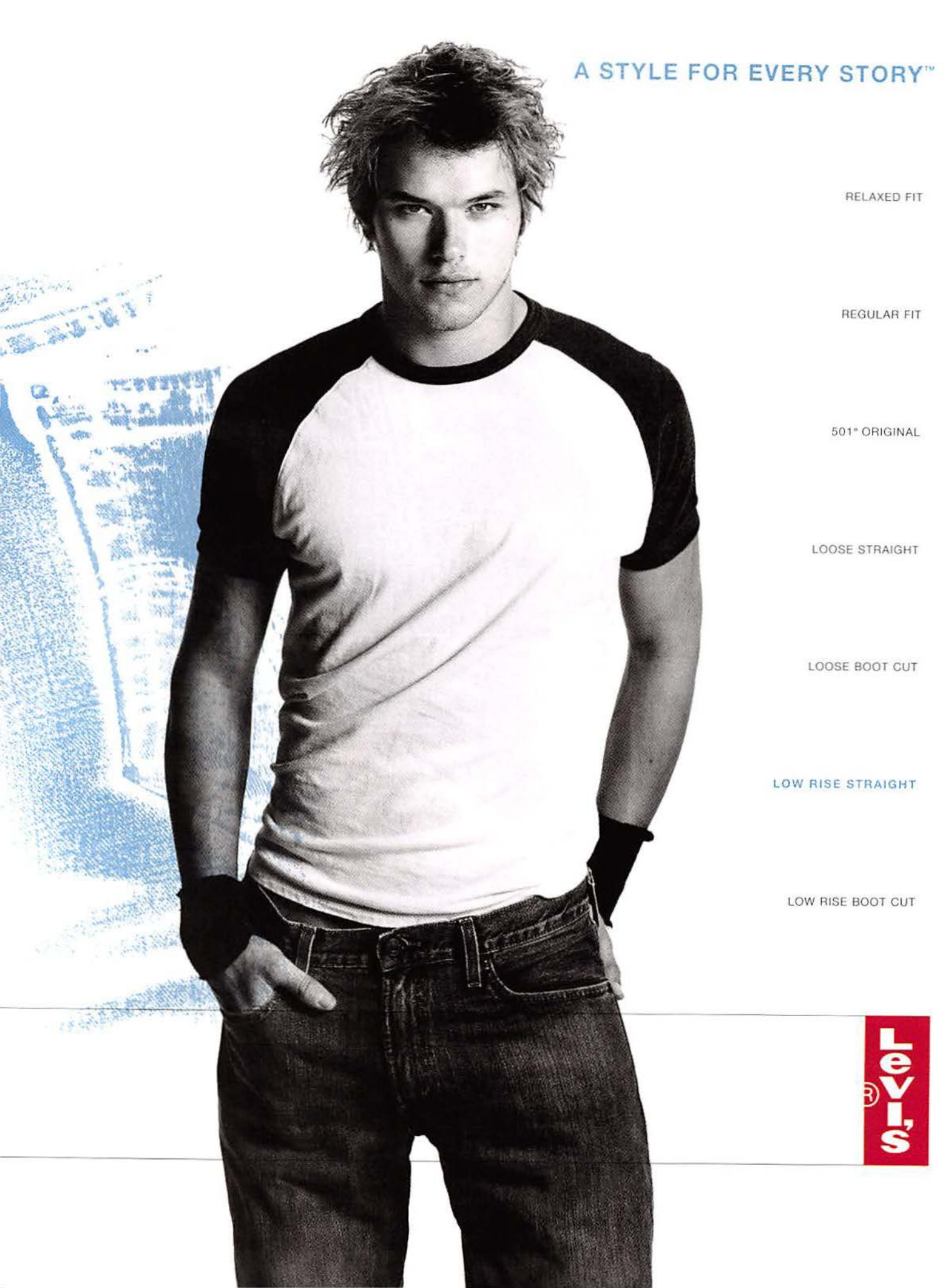
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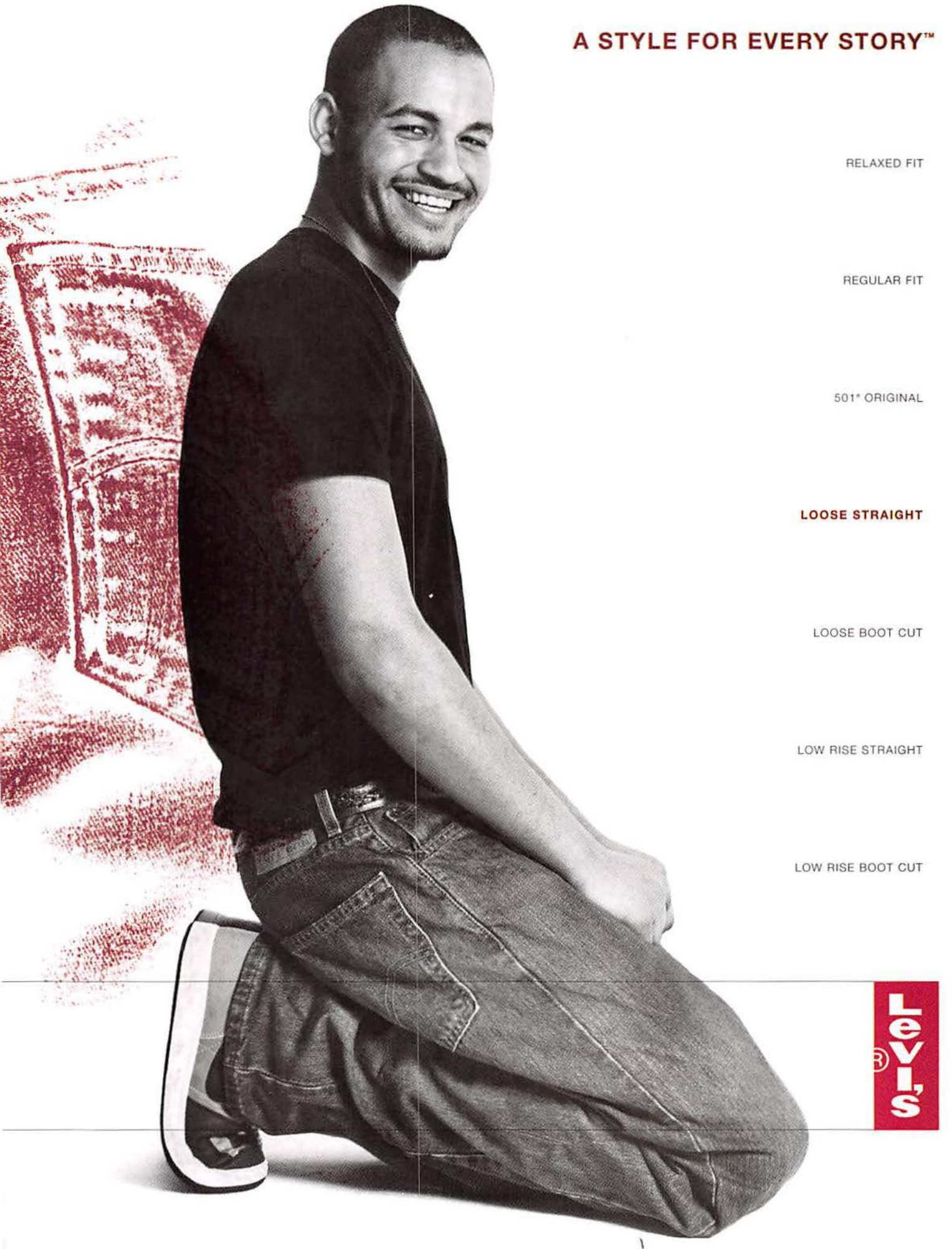
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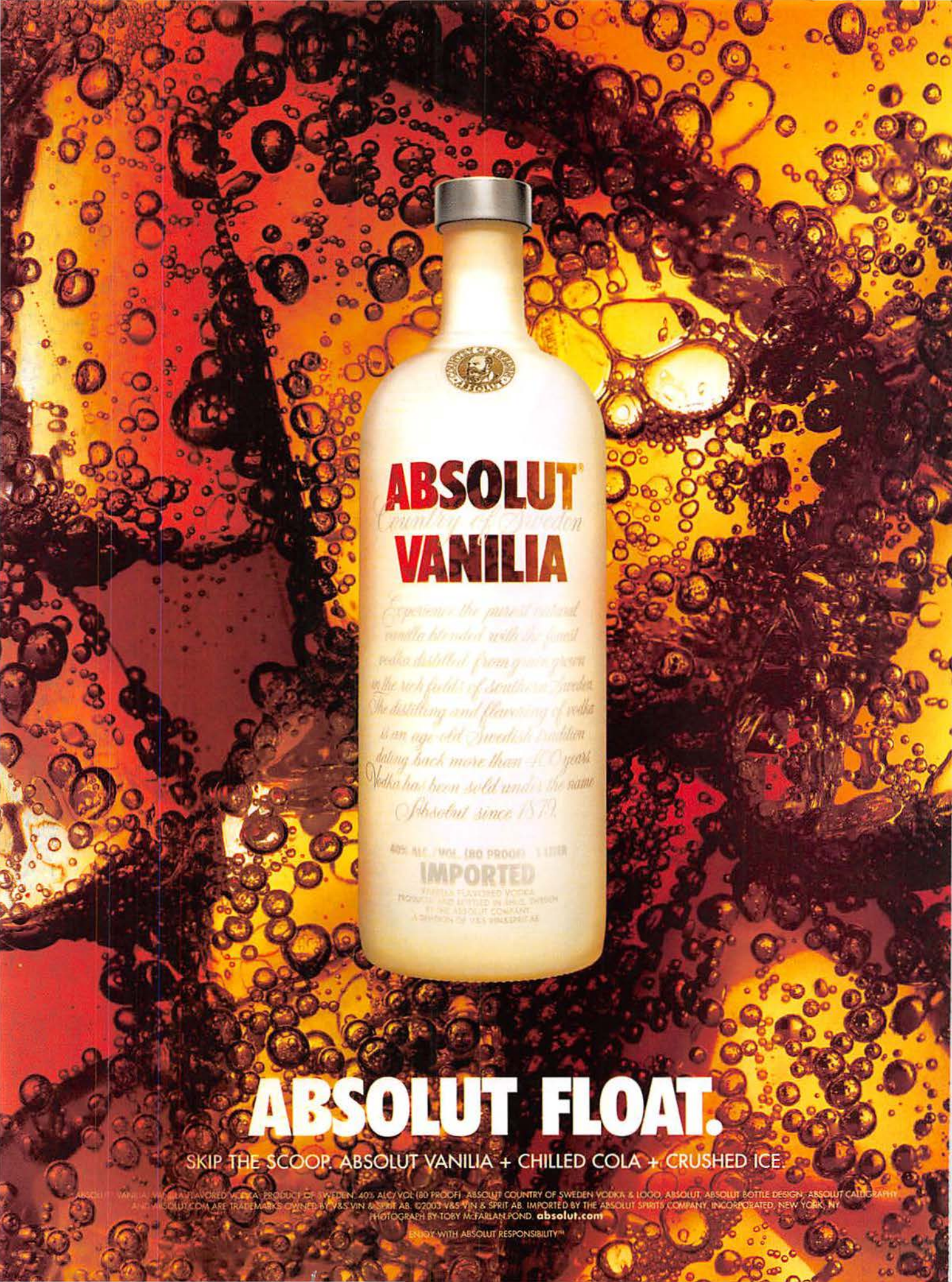

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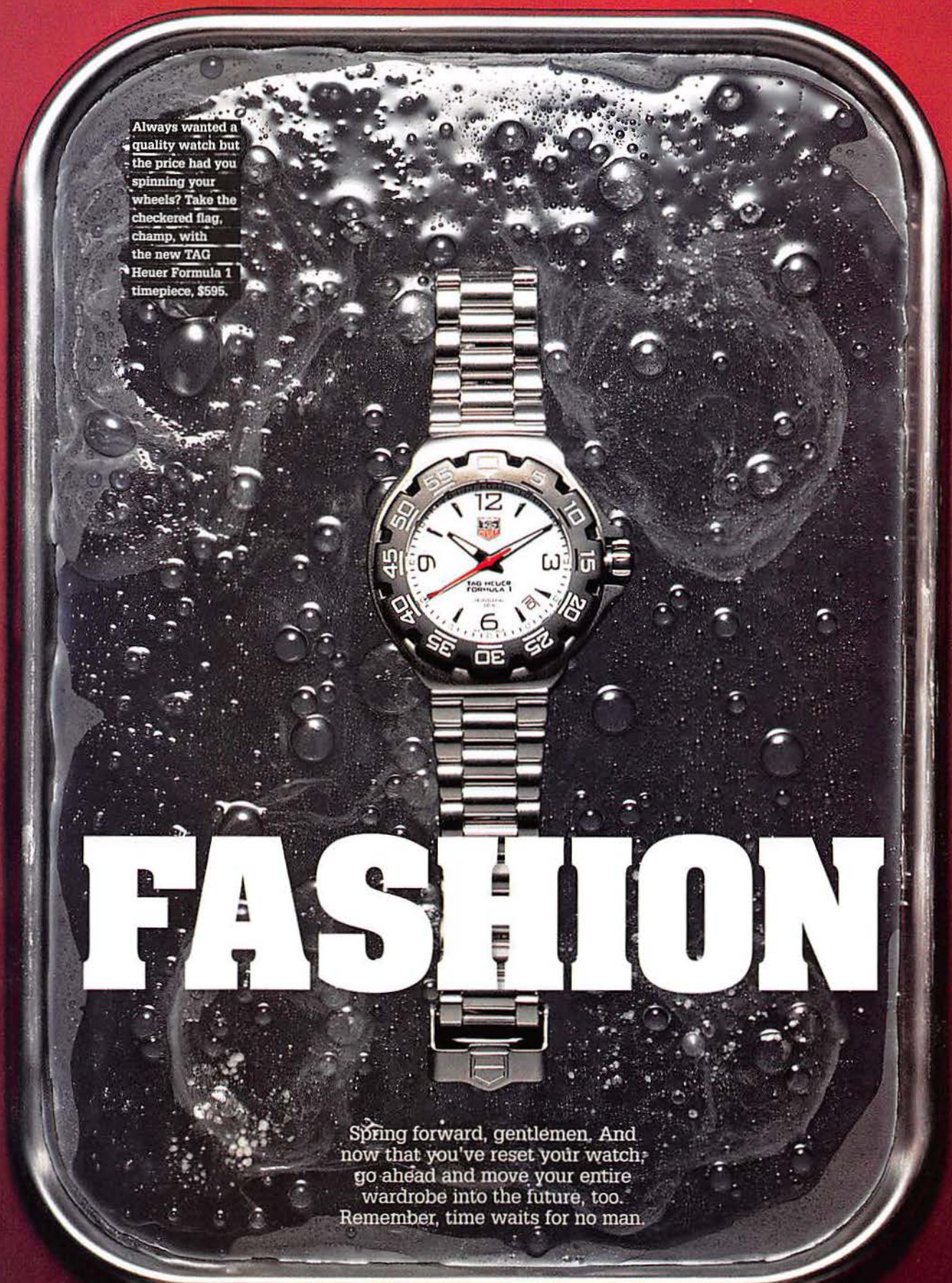


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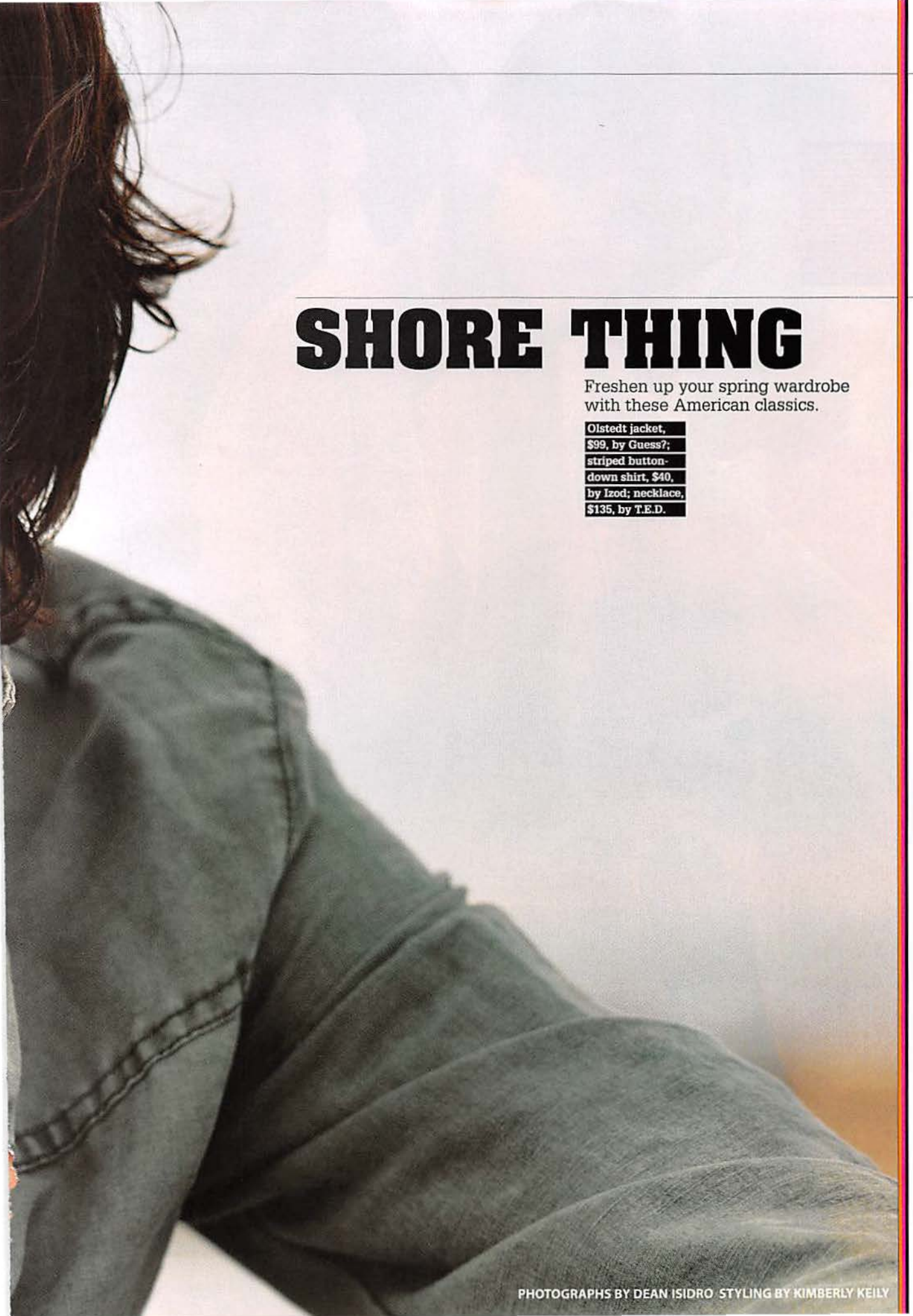
FASHION

Spring forward, gentlemen. And now that you've reset your watch, go ahead and move your entire wardrobe into the future, too. Remember, time waits for no man.

Prop styling, Nicole Langellier. For buying information, see page 170.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KENJI TOMA





SHORE THING

Freshen up your spring wardrobe with these American classics.

Olstedt jacket, $99, by Guess?; striped button-down shirt, $40, by Izod; necklace, $135, by T.E.D.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DEAN ISIDRO STYLING BY KIMBERLY KEILY

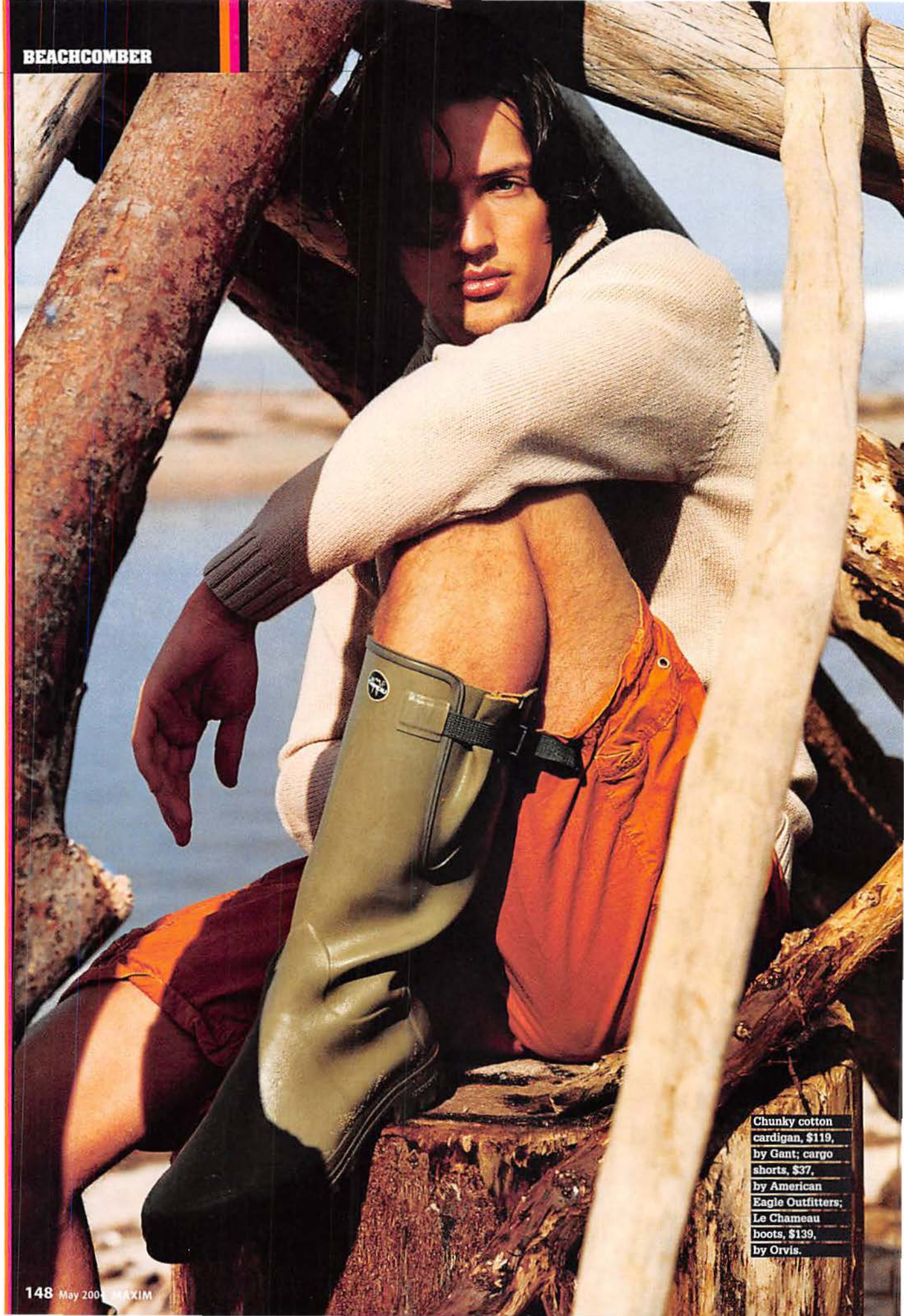


Safari jacket, $128, and Avalon pullover sweater, $78, both by J. Crew; cargo shorts, $50, by Abercrombie & Fitch; necklace, $165, by T.E.D.

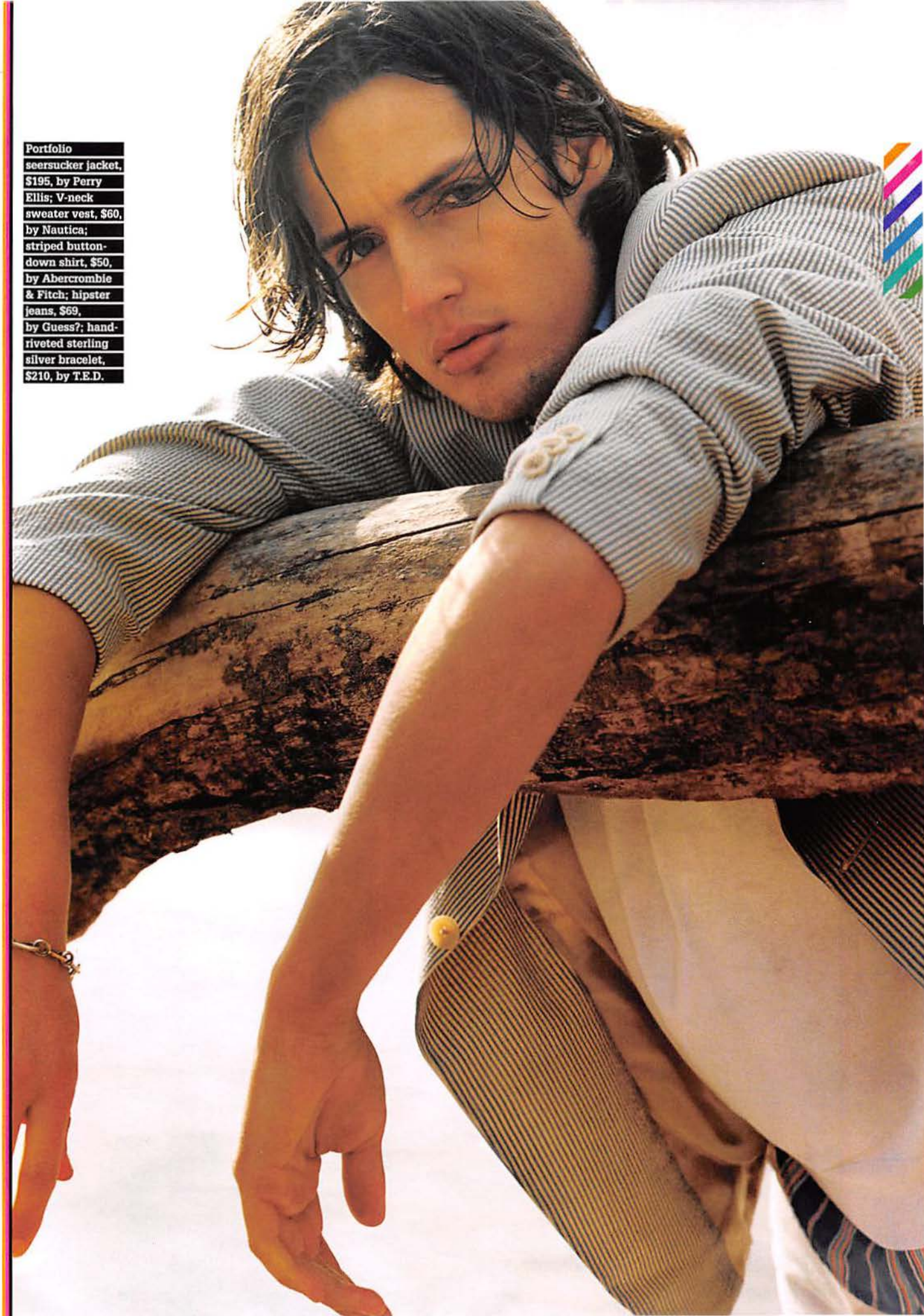
Grooming, Olaf Derlig for Koko Represents; model, Nick Bryant (V Models). For buying information, see page 170.



Hampton blazer, $495, by Gant; striped polo shirt, $36, by Chaps Ralph Lauren; hoodie, $40, by Gap; sweatpants (turned inside out), $24, by Russell Athletic; boots, $85, by L.L.Bean.



Chunky cotton cardigan, $119, by Gant; cargo shorts, $37, by American Eagle Outfitters; Le Chameau boots, $139, by Orvis.



Portfolio seersucker jacket, $195, by Perry Ellis; V-neck sweater vest, $60, by Nautica; striped button-down shirt, $50, by Abercrombie & Fitch; hipster jeans, $69, by Guess?; hand-riveted sterling silver bracelet, $210, by T.E.D.



Polo shirt, $44, by Le Tigre; plain-front pants with contrast stitching, $60, by Tommy Hilfiger; Hampton rustic stripe sweater (over shoulder), $159, by Gant; boots, $85, by L.L.Bean.

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TIP: You don't need perfectly chiseled arms or massively broad shoulders to wear one of these tank tops, but add a layer to avoid the über-geek look. Wear one underneath a short-sleeve button-up shirt—the open armholes give you extra circulation too.

Tank top, $65, by Kenneth Cole



Cotton tank, $95, by DieselStyleLab



Mesh tank, $28, by DKNY Jeans



New Vick Slim tank, $49, by Diesel



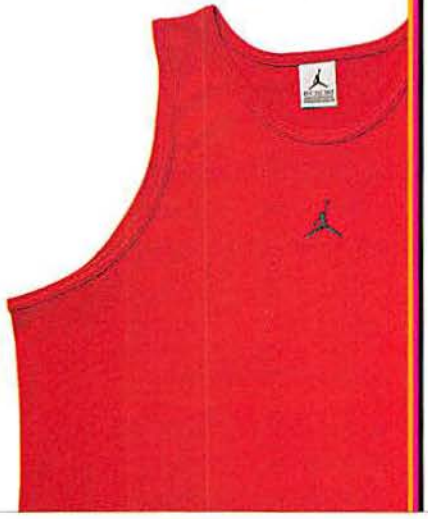
Cotton tank, $35, by Buckler



Cotton tank, $48, by FAL by Jeffrey Grübb



Jumpman tank, $24, by Jordan



Logo tank, $32, by A|X Armani Exchange



For buying information, see page 170.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STUDIOGADGE.COM


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SKECHERS

BRIGHT TIES

Leave navy blue to the baby-kissin' politicians and knot up one of these bright neckties instead.



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Woven textured silk tie, **$50**, by H Hilfiger

Silk tie, **$120**, by Salvatore Ferragamo

Silk tie, **$80**, by Joseph Abboud

Woven tie, **$110**, by Best of Class by Robert Talbott

Textured silk rep tie, **$35**, by Nautica

Silk tie, **$125**, by Gianluca Isaia, Napoli

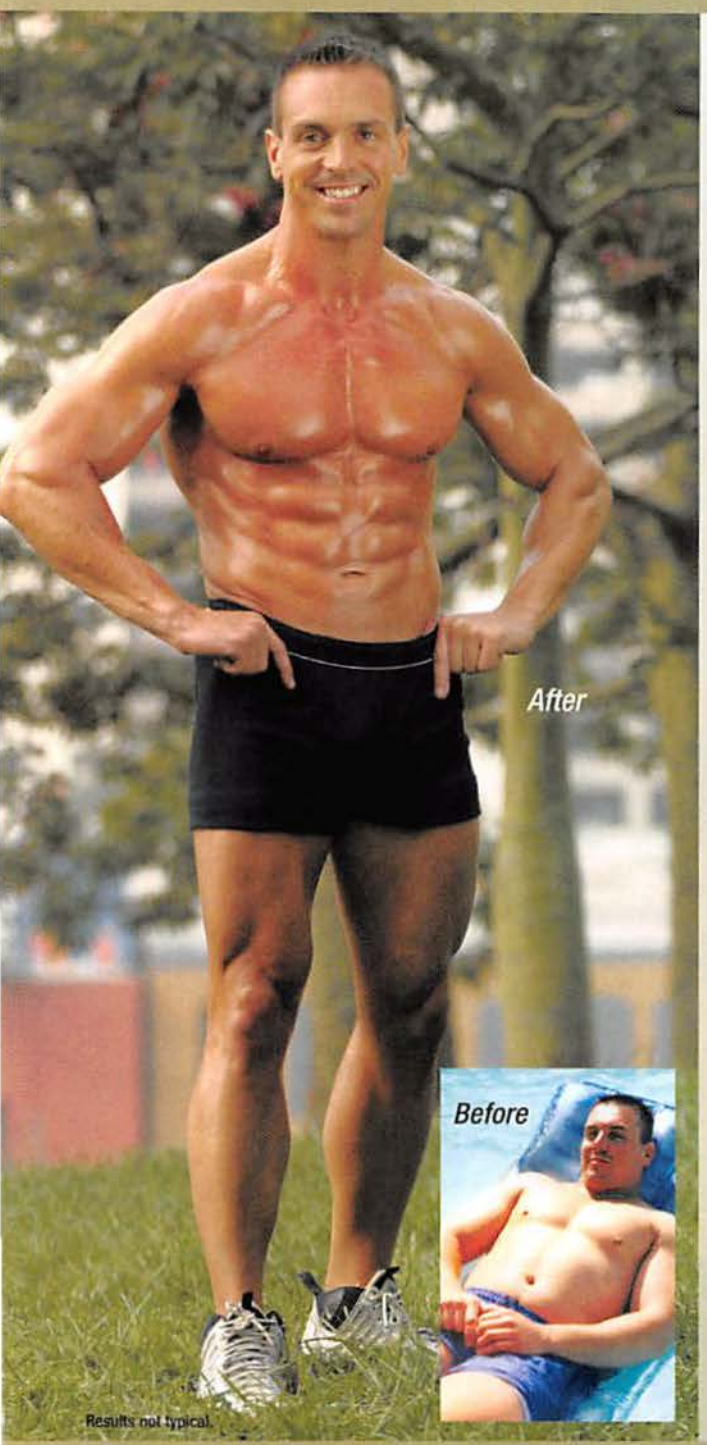
Seven-fold silk tie, **$120**, by Charles Tyrwhitt

Silk rep tie, **$39.50**, by J. Crew

For buying information, see page 170.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS STEIN STYLING BY MARIA RUOCCO

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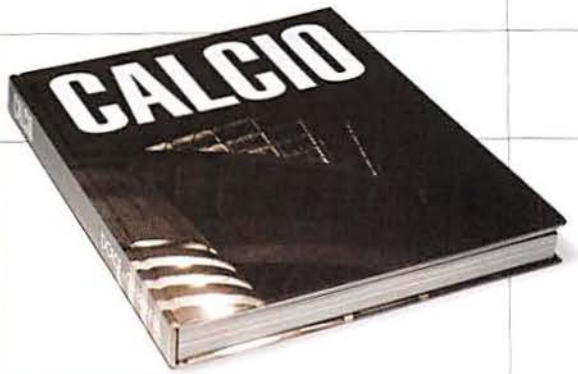
©2004 Cytodyne LLC. Use as directed with a sensible nutrition and exercise program. Patrick's results are extraordinary and may not represent the results of the average user. Endorser used Xenadrine-EFX in connection with a diet and exercise program. Read and follow all label instructions before use. Do not use if you are pregnant or nursing. Consult with your physician before taking this product if you have any medical condition, if you are taking any medication, and before starting any diet or exercise program. These statements have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease.

[1] Efficacy Of A Commercial Green Tea Extract/Caffeine-Based Product To Increase Basal Metabolism In Healthy Adults. Kalman, D., Dec. 2002, Interaction of Physical Activity & Nutrition Poster Abstract, Pg 45.

[2] The Metabolic Effects of Commercial Green Tea Extract/Caffeine-Based Dietary Supplement in Healthy Normal Volunteers, Oct 2002, Journal of the American College of Nutrition, Vol. 21, No. 5, Pg 488.



GOING, GOING, GONE Want the updated-for-summer cK One? Act fast. It's in department stores for $38...but come fall, *no mas!*



LEAVES OF GRASS Check out Dolce & Gabbana's sports book, featuring portraits of "football" players (that's soccer to you). *Calcio*, $60, is at Dolce & Gabbana stores.

05.04

Spring into action with a whole new look this month. Snap up a custom shirt, add a watch worn by the starters for the Atlanta Hawks, Miami Heat, or Detroit Pistons, and make yourself smell a lot better (please) with an updated classic.



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La Fontaine's spring line is for guys who want to look unique, not dime-a-dozen. Supercool suits sell for under $1,000 and pants for less than $250, at department stores like Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.



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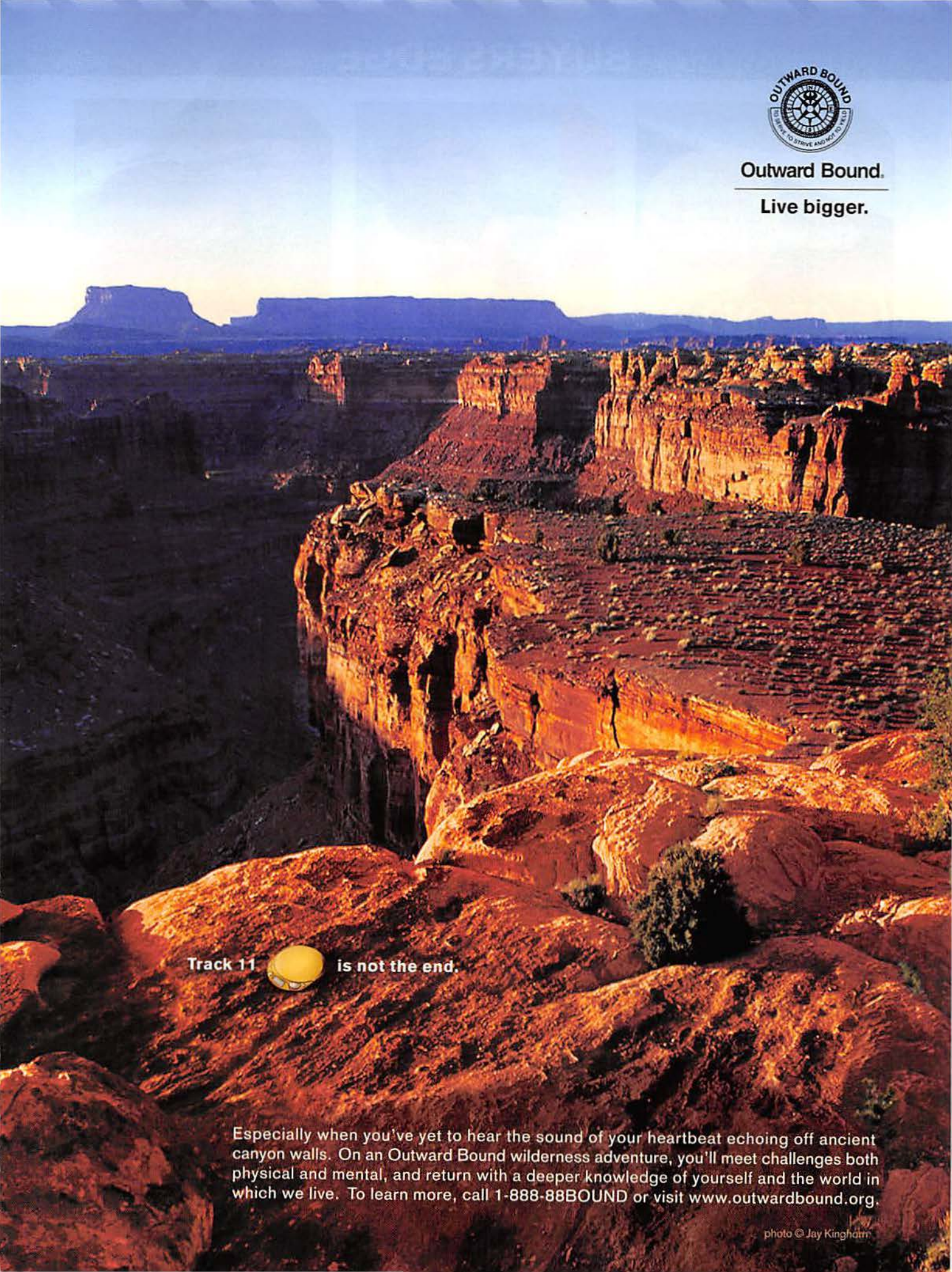
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ARE YOU A
MAMA'S BOY?

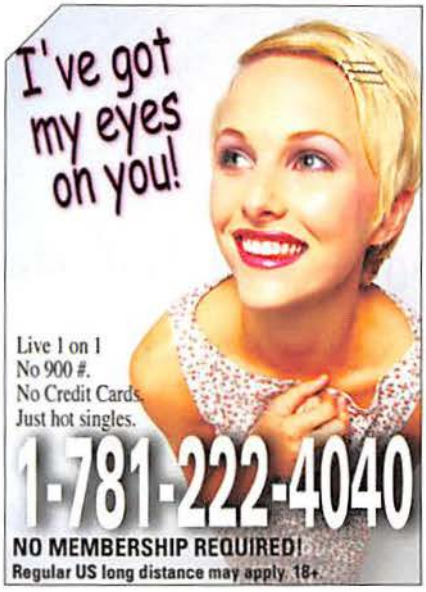


Mama's Boy Bear with "MOM" tattoo

Mother's Day is May 9th
Overnight Delivery Guaranteed!

Be original this year, send her the **Creative Alternative to Flowers®**—a Bear-Gram® gift! Over 100 Bears for your mom or wife, each delivered with gourmet candy and a card with your personal message in our famous gift box.

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Because the Best Things in Life Cost Money

TOP GEAR



"Stay on target, Red Leader 5!"

MOVIE MONSTER

Reach out and touch the world's coolest music and movie center.

Remember the future? How cool it all looked in those old sci-fi movies. People had zero-G sex and drank Tang. And everything in their houses was as shiny as an alien ashtray.

We're still a long way from orbital orgies, but at least Bang & Olufsen has beamed down a new home theater system. Run your finger along the anodized aluminum face of the BeoCenter 2. Buttons? What buttons? The touch-sensitive surface is beyond all that. Just tap the word *load* and watch the metal wings unfold. Drop in a DVD, CD, or MP3-encoded disc and let the system go to work. In DVD mode it turns on your TV and selects the right channel all by itself. Let it fill your home theater with anything from simple stereo to filling-rattling surround. All this and hydroponic produce? The future rocks! *($4,100, bang-olufsen.com)*

Photograph, Satoshi

GRAB BAG

It's spring, when a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of binoculars and other crap.

BY JOHN WALSH
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHINICHI MARUYAMA

HARD 'NOCS $70

Hey, sports fan! You've got your radio in one paw and binoculars in the other. Quick, do the math: That leaves how many hands free for beer? Plenty, with this combo binocs-FM headset. An 8x magnification and a 330-foot field of view means you'll catch all the action, even from the shitty bleacher seats you bought from a scalper for $500. *(sportbinox.com)*

FLOPPY DRIVE $35

Nothing is more relaxing than thwacking a bucket of balls around. But practice your drive in the backyard and you're bound to piss off the neighbors. Try these colorful dimpled spheroids, which travel only *a third* the distance of regular balls. *(almostgolfball.com)*

YES YOU SCAN $200

Not too choked up about a flatbed scanner's big footprint? This HP Scanjet 4670 stands upright to save room and delivers 2,400 dpi optical resolution—them's pro-size files. Comes with slide and negative adapter, too! *(hp.com)*

BIT PLAYER $50

Whether you're suffering through a corporate pep rally or your monthly probation meeting, kill time with the Auvi SA100-64. Small enough to fit in your shirt pocket, this 64 MB PC/Mac-compatible player crams in up to two hours of high-quality WMA audio. *(auviworld.com)*

RIM JOB $2,695

There's just no pimpin' that '86 ride, G. But you can try with these big pimpin' platinum- and gold-inlaid spinners from Davin, available in 19-, 20-, 22-, and 24-inch diameters. Price is per wheel. Collect all four! *(davinwheels.com)*



BLUE-LIGHT SPECIAL $15

If you owned a pair, you'd read *Maxim* whenever, wherever. Since your girl has a firm grasp on your raisins, sneak up to the attic, plop this beanbag LED on your shoulder, and read on. Dig the non-skid base that, like you, is supersoft. *(rayovac.com)*

STINKY PINKY $10

Oversize foam rubber body parts are inherently funny. But the sweetest thing about this gag hand is that the pink'n'stink gesture is not yet obscene to the general public. Be the first on your block! *(bigshocker.com)*

FLAVOR OF THE WEEK $85

"Get up, git, git, git down!" Start your day with fear of a black planet with this stoopid-fly clock in the likeness of a genuine hip-hop pioneer. The random alarm feature busts out any of five wake-up jingles, including "Fight the Power" in Flavor Flav's own voice. Yeeaaaah, boyee! *(eckounltd.com)*

GREEN ACRES

Go the whole nine yards with these cutting-edge tools.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK VERONSKY



1 HEART & SOUL
Sure, your digital audio player can read MP3 and WMA files. But only Dual Sports' 128 MB beaut can read and monitor the irregular rhythms of your black, diseased heart. **($290, digisette.com)**

2 GLOVE AFFAIR
Are your delicate hands unaccustomed to hard labor, lawn jockey? Try on these "bionic" gloves, designed by some renowned hand surgeon and made of cabretta leather. **($45, bionicgloves.com)**

3 PRIME CUT
Your neighbor's azaleas are encroaching on your rhododendrons again. Fire up the 12-inch cordless Trimmer/Edger, now with 18 volts of shrub-shredding power. **($100, blackand decker.com)**

4 WILD BORER
Strap on these sturdy plastic aerator shoes, with monster two-inch metal spikes, and punch holes in your barren backyard. Or use them as a cheap-ass pair of soccer cleats. **($10, northerntool.com)**

5 GREEN SCREEN
Thanks to a material called CR39, Smith Optics' modish Hemi shades provide 100 percent UV protection while guarding against glare from your sickly, doughy gut. **($80, smithsport.com)**

6 SILENT THRILL
Whether it's the insistent drone of your power tools or your wife's drunken yammering, shut out unwanted sounds with these amazing noise-canceling headphones. **($80, philips.com)**

7 MAD BLADDER
Keep your beer where it belongs: in a foam-rubber cozy on the picnic table. This 45 oz. hydration system is for noncarbonated potables like water, gin, and beef bouillon. **($50, camelbak.com)**

8 JAGGED EDGE
Tremble, ye overhanging branches! Quake, recalcitrant shrubbery! Gaze upon this 18-volt reciprocating saw and know it is thy doom. The E-Z lock blade clamp loads in a snap, too. **($100, skil.com)**

9 ROBOT JOCK
Peg a wire around the perimeter of your yard, then fire up this robomower. It'll operate within the virtual fence, making quick work of your lawn. Take Granny inside. **($1,800, amazon.com)**

10 TURF SMURF
To gnome him is to love him. At a lilliputian 11½ inches, this winking garden gnome hides playfully under low-growing boughs. And who wouldn't love the little son of a bitch? **($20, shopping.com)**

Set design and props: Liz Engelhardt


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BANZAI TOKYO!

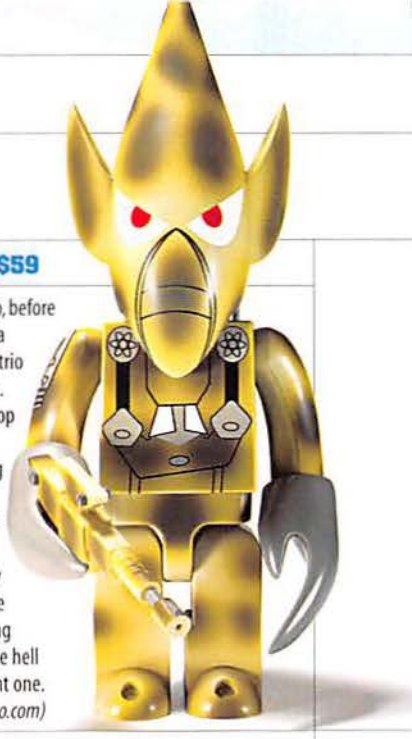
We went shopping in the Land of the Rising Sun. And, boy, are we freaked out.

PHOTOS BY SHINICHI MARUYAMA



BEAR NECESSITY $13

Next time the moppets get misty-eyed over that stupid purple dinosaur, slip them one of these toys. Gloomy Bear is a Japanese cartoon character who likes to beat little boys and girls to death and fling them around like rag dolls. Fun for all ages! *(toytokyo.com)*



TUNE TOON $59

A long time ago, before P. ever became a Diddy, a British trio called U.N.K.L.E. shook up hip-hop music with trippy, thudding downbeat rhythms. This is a "kubrick," a blocky-style toy rendering of the band's glowering mascot. Who the hell would ever want one. Er, you. *(toytokyo.com)*



GREENS KEEPER N/A

Like golf? You can now chart your games on this wrist-top computer. Enter par for each hole, then tally up your strokes. Sayonara to paper scorecards! *(glink.net.hk/~ymma)*

PROCESS OF ELIMINATION $5

Looking for the straight poop on digestive health? Roll off a few squares of this instructional potty paper for the lowdown on diet, ass care, and even shiatsu points to help you move them bowels. *(jlist.com)*





ROLL WITH IT, BABY $4

Eagerly traded online by Japanese enthusiasts, this fake sushi is made of PVC plastic and hand-painted. It's perfect for the mantel, or serve to unwary guests for incisor-splitting fun. Hai-ya! *(toytokyo.com)*



THIS SUCKS $164

So some little Tokyo Rose is coming over tonight to christen the futon. But—oh, no!—your bachelor pad looks like Kobe the morning after the earthquake. Grab the cordless snail-shaped vacuum! *(toshiba.co.jp)*



Jamie Ireland is a freelance writer in the areas of sex, fitness, romance, and travel.

Hot Spot

the inside story on Great Sex!

by Jamie Ireland

Learning "The Ropes"...

This month I got a letter from a reader in Texas about a "little secret" that has made her sex life with her husband absolutely explosive. (Those Texans know their stuff, let me tell you.)

Tina writes:

Dear Jamie,

Last month my husband returned from a business trip in Europe, and he was hotter and hornier than ever before, with more passion than he has had for years. It was incredible. He flat wore me out! And the best part of all—he was having multiple orgasms. I know what you're thinking... men don't have multiples, but trust me he was, and his newfound pow! pow! power! stimulated me into the most intense orgasms I've ever had. So, before we knew it, we were both basking in the glow of the best sex of our lives!

We tried tantric stuff in the past, and the results were so-so. But this was something new and exciting, completely out of the ordinary. I asked my husband what had created such a dramatic change in our lovemaking and he told me he'd finally learned "the ropes."

On the last night of his business trip my husband spent an evening dining out with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was obviously still quite enamored with each other, so my husband asked their secret. The nutritionist told him their sex life was more passionate than ever. Then he pulled a small bottle from his satchel and gave it to my husband. The bottle contained a natural supplement that the nutritionist told my husband would teach him "the ropes" of good sex.



My husband takes the supplement every day. The supply from the nutritionist is about to run out and we desperately want to know how we can find more. Do you know anything about "the ropes," and can you tell us how we can find it in the States?

Sincerely,
Tina C., Ft. Worth, Texas

Tina, you and the rest of our readers are in luck, because it just so happens I do know about "the ropes" and the supplement your husband's Swedish friend likely shared.

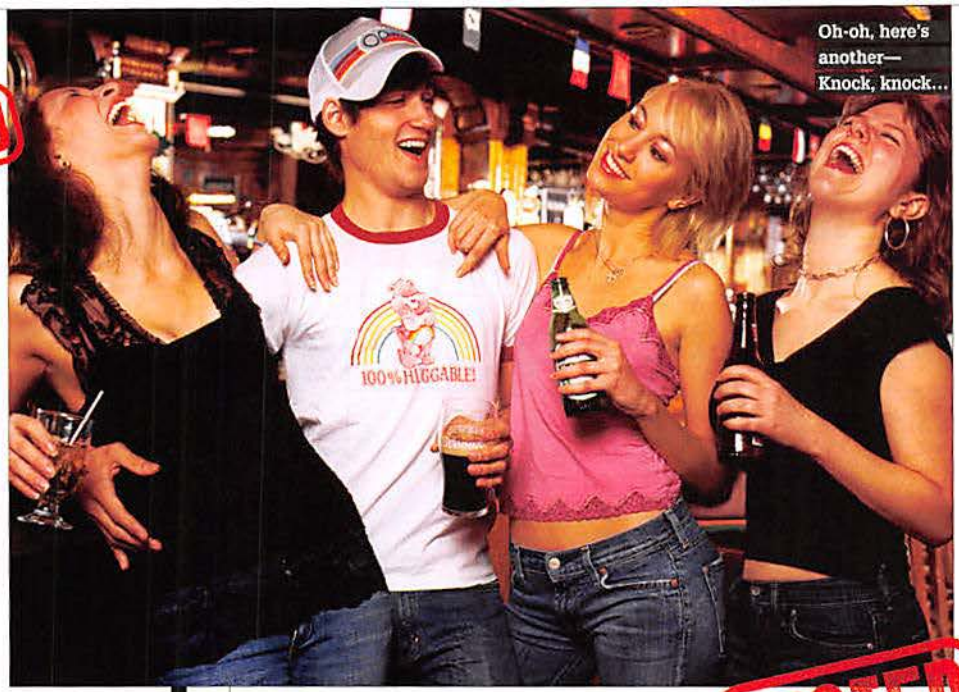
The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and intensified by a product called Ogöplex Pure Extract™. It's a daily supplement specially formulated to trigger better orgasmic experiences in men. The best part, from a woman's perspective, is that the motion and experience a man can achieve with Ogöplex Pure Extract can help stimulate our own orgasms, bringing a whole new meaning to the term simultaneous climax!

The term used by the Swedish nutritionist is actually fairly common slang for the effect your husband experienced. The enhanced contractions and heightened orgasmic release are often referred to as ropes because of the rope-like effect of release during climax. In other words, as some people have said, "it just keeps coming and coming and coming."

As far as finding it in the States, I know of just one importer—Böland Naturals. If you are interested, you can contact them at 1-866-ogoplex or ogoplex.com. Ogöplex is all-natural and safe to take. All the people I've spoken with have said taking the once-daily tablet has led to the roping effect Tina described in her letter.

Aren't you glad you asked?

Jamie Ireland



Oh-oh, here's another—Knock, knock...

> FOOD FIGHT

TESTED

NICE RACKS

We grill mail-order barbecue to see who has the meat to beat.



FIORELLA'S JACK STACK BARBECUE, $55
Their hogwash: This Kansas City–based outfit slowly hickory-roasts its ribs. And in case you're worried about ruining your overalls, they're seasoned with a dry rub, not slathered in sauce.
We say: These meaty ribs got decent marks from our swineologists. One tester compared this to a McRib, but insisted this was a compliment. *(jackstackbbq.com)* ✪✪✪✩✩

800-AIR RIBS, $39
Their hogwash: With the slogan "Get it all over ya," Austin's County Line Bar-B-Q could make our Found Porn page. Comes glazed in citrus sauce.
We say: Perfect, provided you enjoy a propane aftertaste. One panelist called 'em "one of the worst things I've ever eaten." Then he polished off half the rack anyway. *(airribs.com)*
✪✪✩✩✩

CAROLINA OINK EXPRESS, $17
Their hogwash: Kings Restaurant of Kinston, North Carolina drowns its baby backs in thick, tangy sauce before sealing up the porky goodness and mailing it to your door.
We say: Hail to the Kings! The meat fell clean off the bone and was "like hot sex, covered in barbecue sauce." Just like Ma used to make! *(kingsbbq.com)* ✪✪✪✪✪

1st

> PICKUP TRICKS

TESTED

WORN TO BE WILD

We field-test three T-shirts at New York's meat market bars to see which ones make the ladies come running and which ones just make them run.



THE CUTIE
Subliminal signal: I'm safe and lovable. Take me home.
Female feedback: The reaction to our fey attire was divided. One coed said we looked "hip" and "confident," while an Ivy Leaguer with nice sweater kittens voiced our worst fears by bitching, "It's gay." Tipsy party girls on the make liked the shirt most, and a gaggle of naive fake-ID'ers were just as taken by it. "With that shirt on, I've gotta hug you," said one young'un just this side of jailbait. WARNING: Avoid having broken wingers mistake you for a sensitive shlub or you're in for a night of "My ex is a dick" talk.
Cost: $20 at 80stees.com
✪✪✪✩✩



THE URBAN
Subliminal signal: I'm the closest thing you'll ever come to banging Ashton Kutcher.
Female feedback: You'll have to use a bit more elbow grease to get noticed wearing this one, but once you're in, you're in balls deep. The vintage look was a hit with four trendy hotties sipping fruity drinky drinks. One even felt compelled to paw the pre-worn cotton. A hippie-in-hiding bleated, "It isn't a joke. People died in that war." Several drinks and an hour of "meaningful conversation" later, we realized that this shirt should only be worn by experienced bullshitters.
Cost: $19 at vintagevantage.com
✪✪✩✩✩



THE BAD BOY
Subliminal signal: Who's down for a threesome?
Female feedback: "So how big *is* it?" we heard immediately after bellying up to the bar, and within minutes every female in the place was eyeing *our* chest. Obviously, this *Maxim*-original tee attracts attention. A priss or two took offense, but we didn't have time to care. One girl walked up and said, "I'd like to love it, too," but, alas, she turned out to be a cock tease.
Cost: $15 for shirt at americanapparel.net; $12 for iron-on sheets at Staples
✪✪✪✪✪

MAXIM

TESTED

> THE ONCE-OVER

DELONGHI DEEP FRYER

Sure, it can fry stuff. But how hot is it?

✔	Simple setup
✔	Cooks three pounds of grub at once
✔	Automatic shutoff for dolts
✔	Ideal for frying unpeeled bananas
✔	...slices of pepperoni pizza
✘	Easy to scrape out burnt sludge

delonghi.com, $100



Bar photo, Chris Johnson; shot on location at McCormack's Pub, NYC

MAXIM SHAMELESS PLUGS



KUYA FUSION RUM

All we say is drink responsibly.

BACK IN THE DAY, there was only one kind of rum—the kind that had a taste you had to hide with gallons of fruit juice, and which could power your lawn mower in a pinch. We've got it easy—we have Kuya Fusion Rum, a blend of imported rums, natural spice, and citrus. With a taste that combines the best characteristics of spiced rums and citrus rums, Kuya was created to make the best rum and cola ever tasted. Still not convinced you have it made? Imagine your girlfriend in one of your grandmother's bathing costumes.

©2004 Kuya®, Fusion Rum, Imported rums with natural spice & citrus flavors.
35% alc./vol., Allied Domecq Spirits, USA, Westport, CT 06880.

Heineken music

Borgata HOTEL CASINO & SPA



GRAMMY SCREENING PARTY

On Sunday night, February 8, 2004, *Maxim* and **Heineken** hosted an exclusive Grammy screening party at the exciting new Borgata Hotel Casino and Spa in Atlantic City. The party went off at **Club Mixx**, one of the Borgata's best nightclubs. Guests enjoyed free Heineken while watching the Grammys on a huge wide screen. And if the Grammys didn't provide enough to look at, 500 guests including **David Schwimmer** showed up to meet February swimsuit issue cover model **Paige Butcher** and featured model **Shawna Christensen**. Check out maximonline.com for more photos.



From Left: The Heineken display attracts many party guests; *Maxim* swimsuit model Shawna Christensen, Borgata's Larry Mullin, and Paige Butcher.

MAXIM PRESENTS CIRCUS MAXIMUS

On January 30, 2004, *Maxim* once again defended its title for throwing the biggest, baddest party at the Super Bowl. Prior to the event, the press dubbed **Circus Maximus** the hottest ticket in town, harder to get than tickets to the big game itself! Once doors opened, dozens of celebrity guests poured into the party, including a fully clothed **Janet Jackson, Adam Sandler, Cedric the Entertainer, Jimmy Fallon, Paris & Nicky Hilton, Nicole Ritchie, Nick Lachey, Brooke Burns, Elisha Cuthbert, Shannon Elizabeth, Johnny Knoxville, Kim Smith, The Rock,** and of course, **Kato Kaelin,** just to name a few. Inside, guests marveled at the wonder of Circus Maximus, which featured snake charmers, sexy stilt walkers, contortionists, fire-eaters, fortune tellers and more. Add to that a full-throttle rock performance by L.A. supergroup **Camp Freddy,** featuring **Dave Navarro, Chad Smith, Matt Sorum, Billy Morrison, Jerry Cantrell, Steve Stevens, Shelby Lynne,** and **Wes Stantlin** and you've got a circus-sized assault on the senses that left those lucky enough to make it onto the guest list cheering for more.

CIRCUS MAXIMUS

DODGE

Coors LIGHT

Borgata HOTEL CASINO & SPA



Clockwise from top left: Johnny Knoxville dresses up for the occasion; Circus performer swings from the big top; Jimmy Fallon strikes a pose; Janet Jackson walks in; Paris Hilton makes her entrance; Dave Navarro rocks out with Camp Freddy.

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SHORE THING
Pages 144–145: Jacket, $99, by Guess?, at Guess? stores; or call 800-39-GUESS, or visit guess.com. Shirt, $40, by Izod, visit amazon.com. Necklace, $135, by T.E.D., visit teddesignnyc.com.
Page 146: Jacket, $128, and sweater, $78, both by J. Crew, call 800-562-0258, or visit jcrew.com. Shorts, $50, by Abercrombie & Fitch, call 800-432-0888; or visit abercrombie.com.
Page 147: Jacket, $495, by Gant, at Gant stores, N.Y.C. and Bal Harbour, FL; or call 888-645-GANT; or visit gant.com. Shirt, $36, by Chaps Ralph Lauren, at Macy's East. Hoodie, $34, by Gap, at select Gap stores. Sweatpants, $24, by Russell Athletics, at department and specialty stores; or visit russellathletic.com. Boots, $85, by L.L. Bean, call 800-809-7057; or visit llbean.com.
Page 148: Cardigan, $119, by Gant, at Gant stores, N.Y.C. and Bal Harbour, FL; or call 888-645-GANT; or visit gant.com. Shorts, $37, by American Eagle Outfitters, at American Eagle Outfitters stores; or visit ae.com. Boots, $139, by Orvis, call 800-833-1550; or visit orvis.com. Necklace, $165, by T.E.D., visit teddesignnyc.com.
Page 149: Jacket, $195, by Perry Ellis, visit perryellis.com. Vest, $60, by Nautica, at select Macy's stores; or call 877-NAUTICA; or visit nautica.com. Shirt, $50, by Abercrombie & Fitch, call 800-432-0888; or visit abercrombie.com. Jeans, $69, by Guess?, at Guess? stores; or call 800-39-GUESS; or visit guess.com. Boots, $139, by Orvis, call 800-833-1550; or visit orvis.com. Bracelet, $210, by T.E.D., visit teddesignnyc.com.
Page 150: Shirt, $44, by Le Tigre, call 866-LE-TIGRE. Pants, $60, by Tommy Hilfiger, call 888-TOMMY4U; or visit tommy.com. Sweater (over shoulder), $159, by Gant, at Gant stores, N.Y.C. and Bal Harbour, FL; or call 888-645-GANT; or visit gant.com. Boots, $85, by L.L. Bean, call 800-809-7057; or visit llbean.com.
GET TANKED
Page 152: (clockwise, from left) Tank, $65, by Kenneth Cole, call 800-KEN-COLE; or visit kennethcole.com. Tank, $95, by DieselStyleLab, at Skye, Denver. Tank, $28, by DKNY Jeans, at select Macy's stores; and select Bloomingdale's stores; or call 800-777-4524. Tank, $35, by Buckler, at Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.; Stanley Korshak, Dallas; Rolo South of Market, San Francisco; H Lorenzo, L.A.; or visit buckler jeans.com. Tank, $32, by AJX Armani Exchange, at AJX Armani Exchange stores; or visit armaniexchange.com. Tank, $24, by Jordan, visit jumpman23.com. Tank, $48, by FAL by Jeffrey Grubb, at select Neiman Marcus stores. Tank, $49, by Diesel, at Diesel stores; or call 877-433-4373; or visit diesel.com.
BRIGHT TIES
Page 154: (from left) Tie, $50, by H Hilfiger, call 888-TOMMY4U; or visit tommy.com. Tie $120, by Salvatore Ferragamo, at select Salvatore Ferragamo stores; or call 800-628-8916; or visit ferragamo.com. Tie $80, by Joseph Abboud, at select Bloomingdale's stores; select Nordstrom stores; select Marshall Field stores. Tie, $110, by Best of Class by Robert Talbott, at Robert Talbott stores; Nordstrom; Baulmans Men's, Little Rock, AR; or call 800-747-8778; or visit roberttalbott.com. Tie, $35, by Nautica, at select Macy's stores; or call 877-NAUTICA; or visit nautica.com. Tie, $125, by Gianluca Isaia, Napoli, at Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. and San Francisco; Neiman Marcus; Stanley Korshak, Dallas; Scott & Company, L.A.; Mario's Seattle and Portland, OR; Andrisen Morton, Denver. Tie, $120, by Charles Tyrwhitt, at Charles Tyrwhitt, N.Y.C. Tie $40, by J. Crew, call 800-562-0258; or visit jcrew.com.

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1 **In which year did the U.S. hit its killer-killing peak with 199 executions?**
a. ☐ 1935…Bye, bank-robbing Millen bros!
b. ☐ 1953…Fry, you Commie Rosenbergs!
c. ☐ 2001…See you in hell, McVeigh!



2 **Which dapper star of a 1990s prime-time soap foolishly dumped hottie Nikki Ziering?**
a. ☐ *Party of Five*'s Jeremy London
b. ☐ *90210*'s Ian Ziering
c. ☐ *Friends*' David Schwimmer

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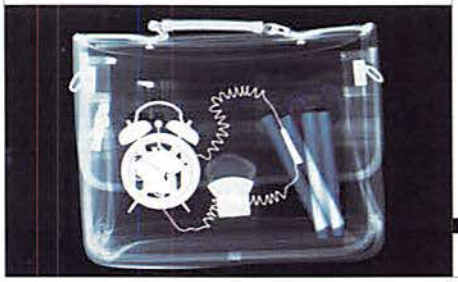
3 **Which shirt number has been retired by the most NBA teams?**



a. ☐ 7 **b.** ☐ 1 **c.** ☐ 15

4. **The humble nickname "Sun of the 21st Century" belongs to which A-hole despot?**
a. ☐ Pol Pot, Cambodia
b. ☐ Bashar Assad, Syria
c. ☐ Kim Jong Il, North Korea

5. **What carry-on item is often mistaken for an explosive by airport security scanners?**
a. ☐ Peanut butter
b. ☐ iPod
c. ☐ SPF-15 lip balm
d. ☐ White Castle hamburger



6. **In which state is it easiest for kids to buy delicious smokes?**
a. ☐ Alaska
b. ☐ Alabama
c. ☐ California

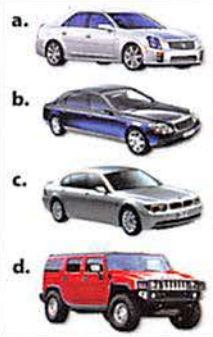
7. **On which movie set did Halle Berry *not* get her hit-and-run-ass self injured?**
a. ☐ *Die Another Day*
b. ☐ *Catwoman*
c. ☐ *Monster's Ball*

8. **What was the epicenter of America's biggest earthquake, which measured a whopping 9.2 on the Richter scale in 1964?**
a. ☐ San Francisco
b. ☐ Somewhere in Alaska
c. ☐ Charleston, South Carolina
d. ☐ Graceland, Tennessee

9. **Which of these fantasies would help you bust a nut the quickest?**
a. ☐ Britney, Christina, and apple sauce
b. ☐ Reaching fifth base with that girl from the gym
c. ☐ Gilligan peeping at Mary Ann's coconuts from afar, trying to rub one out



10 **Of these stellar rides, which was voted most popular by CEOs, packs 550 horsepower, and costs $357,000?**
a. ☐ Cadillac CTS
b. ☐ Mercedes Maybach 62
c. ☐ BMW 760Li
d. ☐ Hummer H2



11. **According to some sex book, how many men have fallen asleep on a downstroke?**
a. ☐ One in three
b. ☐ One in eight
c. ☐ One in 15

12. **Which of these antisocial behaviors is the most offensive?**
a. ☐ Cracking lame jokes
b. ☐ Blowing out a snot rocket
c. ☐ Putting a litter of puppies in a burlap sack and beating it with a rubber hose
d. ☐ Whistling Elton John tunes

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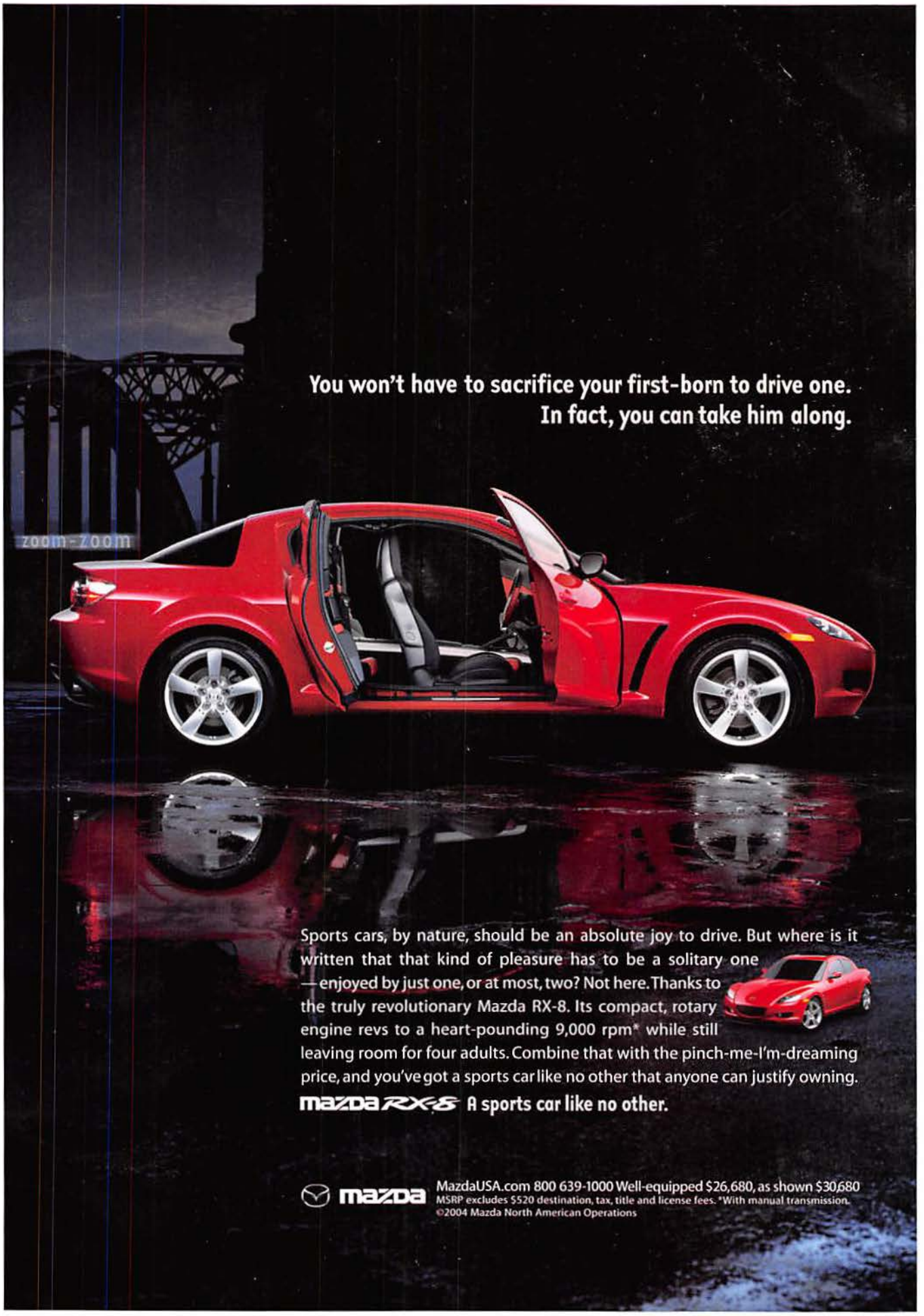
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